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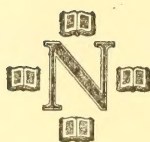








THE WAR OF THE 'SIXTIES





# The War of the 'Sixties

COMPILED BY

E. R. HUTCHINS

*Who served in the United States Army, and later in the United States  
Navy, as an officer, from May, 1861, to December, 1865,  
and who is now a physician*



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"Fold up the banner, smelt the guns;  
Love rules, her gentle purpose runs.  
A mighty mother turns in tears  
The pages of her battle years,  
Lamenting all her fallen sons."





## PREFACE

WITH the large number of books on our library shelves containing such a vast amount of information concerning the four years of war between the North and the South, it would seem almost presumptuous to attempt to add to it, yet it is hoped that this volume will be an addition, of both interest and value.

There are some of the survivors of that war who think that they can give a detailed history of it, with minute descriptions of all the engagements they were in. The Editor gravely doubts this assumption. That there are a very large number who were especially impressed with one or more incidents there is no doubt. To such I have appealed for contributions, and from such only have I accepted articles for publication. My aim has been to collect real incidents—real facts from real participants—from persons who were there.

These pages are not sectional, for it will be found that both the Union soldier and the Confederate have contributed.

But two or three of the articles have been published before. One or two appeared several years ago in *Harper's Weekly*, but the manuscripts of these were sent to me by the authors, and Harper & Brothers kindly permitted their use here. To both I am indebted, as, indeed, I am indebted to all contributors. There have come to me scores of letters from the North and South, conveying the most cordial good wishes, and expressing pleasure at the prospect of the publication of this book.

I am particularly grateful to Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Pickett, —distinguished women,—widows of two famous generals, a Union and a Confederate, who, amid a busy life, cheerfully found time to contribute an article each, and expressed an earnest hope for the early appearance of this book.

It is a brief record of a few of the many deeds of two

mighty armies, the bravery and heroism of which the world has never seen paralleled, the equal of which will never march again beneath the sun. Whether the men wore the blue or the gray, whether they followed the Stars and Stripes or the Stars and Bars, it is certain that better soldiers never again will march to the music of fife and drum.

Better than all, when the curtain fell on the last act at Appomattox, Peace, blessed Peace, had come.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.  
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!  
Each stamps its image as the other flies!"

E. R. H.



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# THE WAR OF THE 'SIXTIES

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## THE VETERAN'S SONG

BY W. W. FINK, CO. F, 23D IOWA INFANTRY

The following was written and presented to the Editor by his old friend and comrade, and is a worthy addition to the "war songs" of the land.—EDITOR.

'Twas not for gold nor fame we fought;  
'Twas not to win an alien sod;  
Nay; but to save what blood had bought—  
A home for love, a land for God.  
Life's Autumn comes. The leaves grow sere.  
Chill frosts have checked youth's ardent glow.  
Death comes apace—we will not fear;  
He was our playmate long ago;  
And we met him oft under weird white moons,  
'Neath the burning skies, by the dark lagoons,  
In the shock of war, by the fever's glow—  
But that was long, so long ago,—  
Aye, long ago.

Yet still the blessed years sweep round,  
And still we journey side by side,  
By golden bands of mem'ry bound  
In the weal or woe, whiche'er betide.  
Our lives are torches; yet, thank God:  
Each light that failed so long ago,  
Each brave who fell on Southland sod  
Lent to our flag a deathless glow.  
So it's shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart;  
Close the ranks, Death presses the lines apart  
As he did when we heard his bugles blow  
In memorized years of long ago,—  
So long ago.

## A GLIMPSE OF WHAT THE WAR MEANT

By E. R. HUTCHINS

THE young people in our schools and colleges should be taught the magnitude of the Civil War, and a just comprehension of the following facts will give some idea of what that war was and what it meant.

From the beginning to the end of the war, 2,898,304 men enlisted in the Union Army, and 1,239,000 in the Confederate Army. Our troops were in 578 battles, actions, and engagements, and nearly 6000 skirmishes and reconnoissances; 385,245 were killed and wounded in the Union Army and 329,000 in the Confederate. The cost of the war to our government was more than \$6,000,000,000. Let me briefly give an insight into a few battles.

"At Burnside's Fredericksburg fight there were 1284 Union men killed, 9600 wounded, and 1769 missing. Of the Confederates 595 were killed, 4051 wounded, and 658 missing. In the second Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville battle, on the Union side 1575 were killed, 9594 wounded, and 5676 missing. On the Confederate side 1665 were killed, 9081 wounded, and 2081 missing." At the former fight we were badly whipped. On the closing night after this battle I took a train of ambulances filled with wounded across the river on our retreat. There was no shelter, and there was a cold, drizzling rain. We laid the poor sufferers on the ground, and at daylight the sight was pitiable. During the evening, before the retreat was ordered, I was stationed in a large church, doing my duty as an assistant surgeon. Occasionally a shot or piece of shell would land in the church, wounding or killing some one or more who had already suffered. The lights were finally ordered put out and each surgeon was compelled to



stand just as he was when the darkness came upon us. A step or two taken would be liable to end on some poor sufferer. The groans and moans, the pleading for water, and even the begging to be killed were entering every heart, and made the stoutest quail. Out on the field there were "mangled forms, rent and tossed, as if maddened beasts of the arena had run riot among them. Limbs flung from their bodies, and half trampled in the mire. Grave faces, stark and stiff and deadly pale, looking like phantom lights. They looked like something neither dead nor living, with a fixedness that was more than stillness. There were the open eyes that saw not, and hands still grasping muskets with a clutch that no living strength could loose. Horses, cannoneers, dismounted guns, crushed wheels, overturned gun carriages, the tongues upright in the air, and the yokes swinging like gibbets on high." As we retreated that night we realized that "war is hell."

"At Fort Donelson there were 500 Union soldiers killed, 2108 wounded, and 224 missing, while 2010 Confederates were killed and wounded, and 21,000 made prisoners. The fall of Vicksburg was like a death knell to the Southern Confederacy."

"At Shiloh 1754 Union men were killed, 8408 wounded, and 2835 missing. On the Confederate side 1723 were killed, 8012 wounded, and 969 missing."

At Antietam, which history says was "the greatest one-day battle of the war, 2108 were killed on the Union side, 9549 wounded, and 753 missing, while 2700 Confederates were killed, 9024 wounded, and 2000 missing." Here "the solid shot slashed the timber, and the limbs literally covered the dead. The underbrush was cut as if by hail. Bloody strips of clothing hung on thousands of limbs." It was in this fight that the beloved McKinley won distinction.

"In the Wilderness there were 2246 Union men killed, 12,037 wounded, and 3383 missing." This was a marvelous battle. The Wilderness skirts the southern bank of the Rapidan for fifteen miles. "The surface was covered with thickly growing scrub trees and dense vines. Here Lee struck Grant's army in flank, and here they fought two days. For difficulty of conditions, there is no parallel in the history of warfare. The men

could not see each other for more than a few rods. Regiments, struggling through the tangled vines, came unexpectedly upon regiments of the enemy, and fought desperately for possession of the ground, neither knowing how much, nor how little the holding, the conquest, or the loss of position signified. To valor, these two armies had added discipline and long use in war. Their determination was that of matchless heroes, their endurance that of insatiate machines."

"At Gettysburg the loss to the Union Army was 3155 killed, 14,529 wounded, and 5365 missing. The Confederates lost in killed 3903, 18,735 wounded, and 5425 missing. At Gravelotte in the Franco-Prussian war, the German army lost 20,577 from 146,000 engaged. It will be seen that Meade, with half as many engaged, lost more than this." Here, unquestionably, Gettysburg decided the fate of the Confederacy.

"In the three Atlanta fights the Union Army lost in killed and wounded, 11,517, and the Confederates 20,397."

At Spottsylvania General Gordon says there were 5000 dead piled up before the Confederate works. He says: "It was a drama in three acts. First Hancock's charge; second, the Confederates counter-charge; and third, a night and day wrestle of the giants, on the same breastworks. Here was the longest roll of incessant musketry fire of the war." Swinton says: "Of all the struggles of the war, this was the fiercest and most deadly. The slaughter continued till the ground was literally covered with the piles of the dead, and the woods in front of the salient were one hideous Golgotha." Horace Porter says: "Skulls were crushed with clubbed muskets, and men were stabbed to death with swords and bayonets thrust between the logs of the parapet which separated the combatants. The dead were piled on each other, in some places, four layers. Below the mass of fast-decaying corpses were convulsive twitching of limbs and the writhing of bodies, showing that there were wounded men still alive, struggling to extricate themselves from their horrid environment."

"At Chickamauga 1657 Union soldiers were killed, 9756 wounded, and 5676 missing. Of the Confederates 1900 were killed, 14,674 wounded, and 1468 missing." Such was war, *our war*. Did it pay? Yes, a thousand times yes. It saved

the nation and the flag. That flag, "Old Glory," the Union soldiers carried through the darkest hour and wildest storm that ever overwhelmed a nation, and they brought it back without a stain. There it floats; over every land, and on every sea; floats in triumph, and every country of the world takes its hat off to it.

The South had as brave soldiers as the North, and the best thing that ever happened to that section of our country was the triumph of our flag. No better proof is needed of the South's loyalty to that flag and all that it typifies than was seen when, in a later conflict, the younger Grant and the younger Lee marched under it in its honor; and fighting Joe Wheeler and the intrepid Lawton rode side by side, alike inspired by its Stars and Stripes.

Thank God for a reunited country and peace!

## SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR—A THRILLING INCIDENT ON THE SKIRMISH LINE AT NIGHT

BY GENERAL ISAAC R. SHERWOOD, MEMBER OF CONGRESS OF OHIO

THERE never was a war like the War of the Rebellion, and there never will be another one. There never was a war that so inspired the tone and flavor and quality of its literature. There never was a war where the people, the men and women at home, and behind the army, were so fierce and aglow with fervent and all-pervading patriotism. There never was a war where so many war songs were inspired, and where so many soldiers voiced in song the inspiration of the war poets.

In the war of the American Revolution we had only "Yankee Doodle," the origin of which no historian has been able to tell us. The words are said to have been written by an English army surgeon, who served under General Amherst in the old French-English War. The tune passed through various stages, and at the time of the Revolutionary War was shrill and well adapted to the fife and drum. In 1784 the tune appeared in Samuel Arnold's English opera, "Two to One," under the title of "Yankee Doodle," that was played in London.

Only one war song worthy the muse of history was written during the War of 1812,—*"The Star Spangled Banner,"*—written by Francis Scott Key, a lawyer of Frederick, Md. This appeared in 1814, after the British night attack on Fort McHenry, Baltimore. It was an inspiration. The song was set to music by Ferdinand Durang, who first sang it in a Baltimore tavern. The music was borrowed from *"Anacreon in Heaven,"* composed by John Stafford Smith, of London, Eng-



land, in 1772. The "Star Spangled Banner" is the most popular patriotic anthem of the nineteenth century, and is the only precious poetic relic of the War of 1812.

"Maryland, My Maryland" was the most popular war song of the South. In spirit and dash it is one of the best war songs ever written. The author is James R. Randall, of Maryland. The poem first appeared in the New Orleans *Delta*, in May, 1861. Young Randall was then a stripling schoolboy attending Louisiana College. It was written to induce his State to secede from the Union. I first heard this song one starlight night along the Holstein River in East Tennessee, October, 1863. It was the first night of our arrival on our march over the Cumberland Mountains. As field officer of the day I was ordered to place a line of pickets and locate the vidette posts for our army. While riding along the river road I halted my horse quietly in front of a house, when I heard a sweet-voiced girl singing with great feeling to an officer, who stood beside the piano, these dramatic words:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland:  
His touch is on thy temple door,  
Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle queen of yore,  
O Maryland, my Maryland."

Just then a picket guard fired his musket at some object of the night about twenty yards to the right, and the song stopped at a semicolon, and a guerrilla captain, as I afterward learned, escaped suddenly from the house and rode out into the darkness. I never heard the balance of the song until after the final surrender at historic old Salisbury, N. C.

## A SOLDIER'S STORY—DEVOTION IN ENLISTMENT—DEVOTION AT MISSION RIDGE

BY J. S. LOTHROP, CAPTAIN CO. E, 26TH ILLINOIS INFANTRY

THE English language does not supply words of sufficient descriptive import to convey to the mind of one who never took part in a battle an intelligent understanding of it.

I will tell of the services of a private soldier of my company, hoping that it may prove interesting, and in a measure instructive, representing, as it does, the characteristics of the great body of the young men who filled the ranks of the Union Army in that memorable war.

My war service commenced as a private in Co. I, 11th Illinois Infantry, under the first call of President Lincoln in April, 1861, the term of such enlistment ending July 25th following. August 24, 1861, I again enlisted in a company then being organized at Ottawa, Ill. The men composing it were practically all of them sons of farmers, hearty-looking, robust young men, inured to labor, their ages ranging from seventeen to twenty-four years, the average being about twenty. The company was rapidly filled to near its complement, and when organized was immediately ordered into quarters at Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill., where it was assigned as Company E to the 26th Illinois Infantry. I was elected its 2d lieutenant, and was given charge by the captain of the matter of making requisitions and supplying the company with the necessary equipment, through which the boys came to regard me, for the time being, as the most important officer in the company.

A few days after reaching Camp Butler a young boy, not much past the age of sixteen, named Henry Hoxey, put in

appearance at headquarters of the company. He was from the farm; was a strongly built, fine-looking fellow, larger grown than usual for his age, with rosy cheeks, and a bright, intelligent face. Quite a number of the company were his neighbors and acquaintances at home, and he had run away from home to go into the army with them. He was duly enlisted, and enrolled as a soldier.

A few days later a man came to my tent, where I was engaged on some company work. He was evidently a farmer, broad-shouldered, a little stooping, face deeply bronzed, but pleasing in appearance. He looked at me a few moments, and then said, "I was directed to your tent, sir, and I want to talk with you." I motioned him to a seat on a camp-stool, which he took, and after a short space, during which he appeared to be struggling with emotion, he said, "I am the father of Henry Hoxey." I became interested at once, but made no reply.

He continued: "Henry is an only child; he is the idol of his mother, and she is prostrated with grief over his going into the war. I have left her with friends and have come to see what is best to do about it. I know that I can take him away with me, but mother and I have talked it over and we feel certain that if I do so, he will run away again, for his heart is set on joining the army, and in such case he might get in a company where all were strangers to him; so mother finally consented for me to come here, and if some one of the officers will agree to look after Henry, not give him any special favors, but to advise him, take an interest in him, and such care of him as may be done, that we would let him go, seeing that he has so many of his friends in your company. And," he continued, with a choke in his voice, "Captain" (probably not knowing my rank), "if you will let me tell mother that you agree to do that for our boy, it will be a great relief to her, and we will let him go."

I asked if Henry knew he was here, and he said he did not. I called one of the men and directed him to find Henry Hoxey, and send him to my tent. He came in a short time, and as he entered the tent I left it, in order that the boy and father could have their talk and cry alone.

Returning after a reasonable time, I explained to Henry what service in the army meant; that he could not longer have his own way, to come and go as he pleased, to be petted and carefully cared for, but would be compelled to come and go as he was told. I explained the service in the hardest lines I was capable of; what, aside from the danger of battle, he would be called upon to endure, and advised him, in view of his youth and the present being the time for him to obtain an education, he had better return home with his father and wait a year or so, when, if the war continued, he would be given opportunity for army service.

He said that he wanted to stay in the army. He urged the general belief that the war would not last very long and he wanted to help put the rebellion down. Finally, I told Mr. Hoxey that he might take to the mother my assurances that I would look after the boy as far as was in my power. And so the father and son separated, as it proved, for all time. The regiment was hardly organized and armed when it was ordered to duty in Missouri, and thence, ever in hard campaigns, was finally attached to one of the divisions of the Fifteenth Corps, then commanded by General Sherman. Henry proved a good soldier, at all times ready for duty, faithful in the discharge of it, obedient to orders, respectful to officers, and generous with his comrades. He was careful of his person and health, and developed into a hardy, fine-appearing young man. He never missed a drill, a march, nor a battle. There are many incidents in his army life that would prove interesting, such as going at one time, at great personal risk, to rescue a wounded comrade who was lying helpless and exposed.

On November 25, 1863, the army was lined up for the desperate and sanguinary battle of Mission Ridge. Sherman's army was at the north end of the ridge, and our brigade was ordered to assault at the point just west of the tunnel in the ridge through which the railroad from Knoxville to Chattanooga passes. We formed in the shelter of the woods, probably one-half mile from the base of the hills, which arose abruptly from the level fields over which we must pass in making the charge.

The hills were in full view, and through the trees we could



see the black-mouthed cannon looking out through the embrasures of the redoubts which inclosed them, on the projecting point over the tunnel, and at other points along the crest of the ridge. We could see the well-built lines of earthworks along advantageous places from the base to the top, glistening with the steel of the infantry. There were men lying there, awaiting our coming, and we all knew the awful work that was there laid out for us to engage in.

While awaiting the order to advance, I received orders—I was captain then—to detail a certain number of men for duty on the skirmish line, a formation to go in advance and be a fringe for the charging column. Knowing the extreme peril of such service, I hesitated about arbitrarily selecting the men for it; so stepping in front of the company, I made known the order and called for volunteers. There was but a moment of waiting, when young Hoxey stepped out to the front, halted, and saluted. I returned his salute, but I felt a bump in my heart and a choking lump in my throat that for the moment almost upset me. In an instant my mind swept to the prairie home of that sad-hearted mother, who during the days of their long separation, had, morn and eve, moaned her plea to her God for the preservation and safe keeping of her boy. It was a brief period of emotion, however, for the grim work of the hour was close at hand. My detail for the skirmish line was quickly filled by volunteers, and they were as quickly ordered into position.

I never saw Hoxey again alive. He went out into that hell of iron and lead, on toward the smoking hills, and fell with many others of his comrades, who sealed their devotion to the Union by the gift of their lives.

Early the following morning the army moved in pursuit of the retreating army, thence to Knoxville for the relief of Burnside, thence into northern Alabama, where about January 1, 1864, the regiment veteranized and was given a furlough for a visit home. We went as a regiment direct to Springfield, Ill., and there separated, companies or individuals, to their respective homes. My company kept together with few exceptions, until we reached Ottawa. We were the first veteran company to reach that city, and were accorded a rare

ovation. The city and the nearby country had turned out *en masse*, and we were escorted along the street, packed by a living, shouting mass of people. We were taken to a large church, where, after an address of welcome, an elegant banquet was served. As Mr. Hoxey lived quite a distance from the city I had not expected to see him.

The dinner over, addresses were delivered by a number of notables, and then I was called on for a talk. I gave a brief history of the company's war service, its campaigns, battles, etc., and then gave an account of each of those we had left reposing in the soil of the South. I named each of them, and justly made their virtues as soldiers the burden of my remarks. Friends of some were present, and choking sobs were frequent interruptions. The last I told was of Henry Hoxey. I told of the manner of his coming into the company; of the interview I had with his father; of his gallant conduct as a soldier; of his voluntary offer of himself as a skirmisher at the Mission Ridge battle, and of his tragic death. While I was talking, I noticed that the people in the audience frequently looked over, and past me, to my right. Turning, I looked in that direction, and there, within a few feet of me, stood the father of Henry Hoxey, his form quivering with emotion and his face drawn and bathed in tears. As his eyes met mine, he put out his hand. I took it, and, neither of us speaking, I put my arm over his bowed shoulder, and in the presence of that large audience, now awed into deep and sympathetic silence, we both broke down, and my talk was finished. The stillness of the audience was soon broken by the sobs from all parts of the house. I loosed the tension by leading Mr. Hoxey to the front of the platform and introducing him as the father of young Hoxey, whose story I had told them, and proposed three cheers for his gallant boy. The response was hearty, but it was the unusual combination of mingled cheers and tears.

That is all. I have not told this story with a view of representing young Hoxey as an exceptional soldier, nor that there was anything in the incidents of his service that was strikingly unusual.

My thought is to illustrate, through him, the soldierly

qualities of the young men composing the Union Army in that war. Young Hoxey was simply a type of the soldier to whose fidelity, courage, and devotion the American Republic is indebted for its preservation and present glory.\*

\* Through the kindness of my friend of many years, and my comrade also (Captain Lothrop), I am permitted to publish the above article. It was read at a meeting of the Loyal Legion, Commandery of Des Moines, two or three years ago.—EDITOR.

## THE RUSH TO ARMS IN 1861

BY W. S. MOORE, CO. E, 2D IOWA INFANTRY

THE majority of people of the present generation have no conception of the grandeur of the spectacle presented to the world in April, 1861, in the alacrity with which the patriotic young men of the nation flew to arms. The knowledge of the events which marked that heroic epoch in our national history possessed by those who were born within the last thirty-five years is necessarily limited. Time is a great condenser of history, and years hence a brief paragraph may tell the story of the great war between the northern and southern sections of the United States. To those of us who were old enough to take part in the stirring scenes of 1861 to 1865, the lapse of half a century has not even made misty the memory of the rush to arms and the spirit that animated the volunteer.

In 1861 I was a resident of Fairfield, Ia. Stepping into a law office about eight o'clock on the evening of April 12th, I found seated a group of young men discussing the event of the firing on Sumter, and the call of the President for 75,000 men to put down the rebellion. Three of them were law students, one was principal of the public school, and all were of high standing in the society of the town. One regiment was the contribution asked from Iowa, and these young men resolved at once to have their names on the roster of that regiment. A roll was then started toward the formation of a company of a hundred men, and all present signed it, and in twenty-four hours the roll was complete.

But these were not alone in their promptness in responding to the call. At the same moment that this roll was started, a



similar movement was inaugurated in every town and city in the State, and, besides, the captain of almost every militia company had already tendered the services of his command to the Governor. It soon became evident, therefore, that the Fairfield company would not be a factor in the makeup of the 75,000 volunteers for three months. Closely following this call, however, came one for volunteers for three years, or during the war. This staggered some of the men for a time. Three years seemed a long time. Some of them had wives and children to leave behind; others had just married, and felt that they ought not to go; and many of the young men would be compelled to tear themselves away from their sweethearts. But they were not easily swerved from their purpose. An occasional man may have dropped his name from the roll, but memory recalls not one. At all events, in an incredibly short space of time one hundred men were enrolled for three years, officers were elected, and they were ready for departure to the field of conflict. After a few days of training in the manual of arms they were off for Keokuk, to become distinguished as a part of the subsequently illustrious 2d Iowa Infantry.

The scene at the railway station the morning the company departed for rendezvous at the Gate City had its exact counterpart at many stations all over the country, and will not be forgotten while a witness to it survives. But though vividly and ineffaceably photographed upon my mind, an attempt at accurate description would fail. It was a great emotional drama, in which the entire population, covering acres of ground, were actors. The spectacle of one hundred newly fledged soldiers of various ages, from eighteen to forty-two years, accustomed to the pleasures of home and devoted to the society of family and friends, taking their lives in their hands, leaving behind them all that was dear and sacred, and departing for the tented field, was awe-inspiring and incomprehensible. Stout-hearted men, gentle maidens, lovely women, and tender children were there, and all were in tears. The weeping was infectious, if not contagious; but the tears were not tears of sorrow—they were the spontaneous outburst of patriotic emotion, sympathy, and admiration for the heroic spirit of the departing volunteers.

The fortunes of war dealt kindly with a goodly number of

these brave men, harshly with some, and cruelly with others. Some were killed in battle, several died of wounds, and many died of diseases incident to camp life, a mere fragment of them returning to their homes at the close of the war. Of the group of young men referred to as forming the nucleus of the company, the first man to put his name on the roll, Lieutenant George Strong, died at St. Joseph, Mo., in less than two months after being mustered in, his death being the second to occur in the regiment and the first in the company. He was an exceptionally promising young man.

The 2d Iowa Infantry embraced in its membership all classes and conditions of men in the everyday walks of life, and in this regard was similar to any other regiment of volunteers; yet it is perhaps safe to assume that the men in its ranks were more thoroughly representative of the impulsive patriotism developed on the first call to arms than those contributing to the makeup of regiments subsequently enlisted. It was the first regiment that left the State, and was composed principally of young men, the average age being but twenty-two years. The spirit with which they were imbued and the sentiment that received unanimous endorsement by the rank and file, was tersely expressed by General John A. Dix as follows: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

There was no scramble for office and in the company to which I belonged the offices sought the men who received commissions as the first officers. The oldest man in the company was elected captain, and the first lieutenant enjoyed the distinction of having been the first man to enroll his name. President Lincoln was credited with the statement that there were men in the ranks of every regiment fit to be President of the United States, and recent history records the fact that a 2d Iowa man was twice nominated for President, and made the country vocal with his fiery eloquence—General Weaver.

The only man in the regiment specially known to fame at the time of its organization was its colonel—Samuel R. Curtis, who resigned a seat in Congress to accept the colonelcy of the regiment. He was eminent as a civil engineer, an advocate at the bar, and an orator and statesman. Indeed, he

was too valuable a man to remain long as colonel of a regiment; he rose early to the rank of major general, and became one of the most illustrious men in the war.

This article recalls to my mind most vividly my own experience at the breaking out of the war, and the great upheaval of patriotism which pervaded every locality in the Union-loving North. I was a young student in the Harvard Medical School. I frequently stood by the hour, in front of the old State House in Boston, and listened to the burning words of eloquence as they fell from the lips of Wendell Phillips, John A. Andrew, Edward Everett, and others of historic fame. With other young men, rather boys, I heard the call of duty, and enlisted for my country's defense for three years. Those days of drill in old Faneuil Hall, the mothers and fathers who came to give us their farewell blessings, and then the final partings, and away to the front! Ah, those days of heroic devotion! It was as glorious in the hearts of those who stayed at home as in those who went out of the gate, down the lane, into the hell of battle—EDITOR.

AN INCIDENT OCCURRING DURING THE BATTLE  
OF MUMFORDSVILLE, KY., SEPTEMBER  
14, 1862

BY E. T. SYKES, CAPTAIN CO. K, 10TH MISSISSIPPI IN-  
FANTRY, CHALMERS' BRIGADE, POLK'S CORPS, ARMY  
OF TENNESSEE, C. S. A.

THE particulars and origin of the battle of Mumfordsville, Ky., September 14, 1862, as known to me as a participant therein, and in the campaign (Kentucky) prior and subsequent thereto, were as follows:

General Bragg, on reaching Glasgow, Ky., with his main force, sent forward the same night, September 12th, Chalmers' Brigade of Mississippians to the railroad at Cave City, and Duncan's Louisianian Brigade to the junction (Glasgow) next south, with orders to intercept and cut off Buell's (the latter was then marching up from Nashville) communications northward by railroad to Louisville. General Chalmers surprised and captured the telegraph operator and depot supplies at Cave City, but owing to the information furnished the enemy by Union citizens of the neighborhood, we did not succeed in capturing any trains.

While at Cave City, General Chalmers, hearing from Colonel Scott, commanding a brigade of cavalry and operating near Mumfordsville, that the enemy, about 3000 strong, and supposed to be composed of new recruits, was near Mumfordsville, to wit, at the railroad crossing on Green River, fortified and protected the iron railroad bridge, and, offering to co-operate if he (Chalmers) would move to that point prepared for action, induced the latter to move on the night of the 13th from Cave City—and this without orders from or informa-

tion furnished his commanding officer—in the hope of winning a major general's star. Marching rapidly during the night of the 13th, he reached the vicinity of the fortified position of the enemy about sunrise on the morning of the 14th. The enemy's pickets were rapidly driven in,—but not without the loss by serious wound of Major W. C. Richards, commanding the sharpshooters of the brigade,—and forming line of battle, with Walthall's regiment (29th Mississippi) on his right, and Smith's (10th Mississippi) regiment on his left, the three other regiments and battery of artillery intermediate advanced to the attack on the fortified position of the enemy. This advance was through an opening in front of the 10th Mississippi for fully a half mile, and under fire of the enemy's artillery and small arms from behind what proved formidable intrenchments and earthworks.

Before the advance was ordered Colonel Smith called his captains to the front and center, and after pointing through the haze of the early morn to the enemy's fortifications, on the top of which bayonets bristled in the rays of the morning sun, and also pointing to a fence skirting an abattis of fallen timber, he said that the order to advance would be, "By the right of companies to the front, quick time." Continuing, he enjoined upon the captains the necessity of preserving the intervals between the several formations, so that on reaching the fence, which the heads of companies should throw down, and passing through, the order would be given, "Companies into line," forming the regimental front. Then after the command, "Captains to your posts," came the order, "By the right of companies to the front, forward, quick time, march!" For a while the advance and attack gave promise of success.

Walthall had reached the wide and deep ditch around Fort Craig—a strong fortification on the enemy's extreme left—and was preparing to cross it, when Colonel Scott, who had agreed with Chalmers to co-operate in the attack, took position and imprudently opened fire from an eminence several hundred yards distant, throwing shell among Walthall's men, and causing them to retire. The 10th Mississippi had reached the ravine, wherein was an abattis of beech trees that had been felled about seventy-five yards in front of the enemy's right,



covering the bridge and preventing the further advance of the Confederates. Protecting themselves as best they could, the Confederates were soon able to silence the enemy's fire from their fortifications. In this position both sides remained, doing virtually nothing save firing an occasional shot, nearly two hours, the men of the 10th Mississippi not being able, on account of the timber to their right and the conformation of the ground, to see or hear from their center or right.

About that time the enemy exhibited in an embrasure of his fortifications in my immediate front a flag of truce, which was thoughtlessly fired on by one Jim Franks, a private in the company on my left. Taking in the situation, I assured the bearer of the flag that it would be respected, at which the young Indiana captain—I think that was his state—advanced, and as the colonel (Smith) was lying helpless with a wound, the lieutenant colonel (Bullard) lying lifeless near by, and the major (Barr) was temporarily acting on General Chalmers's staff, it devolved upon me, as the senior officer present, to meet the flag, which was done about midway the opposing lines. The officer, a well-dressed, handsome, and intelligent captain about my own age (I had not changed clothes since crossing the Tennessee River at Harrison's Landing, nine miles above Chattanooga, and presented quite a contrast), informed me that General Chalmers had sent a flag in on our right demanding an immediate surrender of the Federal forces; that the demand had been rejected, but that an armistice for the purpose of removing the dead and wounded from the field had been agreed upon and that ten minutes' notice would be given before the flag would be withdrawn. I returned to my regiment, and on communicating these facts to the officers and men, they began at once to remove the dead and wounded to the crest of the ridge whence we that morning began the advance. This work of mercy was kept up until not only the dead and wounded were removed, but likewise everything of value. In the meantime I had returned to the flag of truce, and during the truce the young captain, now my friend, was supplied with a canteen of the "liquid fluid" which "cheers" and oftentimes "inebriates," and which was much enjoyed by us. At his suggestion, cards were called into requi-

sition and exchanged between us with deep feeling and sincere expressions of mutual regard, and with the promise of needed protection should fate make one a captive of the other's army.

After more than an hour's interval, notice was brought to us that within ten minutes' time the flag would be withdrawn. Thereupon, with genuine courtesy and thoughtful consideration for his necessitous and new-made Confederate friend, he asked me which I preferred, "Whisky or brandy?" As laconically, yet positively as possible, I replied in the language of the Irishman, "Either is good enough for me." Thereupon he wrote a note and sent it by one of his guard to his quartermaster in the fortifications, and soon a flask of brandy was presented me, with the jocular but considerate remark, "That you may know it is all right, I take a bumper of it to your health." After this we separated with mutual best wishes for each other.

I will explain in this connection that, on rejoining my command I found that the dead of the regiment were being hastily buried, and that orders were for the command to return to Cave City. Observing my colonel (R. A. Smith) lying near by and suffering excruciating pain from a wound received that morning in front of the enemy's fortifications, though I knew him to be a total abstainer, I insisted on his taking a drink of the brandy. Finding it was of so much benefit to him, I left the flask with those who were to remain with him. On our return to the place with Bragg's army two days (16th) after, the colonel was a corpse.

Just here I will add that often, since the war, when opportunity presented itself, I have made inquiry to learn the residence of the then young captain, but as often without success. I wished the information that we might correspond and revive memories of the incident. And should he be still in life, and this article come to his attention, I will thank him to write me. I imagine it would serve as a reminder to both of the coming resurrection morn.

It is not out of place to state, and to use a common expression, I was "taken aback," on learning of the preparation for the hasty retreat, for, during the truce, Watt L. Strick-

land, aid-de-camp on the staff of General Chalmers, came up, and calling me to one side, confided the information that General J. K. Jackson was advancing, and was then near by with his division of infantry, and that on his arrival the attack would be renewed and pressed to a successful end. It appears that this—as it proved—misinformation had been indirectly communicated to General Wilder at the time of the demand made for his surrender; and if true, it was an unpardonable military ruse on the part of Chalmers to extricate his brigade from the perilous situation in which he had placed it. The fact is, the truth had dawned upon General Chalmers that he had been misinformed by Colonel Scott as to the number and character of the troops he had so unadvisedly and without orders from his superiors moved on with the hope of capturing. Instead of raw recruits, the foe were veteran troops, composed of the 17th, 60th, 67th, 68th, and 69th Infantry, a company of Louisville Cavalry, a part of the 4th Ohio and a section of the 13th Indiana Battery, numbering about 4500 officers and men, also ten guns, all commanded by Colonel Wilder. Hence, when the latter refused to surrender, Chalmers resorted to the unjustifiable ruse aforesaid. Two days later (16th) General Bragg moved up with his army, and surrounding the forces, then reinforced by Colonel C. L. Dunham's regiment, who as senior officer assumed command, demanded their surrender, which, shortly before day of the 17th, was acceded to. Then it was that, in return for, and recognition of, the gallant fight made by the 10th Mississippi on the 14th previous, it was sent in to receive the surrender, my company (K) being placed in command of Fort Craig. The supplies, both commissary and quartermaster, were in abundance.

As the Federal forces were being marched out of Fort Craig, I saw the captain who had treated me so generously and courteously on the 14th, and there was a mutual recognition. Under the terms of the surrender it was recognized that my interposition in his behalf was unnecessary, for, after being paroled under the directions of General Buckner, then just released by exchange from his imprisonment as a Fort Donelson captive, the Federals were marched back under

escort to Buell, about fifteen miles on our left flank, and delivered to him.

In the engagement of the 14th the 10th Mississippi lost heavily. My company had six killed and twenty-five wounded, a half dozen of the latter dying soon after from their wounds.

And here let me add that the account given of the battle of September 14th, in the American Cyclopaedia, Vol. XVI, page 797, and page 146 of the American Annual Encyclopedia of 1862, is but a meager and misleading version. In verification of this, one has only to read the two citations to see that Brigadier General Duncan is named as the commander of the Confederate attacking forces, whereas Brigadier General James R. Chalmers, commanding his brigade of Mississippians, was the only attacking force. At that time General Duncan, with his brigade, was at Glasgow Junction, more than twenty miles distant. I have been credibly informed that Colonel Dunham was more of a politician than military man. Had he been otherwise, I can not see why he should have been captured. Had Colonel Wilder remained in command of the Federal forces I do not believe such a result would have followed. He would doubtless have withdrawn his troops on the approach of Bragg's army, at least before his position was surrounded and a surrender became inevitable.



## FREDERICKSBURG CAMPAIGN WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, UNDER MAJOR GEN- ERALS McCLELLAN AND BURNSIDE.

BY B. F. TAYLOR, 2D MARYLAND INFANTRY

Comrade Taylor very kindly turned over the following diary for my use in this volume, and I am sure the readers will appreciate this courtesy as I do.—EDITOR.

October 28. Struck camp and entered upon a new campaign. Marched down the valley and debouched upon the Potomac, then south, along it, to Berlin (now Brunswick), and crossed on pontoon bridge to Loudon county, Virginia, and ascending the steep banks, camped upon a plateau spread out in fertile fields.

October 29. Another regiment added to the brigade—11th New Hampshire, Colonel Walter Harriman.\* Our route this day lay through Lovettsville to Wheatland, where tents were pitched and the usual two months' pay-rolls commenced; these were furnished on the 30th.

October 31. Muster made occasion for a brigade drill, the first since leaving Newport News in July, if our display under hot fire before the regulars at Bull Run, mentioned by Porte Crayon in *Harper's Magazine*, be passed over.

November 2. Off for Snickers Gap. From now on until reaching Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, our movements became dependent on the cavalry, sometimes in close proximity to them, at others farther off, but always within call for an emergency. "Cavalry fighting ahead," "Artillery in action," was the refrain each day. Reported our cavalry drove

\*The Editor was assistant surgeon in this regiment, when it left New Hampshire.



enemy through Snickers Gap, but it don't seem we are to follow. Here the infirmity of one of our men first became general property, though previously known to many. This man, a jovial, witty fellow, the life of the camp, would tremble and turn pale at the sound of artillery in the distance, and yet go into the thick of the battle when on, and although he re-enlisted and went through the war with fair credit, marked as a veteran, he was known as a constitutional coward, a defect that gained him the sympathy of his comrades and banished their scorn. Poor John! With him it was a struggle to do his duty, while with so many others it was but an incident of their soldier life. Camped near Snickersville.

November 3. Through Bloomfield. Heavy skirmishing ahead which receded as we pushed along.

November 4. Halted after nightfall at Upperville, a picturesque mountain town. House pointed out as scene of one of the guerrilla Mosby's exploits and hairbreadth escapes from capture and death. Cavalry camp among us. The cavalry flitted in the night, leaving us to follow by daylight.

November 5. Camp at Piedmont. McClellan and Burnside rode side by side through our 9th Corps camps; lined up on sides of the road, which soon resounded with shouts and cheers for our former corps commander, a demonstration the Peninsular Army of the Potomac would have reversed. Burnside, handsome, stately, outlooked his chief on horseback as on foot. Both unfortunate!

November 6. Passed through Little Orleans. Trying to keep up with the cavalry; the pace is fast. Took wrong road and did not bivouac until 10 P. M. The first snow fell this afternoon. The cause of our unnecessary and fatiguing march attributed to General Ferrero, of Second Brigade, who led the column to Waterloo, where we could not cross as ordered, the bridge having been destroyed, and we had to retrace our steps to the road to Gaskin's Mills, which we should have taken. Everyone felt ugly until Division Quartermaster Captain "Jack" Rapelje's doggerel obtained circulation, and restored good humor:

"Of all the marches that ever were made,  
Since the days of old king Pharoah,  
None ever equaled that of the 2d Brigade,  
Under lead of General Ferrero.

"We left Orleans on strong legs,  
With spirits gay as boys in blue,  
Till end of day with worn-out pegs,  
We met our fate at Waterloo."

November 7. Snowed all day.

November 8. Crossed Rappahannock River at Gaskin's Mills. Burnside takes command of army, relieving McClellan, in General Order No. 1, dated Warrenton, Va., November 9, 1862. Extract: "Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified in their feeling of respect and esteem for General McClellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger I assume command. To the Ninth Corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing, our histories are identical."

Through Amissville. Immediately in support of Pleasanton's cavalry. Had we known General Lee's instructions to Stuart, which the war records now disclose, the cavalry might have found us poor reliance. Lee to Stuart: "I wish you to interdict, as far as possible, all communication with Amissville, as the smallpox is said to be in that region." However, we did not know of the existence of the dread disease there, nor did any of our people contract it during our short stay.

At sundown detailed in charge of advance picket on the Baltimore Pike, so called for a village of that name to which it led. It was not a dark night, but the moon at times was obscured by floating clouds. Toward midnight, all being quiet, I retired to the reserve for a much needed rest, and had just comfortably fixed for it, when all were aroused by sounds which seemed like a charge of horse coming down the pike. The reserve was instantly under arms and on the alert, and

hastened to the front only to find a dozen or more "blacks" of all sizes and ages; men, women, and children, brought up standing by the videttes. The fugitives had passed or avoided the rebel outposts in quiet and safety, but afterward, as they left the enemy's and approached our lines, became stampeded by their fears and took to rapid flight. But for the intelligence and nerve of our men they would have run into real danger and probable death, as they came rushing on without respecting the challenge. The extreme quiet of the night and state of the atmosphere conveyed and magnified the sound of their fleeing feet falling on the hard macadam road so that they counterfeited horses. I found a scared but happy band of "darkies," and detaining them at the outpost until daylight, turned them loose to face their fate as freemen.

November 10. About daylight the enemy got range and shelled our camp, breaking up all preparations for breakfast. As there was little to prepare, however, we were not much put out in this respect. The change of base from Berlin, Md., to Alexandria, Va., and failure to connect with the army from last named and new base, left us short of rations. One good hearty meal would have consumed all we had, but the surprise and *scurvy* trick of Stuart's artillery caused the quickest "pack up" and move the regiment ever made. It was one time phlegmatic Quartermaster Sergeant Harry Scheibler "got a move on him," and promptly started train for the road. Pleasanton says, "The enemy from Culpeper attacked me in force with a brigade of infantry, one of cavalry and artillery, and at Corbin's Cross Roads drove in my pickets and compelled me to concentrate my whole force to resist him. Several prisoners say it was Longstreet making a reconnoissance to find position of our army. If so, he did not succeed, being repulsed later in the afternoon with severe loss. Our losses were two men severely and two mortally wounded. General Sturgis, who was at Amissville, quickly sent several regiments of the division to the right of the enemy in a flanking movement. This doubtless had great effect in inducing the enemy to withdraw." General R. E. Lee's report, Vol. XIX, Part II, page 707: "Finding that the enemy had apparently halted in his advance, I directed General Stuart to move with his

cavalry, penetrate the line of pickets and endeavor to ascertain his disposition. Accordingly this morning, with Lee's brigade and two regiments of infantry, he drove them back to Amissville, causing them to withdraw from Washington (Little Washington, Va.) and to recall a party that was apparently proceeding down the river below Rappahannock Station. Upon reaching Amissville, the enemy advanced against him with three brigades of infantry, which caused him to retire. This was done in good order, and his loss during the day was four wounded. A few of the enemy were killed and more wounded."

Military reports, even when given by the highest authority, are always to be taken with a grain of salt. We only had two brigades over the river, and it is always safe to say "more wounded than killed." Moving out of camp as soon as possible to get out of range of shell, took the advance road leading toward Culpeper Court House and the enemy, after going some distance, formed line of battle to the left of the road in a thin curtain of woods, which was inclosed on all sides by a worm fence, with cleared fields in front and rear. The field in front sloped to a small stream, from which it rose again to a knob or higher ground beyond, on which was posted the battery that had caused annoyance at our morning meal. Simultaneously with our arrival the bugles of two opposing squadrons of horse rang out unexpectedly upon our astonished ears. Until then we were not aware of the close proximity of the mounted warriors. Never was more inspiring music. The bugles vibrated their spirited cadences upon the crisp air of early morn, creating martial sounds that made soldier hearts swell with lofty courage, and urged the brave to daring deeds. Everyone was instantly on the *qui vive* to witness the rare sight of an actual cavalry charge, with saber accompaniment. A consummated charge of two opposing bodies of cavalry is universally recognized as the most terrible and inspiring spectacle of beastly war, and here before our very eyes, if all signs failed not, it was to be enacted. Our "big gun" foes upon the hill were forgotten and they, emulating our curiosity, seemed to have forgotten us. Our men climbed trees, fences, occupied stumps, secured any point of vantage that promised



a good view, and all waited, critically expectant, the coming onslaught. The two squadrons were now in full sight opposite to each other, each at highest point of their respective slopes, not over six hundred yards apart—the “Blue and the Gray,” or, to be more accurate, the dingy “butternut” and dusty, faded blue. As the bugles poured forth their inspiring music, sabers were drawn and flashed in the now rising sun. Here, at last, was “glorious war” that the *other fellow* was to engage in. The “Forward” sounded, and the columns moved toward each other in most gallant style. Then the “Charge,” slowly at first, more rapidly, and then with headlong speed until they neared the little ditch where ran a “trickle” in the vale, that alone separated them. When, save us! we, all in a tremor to hear the crash, to see brave riders and their proud steeds go down in the shock of battle, and our own horse ride forth triumphant, conquering heroes, got a pall on our radiant hopes, a wet blanket on our patriotic enthusiasm. At the moment the impact *should* have come, when the tempest of war *should* have burst forth upon our sight, the fierce charging warriors suddenly wheeled, as if by concerted action, toward their respective slopes in solemn, stately, ignominious grandeur. Bah! It was a relief to voice contempt, and our “dough boys” gave it with a will. The Confederate battery pieces had, in the meantime, limbered up unperceived, moved off, and were out of sight. We also soon moved away to another point to the left, where another attack was threatened, but remained long enough for Co. B to catch its breakfast *by the tail*.

In the field in rear of woods and regiment several yearling calves were quietly pasturing, heedless of war’s loud alarms, unconscious of the demands of soldier hunger, and it only needed a suggestion that veal was good to create a volunteer foraging party; and as the suggestion came, Capp, Christner, Christopher, Rafferty and Sweeney moved cautiously on “the game,” notwithstanding it took fright and flight. Justly so, for the “gang” moving on them was not calculated to inspire confidence in man or beast, and much larger and less timid animals than calves would have shown discretion in making themselves scarce with that crew on their trail. As the flying



drove passed the edge of the woods where a lieutenant was advantageously posted, screened by a clump of underbrush to preserve his dignity as company commander, and at the same time to encourage the raid for commissary supplies, he sprang out, seized the tail of one of the now thoroughly terrified herd, and though holding fast, was speedily and ignominiously thrown to the ground, whirled on his back, and dragged at race speed over the grassy field. The youngster held on, however, and was soon relieved of his lively prisoner, though none too soon, Sergeant Sweeney declared, for at the rate and direction the calf was going the lieutenant's head stood a fair chance of violent contact with one of the many stumps which thickly dotted the field, and of being reported as the only casualty of the morning's battle.

The officer said afterward he was loath to hold on; guying would come, he knew, hold on or let go, so for that he had little heed, but the action of the new colonel, should he see the performance,—and his measure had not yet been taken,—were safest untested; anxiety for fresh meat, however, barred the “let go,” and Co. B feasted. For the balance of the day the cavalry and artillery seemed to be sporting with each other, playing a game of tag, while we poor infantry supports acted as wet nurses and had our legs nearly run off in endeavor to see that our charge received no hurt. It was double-quick here, and double-quick there, from early morning until late afternoon, as the horsemen would change position, receiving or making feigned attacks. Double-quick upon the parade ground is not the most pleasant recreation, but when it is performed by soldiers fully equipped in marching order, over rough, rolling ground in face of an enemy, it becomes labor of the most fatiguing kind, and we would have much rather gone to the foe single-handed, given or received a drubbing, than perform as we did, guarding Pleasanton's men.

An amusing incident happened as we were passing Tidball's battery, 2d Artillery, in action. They were in full-dress uniform, and the lieutenant was remarking their neat and soldierly appearance and the grace and ease with which they handled their guns, when, at an interval in the firing, with a wild yell, half a dozen of the cannoneers broke into a run

down the slope toward us. They had recognized Sergeant Sweeney, a member of their battery before the war. One bright young fellow with rosy cheeks ardently saluted his brother Irishman with a kiss. Did you ever see two Irishmen kiss? We had not. It was a revelation, and nearly took our breath, and hours passed before we thought to laugh. Sweeney's comrades of former years urged him with all their blarney to take advantage of the privilege granted volunteers and join their battery, but in vain. After repeated efforts to gain him for his former love, they good-naturedly gave it up and returned to their guns. It was evident they knew and appreciated his good qualities.

November 12. Back to Gaskin's Mills, from there over the river to Sulphur Springs. Rations now so short from miscalculations in change of base that roll call was ordered each hour to keep the men from wandering to procure food on their own hook, which, as we were in the immediate face of Longstreet's command, might have been attended with disaster. Speaking for Co. B, although our calf had made one good meal and nobly feasted us that far, we were without any other food and very hungry. Some kale was found in the garden of the burned hotel of the past summer, near where we halted, and, cooked in clean water, satisfied for a time those who could eat it, but many could not and refused it. Strict orders were issued to the troops against foraging, and Pope's Order No. 5, to subsist upon the country in which operations were carried on, was again explained in Order No. 19 to mean such subsistence was to come through the commissaries, who alone were empowered to do the gathering in. Thus the original order became a huge joke. All orders and precautions to the contrary, the men could not be restrained; hunger drove them out of camp seeking food. General Marsena Patrick, provost marshal of the army, had his hands full. Who does not remember "Old Marsena"? Surely all the bummers do. Men found foraging were arrested, punished, and their officers called to account. Still the foraging went on, and although several of our men were caught, they escaped punishment through the wit of Corporal Al. Capp, a boy who went through the war without a day's sickness, never missed

a fight of any character or scope, and was without a wound until the morning of the 2d of April, 1865, when he lost a leg in a charge upon the enemy's intrenched picket. The corporal and some comrades who could stand the pangs of hunger no longer left camp, caught, slaughtered and divided a sheep, and, captured red-handed just before reaching camp and safety, were taken before General Patrick, who sternly demanded, "What have you there?" and received the astonishing reply from the laughing Capp, "Pope's Order No. 5, sir." His cheery voice and quick repartee saved the outfit, reaching the General's humorous side. They were released at once, but could not return to their mutton, nor was it returned to them. About this time Colonel Sumner Caruth, 56th Massachusetts, and some others, crossed the river and were captured in sight of the camp at a big square house on a hill.

November 14. Provisions arrived, anxiety relieved, and hunger appeased. It seems incredible that for the best part of three days the army, so near plenty, almost in sight of Washington, should have been practically without food.

Here was demonstrated to us for the first time (we had it after), an object lesson in forcible, convincing terms, the military axiom, "An army moves upon its stomach."

November 15. Enemy appeared in some force at Jefferson, and as we moved down the river in the early morning they ran their batteries out on the opposite heights and heavily shelled our passing columns. At the bend in the road below the Springs, our flank presented a fair target and they placed their shells thick and fast among us, utterly demoralizing the train, which moved on a parallel line. One shell burst over an ammunition wagon, setting fire to the canvas cover, and the frightened negro driver, thinking no doubt that his cargo had exploded, put whip to the mules and started them on the run, thus increasing by draught the blaze and his own danger, and preventing anyone so disposed from extinguishing the flames. In the midst of the confusion and excitement caused by the hurrying trains and columns and bursting shells, Corporal Capp set all in a roar of laughter by apt application of a military phrase.

With the wagons and artillery the ambulances were also

passing, and it happened that the special ambulance attended by Private William F. Jones, detailed from Co. G, was near this ammunition wagon. Jones was noted as a good personal provider, a good feeder, and his tendencies that way had caused him to seek service in the ambulance corps. On this occasion, owing to an issue of rations the previous night, his haversack was abundantly loaded, filled to overflowing with hardtack, and their white edges could be plainly seen, as, neatly crowded in and placed, they held the corner of his "war bag" up. This excellent and bountiful storage caused the haversack to stand, or rather set, well out from his body, only touching it at a single point upon the hip. Almost simultaneously with the shell that fired the wagon cover, came another that exploded overhead, sent its fuse cap in Jones' direction, and as he ran in terror, his suspended haversack was thrown further from his body, the fuse cap striking and cutting the strap, causing the bag to fall. Jones looked back with a complication of feelings, prominent among which was a desire to recover his treasures showing in his whitened face, but fear overcame this, and he continued his flight. It was a comical sight. Many, looking in that direction, saw the catastrophe, but Capp first took in the situation and found words to cover it, shouting, "Look, boys! Look, boys! Jones' supply train is cut off."

We soon passed behind the knob out of sight and range of the enemy's guns, and moved quietly along till the noon rest. General Wilcox thus mentions the incident, "November 15th. The enemy opened upon General Sturgis' train as he was leaving the Springs, with two twenty-pound rifled and one gun of light caliber, supported by a regiment of cavalry and two of infantry. General Sturgis protected his train with his batteries, but they were light compared with those of the enemy. A brisk cannonading ensued." Quoting from Ferrero: "The fire from the enemy's batteries was very severe, nearly every shell exploding in the train or batteries. I have seldom seen artillery served with such precision as were the enemy's guns during the short fight." Durell, commanding "Dutch Battery," says: "With the bursting of a shell followed many more in quick succession."



November 16. Crossed the Orange and Alexandria railroad at Balston, retracing our summer footsteps. Ninth Corps marching in three columns. One division in the road, the other two parallel to the right and left, making just as good time through fields and wood, low-growing pines and cedar, with which the route was lined.

November 17 and 18. Marched as on day before. Push, push, all day long.

November 19. Arrive in advance of army, opposite Fredericksburg, Va., occupied by a Rebel regiment of Barksdale's Mississippians. A town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated just below head of tide on Rappahannock River, which is here about four hundred feet wide, and bivouacked near the Lacy house on the Chatham farm. Troops collect in groups along the bank and engage the "Johnnies'" picket in conversation, getting much merriment and entertainment in the doubtful compliments exchanged.

The Stafford side we occupied was much higher than the Spottsylvania side, opposite, and we could look down into the streets of the old colonial town, the home of Washington's widowed mother, where clustered tender memories of his boyhood days. Slight elevation of the voice was required to converse with the collecting Rebels, and we were getting along nicely with the dusty colored jean-clad fellows over the way, until the Pennsylvanians and Yankees put in their "chin music," as the boys called it, then the "fur flew," and profanity wound up the sociable. Among much not printable were the following remembered passages:

Durell's Dutch Battery: "Why did you leave the old flag?"

Rebel Picket: "Oh! Go to hell! It's only a damned old gridiron."

Durell's Battery: "Damn you, we'll roast you with Pennsylvania Dutch ovens (shells) in a few days and make you respect it."

Another inquisitive Yank. (11th New Hampshire), in nasal tones, rejoicing in a recent issue of clothes: "Why don't you fellows wear good clothes?"

The answer came quickly back, sharp, short, and was a



stunner to the luckless seeker after information: "These are good enough to kill hogs in."

He was the dirtiest, raggedest, greasiest of the lot, and though he might have passed muster at a hog killing, distant observation lending "enchantment to the view," he certainly would not have passed anywhere else. Our Yank quit. The guying he got from his friends was too hot. He disappeared.

Our "Jim" Arnold of Co. E, slipping down to the level of the river, resourceful always, on a reconnaissance *en force*, was soon on good terms with the fellows over the water.

About nightfall "Jim" procured an old leaky skiff, crossed and remained some time at the rebel campfire, and before he left he exchanged coffee for tobacco, of which he brought over a goodly store. Maryland being detailed for picket that night, "Jim" was caught on his return by his own company officer and *duly*, not *unduly*, punished for violation of "no intercourse or trade with the enemy." Lucky "Jim"!

November 20. Here again a change of base, from Alexandria to Aquia Creek, ran us short of provisions, though the interval was shorter than at Warrenton. A few shells thrown over the river to-day, as if to verify the Pennsylvanian's promise of "Dutch ovens."

"Why did we fail to cross yesterday? Why do we lie here idle, when we were led to believe, on our hurried march here, that the south bank was our destination and objective point? It's a puzzle. Many, seeing a flutter of petticoats over the way, chafe at the delay. Want of pontoons is given as reason for failure. Here seems reason for criticism, but as this diary is intended for incidents under my own sight or hearing, I must leave this question to more pretentious writers. Yet, that we could have crossed and occupied the town and hills beyond, brushing aside Barksdale's Mississippians, is a fact that every drummer boy knew.

November 21. Move back from the river and into camp back of Phillips' house, near our position of last summer; scarcely were we settled when orders came causing us to move down the hills to Falmouth Station, near the river terminus of the military railroad from "The Creek," which had been

made a distributing point for supplies. Here we were separated from the river and the enemy only by a narrow, high bluff, which, however, was good protection and concealed us completely as viewed from the south.

And thus ended this strategic march of the grand army of over one hundred miles, a magnificent spectacle of celerity and military skill, a miserable failure in results and strategy.

Happy would it have been had the troops engaged in the campaign, conducted so brilliantly to this point, been met by the pontoons as was intended. The duration of the great war might not have been shortened, but the progress of the Army of the Potomac would not have been marred by a blunder.

The corporate authorities of Fredericksburg were summoned to surrender by 5 o'clock P. M., under threat of shelling, upon refusal. Mayor M. Slaughter convened the council and replied that the Confederate authorities promised not to occupy the town in the following dictum: "While the troops will not occupy the town they will not permit yours to do so." This postponed the promised "Dutch ovens." It turned out that our camp was pitched in a damp, dreary spot, a gravel pit excavated in the side of a hill which surrounded it on all sides and hid us from the enemy over the near-by river. My impression now is that the sun never cast a ray there, though it must have done so slightly sometime in the day. Here we went into what might be termed winter quarters. Some made huts above ground, others dug pits, drained them and put in little stoves made of boiler plate from the *Planter*, attached flues, and erected shelter tents over all. The *Planter* was a sidewheel steamer which, at the commencement of the war, ran out of Baltimore, had been captured by the Rebels, and burned when her recapture seemed inevitable. The wreck lay near our camp on the north bank of the river. Adjoining, also, but a little farther east, was the early home of George Washington, a plain two-story frame house, said to be the identical one to which Washington's father removed when the birthplace of his illustrious son in Westmoreland County, in the northern neck of Virginia, was burned. We were making history on historic ground.

Our duties in the camp were to guard the immense stacks ofhardtack and meat and other stores accumulated for the use of the army; also to take charge of trains and inspection of passes to Aquia Creek by railroad. From now until December 12th it was a monotonous round, a wretched, thankless service and miserable camp. We longed to get back to the brigade, although there we would have had our tour of picket without fires and with daily drills.

November 25. Pontoons arrived six days behind time, Major General John G. Parke, our ranking corps commander, having been appointed chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac. Brigadier General Orlando B. Wilcox became commander of the Ninth Corps, which, with the Second Corps, composed the Right Grand Division, commanded by that brave and accomplished veteran, Major General Edwin V. Sumner, who, after reviewing the assembled corps on the Stafford Hills, gave the 2d Maryland a special review near their "cracker piles and salt horse" at the station. It came upon us unexpectedly; it was not one of our "show days"; we were taken unawares and drew no prize. We succeeded, however, in making the acquaintance of the old "Regular" and admired him. It never, however, reached us that the admiration was mutual. By this time we were fairly acquainted with all the famous leaders of our mighty host, and could tell them from a Dutch staff officer or an Irish brigadier in the dark.

December 10. It is now twenty-odd days since we arrived before Fredericksburg, then occupied only by non-combatants and a weak picket. At that time the heights on both sides of the river were in a state of civilized nature; now a scientific barbarism reigns supreme. The city is almost deserted by its inhabitants; only a venturesome few remain. Its garrison now is a strong guard of four Mississippi regiments (Barksdale's Brigade); the 3d Georgia and 8th Florida.

Falmouth Heights, upon the Stafford Hills on our side, some seventy-five or a hundred feet above the bed of the stream, bristles with guns. It is arranged for and crowned with heavy artillery, and on every available spot on the other hills guns are placed. From Falmouth to Pollock's Mills on

White Oak Creek, six miles below, one hundred and forty-seven guns are *en battery*. Lee's position over the river and back from and immediately opposite the city, about three-quarters of a mile, and covering about six miles of front, was well-nigh impregnable. A range of well-wooded hills commenced near the river, above Falmouth Ford, receded from it and terminated abruptly at an unfinished railroad, Fredericksburg and Gordonsville, with Marye's Hill, which was about seventy-five feet above level of the city, commanding it. About eight hundred yards back, a second and higher range extended down the river to Hamilton Crossing, the junction of a country road with the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad. These well-wooded ranges were all crowned with artillery. There were some three hundred pieces. In every place available on the heights, and in front of them, breastworks and rifle pits had been thrown up, and were needed; especially on Marye's Hill the artillery was protected by strong redoubts the height of a man. On Marye's Hill were two three-inch rifle and six twelve-pounder guns, a full complement for its length, and at the Howison house, over Hazel Run, on the higher range, twenty-six guns, from three to six pounds, bore upon and enfiladed the plain over which troops attacking would have to move to reach Marye's Hill, at foot and front of which ran a sunken road with a concealed stone wall four feet high, capable of holding for effective work four single lines of infantry; and although Professor Lowe's balloon made almost daily ascensions from near Burnside's headquarters to ascertain the features of the enemy's lines, it failed to discover this fatal, and all-important obstruction to an advance. The left of the enemy's line was protected by a canal, the waters of which were drawn from the river about two miles above and ran into the city. The low ground below these fortified hills was a plain, somewhat irregular, and cut below the city by Hazel and Deep Runs, which emptied into the river.

The place was admirable for defense, the arrangements well and skilfully planned, the whole formed an amphytheater well calculated to exhibit and exploit the dreadful horrors of war.



I have followed this story with much deliberation and thought, having marched as an officer over practically the whole ground depicted. If it needed any corroboration, I could give it unhesitatingly. With keen regret too, I vividly recall the *terrible mistake of the absence of the pontoons*. Had our army been able to cross the river when there was practically *no* defense of Fredericksburg by the enemy, the city could have easily been **taken**, and the awful loss of life in both armies would have been avoided. Further than this, I do not believe *any* army could have won a victory for the Union side at Fredericksburg. *No* army could have taken that city after the enemy had fortified themselves. It was impregnable. Recently, in visiting Washington, I talked with a number of Confederate officers who were in Lee's army at Fredericksburg, and *all* said that there never was a time during, or before that fight, that any Confederate officer thought our troops would be successful in the assault.—EDITOR.



## HOW OUR REGIMENT SAVED OUR FLAGS

BY JOHN E. GILMAN, 12TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY,  
PAST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF G. A. R.

We had been standing in line for between four and five hours, firing steadily at the enemy, and obeying the order to dress on the colors; we finally found ourselves grouped in the center with three officers and thirty-two men left of the regiment. The enemy had received reinforcements and were charging upon us. Captain Cook, the junior captain, and the only one left on the field, gave the order to fall back; we went back a few yards, when Adjutant Dehon cried out, "My God, boys, where are the colors?" His words had the effect of paralyzing us for a moment or two, then, as if governed by one impulse, we dashed back, and there were the national and State flags peeping out from beneath a pile of dead men. We grabbed the men and threw them right and left, not thinking or caring at the time whether they were our tentmates who had stood beside us a few moments before. Having thrown off the last man, we raised our colors, shook them in the face of the coming line of Rebels, and with their terrible yell sounding in our ears, and their plainly heard words, "Surrender, you Yankee ——!" we ran back into the deep cornfield where we were in hiding, our only salvation from annihilation being the fact that the Rebels had discharged their guns in the beginning of the charge and had not had the time to reload.

This is my own personal experience. We have always claimed that our regiment sustained the highest per cent. of loss of any regiment of either side during the war, and as Captain Hastings is ready at any time to make a sworn affidavit relating to the removal of his large company, it seems to me it should be allowed officially; at any rate the official list of 67 per cent. is, as you see, the highest on the Union side in battle.

The fact I dwell upon mostly, however, is the narrow escape of our colors from capture, which would have been to all of us a personal disgrace after the remarkable fight we had put up for over four hours without once being reinforced.

## ARTHUR DEHON

BY GEORGE KIMBALL, COMPANY A, 12TH MASSACHUSETTS  
INFANTRY

For the following interesting story, I am indebted to the commander-in-chief, Grand Army of the Republic, Comrade Gilman of Boston, during the war a member of the 12th Massachusetts Infantry, known as the "Webster Regiment," and to Comrade George Kimball, of the same regiment, and secretary of the Webster Regiment Association. The latter in a personal letter to me says: "You will find, with the story of the colors of our regiment, the story of Arthur Dehon. These are thoroughly reliable. Dehon was promoted for his gallantry at Antietam. The letter to his father was loaned to me by his father. Our regiment lost 67 per cent. of its men at Antietam, according to official figures. I have always claimed, however, that we lost over 80 per cent. We had nine companies in line, the missing company numbering 70 men or more. It was taken from us for provost duty at 11 P. M. on the 16th. It is fair to suppose that the official loss was based upon the whole ten companies. But base the loss upon the nine companies actually in line, and it makes our loss over 80 per cent., or, as I figured it some years ago, 84.732 per cent. I hope that the Dehon article will be of service to you. It contains solid facts."

While the aforesaid Dehon letter is a sort of personal sketch of the young hero, it contains so much of thrilling war history, it is not only fascinating but valuable. It can readily be imagined that young Dehon was far more than an ordinary soldier, when it will be seen that General Meade contributes a letter about him. The reader will have no surprise that Comrade Kimball should have written: "What a brilliant example to the youth of America is furnished in the heroism and faithfulness and devotion of such men as Arthur Dehon! How aptly does his career illustrate the truth of the old aphorism: You cannot always judge by appearances."—EDITOR.

IN January, 1862, while in winter quarters near Frederick, Md., the Webster Regiment had an addition to its roll of commissioned officers in the person of a young man from Boston

named Arthur Dehon. Had the candidate for military glory stepped from the ranks in the ordinary way the matter would have occasioned no surprise, but as he came from civil life, with his commission as 2d lieutenant in his pocket, and came, too, among men who had begun already to imagine themselves veterans, it is no wonder that his reception was neither cordial nor enthusiastic among the rank and file.

Nor was this all. The young man's outward appearance was not indicative of the possession of those traits which mark the natural leader of men and the ideal soldier. He was boyish-looking, slender, and beneath the average height for a man of his years, while his face was pale and well-nigh beardless. Although twenty-one years of age, he seemed at least four years younger. He was born in Boston, and educated in Boston schools, and later entered Harvard. His health broke down while there, so that when a Junior he was compelled to give up and seek a return to health in a more congenial climate. In California he had found it; his friends and himself were buoyant with happy hopes of regained health and strength. Evidently he was a patriot from birth. The war broke out. He abandoned his search for health, because he felt his country needed him. After the battle of Ball's Bluff and the death of the brave Lyon, he could wait no longer. So he came to us.

The men of the regiment soon found that the young lieutenant was a man of rare worth, and all began to love him. He labored incessantly to prepare himself and others for the coming ordeal.

On February 27, 1862, his active campaigning began, for on that day the Potomac was crossed at Harper's Ferry. The men suffered terribly from the cold and the hardships of the march over the frozen ground, and at night, when they lay down, were well-nigh heartbroken and discouraged. But Dehon seemed to be everywhere, and he gave us an example of patient endurance, although suffering as keenly as the rest.

On March 18th we all gained fresh inspiration, for upon that day we passed the spot where John Brown was hanged, and at Dehon's suggestion we made the welkin ring with "John Brown's Body."

On up the valley to Winchester, back to Berryville, across the Shenandoah and over the mountains, we at last, on the 29th of March, after great hardship, found ourselves at Manassas. We did not remain here long, nor did we care to, for we were reminded of the old battleground of the year before, and unpleasant reminders were everywhere, including half-buried bodies of brave men who fell upon that eventful day.

The next four months were full of hardship and excitement, marching and countermarching, skirmishing and reconnoitering, and Dehon, who had now become a 1st lieutenant, bore his full share with that high sense of duty that every day increased our respect for him.

On August 9th came the battle of Cedar Mountain. This was our first fight. In a letter to his father, Dehon thus speaks of his experience:

"The rifle firing lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, and the enemy were within fifty yards. . . . We were under fire about two hours and a half, and only five men left the ranks, none from my company. . . . I did not feel frightened nor want to run, but I could not help stooping to avoid the shells, though they were not half so bad as the rifle balls. The crack of the rifles made us feel a little nervous, but I was too much taken up with the company to be scared."

Then came Pope's disastrous and discouraging retreat, during which we were almost disheartened, but Dehon always looked upon the sunny side of everything, and did much to sustain our drooping spirits by his constant cheerfulness.

On August 30th came the Second Battle of Bull Run. The nervousness caused by the "crack of the rifles," of which Dehon speaks in his letter describing Cedar Mountain, now gave place to coolness under fire that we had never seen excelled. Through all the rush and whirl of that terrible fight he was with the foremost, and in endeavoring to stem the tide of Longstreet's advance, in which our brave colonel lost his life, Dehon was with the last men remaining on the field. His clothing was riddled with bullets.

After the battle Dehon performed an act that endeared him still more to the men of the regiment, and should result in placing his name high among the nation's heroes. Colonel



Webster had been left on the field mortally wounded. Dehon obtained permission to go inside the enemy's lines to search for him, although he was informed that it was the intention of the Confederates to hold everyone found upon the field. In fact, he was detained, but urged his case so persistently that he was finally released by Dr. Guild, Lee's medical director, and allowed to proceed upon his errand of mercy. He found Webster after a long search, but death had relieved him of his sufferings. He buried the body, but subsequently, obtaining a horse, disinterred it, removing the soil with his hands, as a spade could not then be secured. He strapped his dead chief upon the back of the animal and brought him safely to our lines, whence he was sent to Marshfield to repose beside his distinguished father.

At the bloody battle of Antietam Dehon shone out again as an ideal soldier. It was here that the Webster regiment sustained, according to the number engaged, the heaviest loss in killed and wounded of any regiment on the Union side. Throughout the day, in the midst of the carnage, Dehon, now acting adjutant, was conspicuous for his coolness and bravery. As we pressed on through the cornfield in the face of that murderous fire he was among the foremost. Upon Hartsuff's Knoll, in that awful storm of shot and shell, and that tornado of bullets, he was everywhere, rendering aid and stimulating the courage of the men.

Writing of the battle a day or two later, after speaking of the terrible loss of officers and men, he said: "Then they seemed to come to me for orders, as I was the only field or staff officer left. After the color sergeant was shot I ordered three different men to take the colors up, and saw one after another wounded; and when the last fell I had not the heart to order another up, so I picked them up and brought them off myself till we were out of danger, and then gave them to one of the men."

When the regiment was relieved from duty in the front line of battle it had volunteered to support a battery. Dehon, thinking he could be spared from the regiment—it was now so small,—offered his services to Colonel Coulter, who was in command of the brigade, as Hartsuff had been wounded. For



several days he thus performed the duties of acting assistant adjutant general of the brigade in addition to those of adjutant of the regiment.

His bravery and faithfulness on that eventful 17th of September had attracted the attention of officers high in authority, and our brave little adjutant was mentioned in General Orders. We had become very proud of him now, but were destined soon to lose him, for Major General Meade, having been appointed to the temporary command of an army corps, was in need of the services of just such a man as Arthur Dehon; he took him from us. He thus became an aide-de-camp upon the staff of that distinguished officer.

In December, after a campaign of great hardship, came the battle of Fredericksburg. Dehon, having passed from our immediate view, the remaining particulars of his brilliant career in this, his last battle, are given in his own words and in those of his chief. Writing to his father under date of December 9th, he said:

"It seems quite funny to be sitting in one's tent, just as comfortable as can be, with the consciousness that there will be an action to-morrow. Generally, the night before a battle we have been so busy or so tired that rest and sleep were most sought after. But now one has a perfect opportunity to sit down comfortably and contemplate it. We should cross, I think, without a serious fight, and shall not have one till we get near Richmond, but I cannot tell. I hope we shall thrash them severely, and then there will be a satisfactory peace. I shall try to do my duty to-morrow and be of what assistance I can to the General, and thus endeavor to repay, by well-doing, his uniform kindness."

The next day he added a postscript to his letter, saying:

"No orders for us yet, though some of the artillery has been put in motion. Good-by. The batteries are moving."

The rest of the story is told in the following letter:

"CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,

"December 16, 1862.

"DEAR SIR: It was my painful duty to telegraph you yesterday of the loss of your son Arthur. He fell on the morn-

ing of the 13th instant, while endeavoring to carry an important order to one of my brigade commanders. He was seen to fall from his horse, and was immediately approached by an officer in the vicinity, who, finding life extinct, removed his watch from his person. The ground on which he fell, remaining at the close of the action in the possession of the enemy, his fate was involved in uncertainty until yesterday afternoon, when, under a flag of truce, a search was made for our dead and wounded, and Arthur's body was found where he was seen to fall.

"My experience of the unnecessary suffering occasioned to relatives and friends by the premature announcement of the loss of officers, and the hope I would not abandon, till forced by positive evidence, that it might please God in His infinite mercy to spare Arthur, induced me to make no effort to telegraph you till the result of yesterday's examination proved he was no more. His body was immediately taken charge of by the officers of my staff, and every respect paid. This morning my aide-de-camp, Captain Cox, has taken him to Washington, with his servant, his horse, and his personal effects, and was directed to telegraph you of this fact, and make such arrangements as you might desire.

"In addition to the pain which always accompanies the duty I am now discharging, I have now to mourn the loss not only of a faithful and efficient officer, but that of a valued and cherished friend. During the brief space that Arthur and myself have been officially connected, I had time to learn his many good qualities, his high sense of duty, his amiability of disposition, and that which most particularly charmed me, his earnest desire to promote by every means in his power the happiness of yourself and the other members of his family.

"I am aware, my dear sir, of the impossibility of offering consolation to one afflicted as you are. All I can offer is sympathy and condolence, in which I am joined by the whole division, to whom Arthur had become endeared by his manly character and the exhibition of his personal gallantry. In the army your son is sincerely and truly mourned; and if it were possible to be reconciled to the sacrifice you have been called on to make, the reputation he had acquired, the love that was

borne him, and the grief his death has occasioned, might in a measure soften the severity of the blow.

"Believe me, I feel most deeply for you, and earnestly pray God will give you strength to support the affliction which He, for some good purpose, has visited you with.

"Most truly and sincerely yours,

"GEORGE G. MEADE.

"WM. DEHON, ESQ."

## ANDREW JACKSON

BY JOHN E. GILMAN, 12TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY,  
PAST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF G. A. R.

ANDREW JACKSON was born in West Bridgewater, Mass., November 30, 1838. April 27, 1861, he enlisted in Company F, 12th Massachusetts Volunteers. He was with the regiment at Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock Station, Thoroughfare Gap and Second Bull Run, and in these battles, and in fact throughout his whole army career, showed unostentatious but unflinching bravery and faithfulness.

At Second Bull Run he was wounded and taken prisoner, but was exchanged and returned to the regiment in season to take part in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

At Chancellorsville he "got the drop" on three Confederates, an officer and two privates, as the regiment was advancing over the ground which had just been so hurriedly vacated by the Eleventh Corps. Jackson, by his determined bearing and resolute orders, compelled all three of the "Johnnies" to accompany him as his prisoners to regimental headquarters, although each one of them towered head and shoulders above the plucky captor, for Andrew, be it known, hardly reaches the average in stature.

Jackson was made a corporal on the 1st of January, 1863, and at Gettysburg, as stated above, he seized both flags as their bearers were successively shot down, and brought them both in safety through that "mouth of hell" which all had to enter who reached Cemetery Hill at the close of that fateful day.

The next day, the second of the battle, he received a wound in his shoulder from a spent bullet; this gave him a lame shoulder for a week or two, but he remained on duty with the regiment.

He carried the national colors till January 1, 1864. On March 1st he was made sergeant. At the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, he was again wounded and sent to the hospital, but in thirty days was found on duty and thus remained to the close of the war.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

BY DAVID A. HOLLINGSWORTH, PRIVATE 25TH OHIO VOL-  
UNTEER INFANTRY, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM OHIO

ULYSSES S. GRANT, the great captain of the Union forces, when he said "Let us have peace," meant it from the bottom of his big loyal heart, and every true soldier of the North responded, "Amen: so let it be." They had learned to respect Southern valor and Southern courage. They have kept the faith.

When Robert E. Lee of Virginia, Grant's famous rival, the real idol of the Southland, with calm dignity and a nobility of soul born of his own belief in the righteousness of his cause, feeling that his personal honor was untouched, but recognizing the inevitable, bowed his head in sorrow and handed his sword to General Grant in token of capitulation and his acceptance of terms, the most generous ever offered by a victor on the field of battle, he acted in good faith, intending thereby the full significance of his action. When he said, in anguish of heart, to his devoted followers, "Boys, the war is over," he meant it, and they, too, like their comrades in the North, responded in fitting approval. They also have kept the faith.

My own part in the great drama of the sixties was an unimportant and modest one. A year or more of service as a private in the 25th Ohio Volunteer Infantry did not furnish many opportunities for distinction or for doing harm to the Confederacy, but, simple and uneventful as it was, I am proud of it, and have no apologies to make.

I have a little keepsake given to me by a Confederate prisoner I captured in one of the minor engagements of the war. It is a fractional bill of one dollar and a half, issued August 1, 1861, by the Metropolitan Savings Bank, Richmond, and payable in current funds of the kind then in use in the Southern States. It is a curiosity to-day, but its value and signifi-



cance to me, then and now, are shown by a memorandum of facts entered by me on its back after my return to camp. It follows:

"This note was given to me December 13, 1861, on the battlefield of Alleghany Summit, Virginia, by a Confederate soldier whom I personally captured. He belonged to a Georgia regiment. I shot at him once before he surrendered. After throwing down his gun and giving up, he remarked that he was nearly starved, and I gave him enough for a good square meal out of the cooked rations in my haversack, before turning him over to the prisoners' guard. He thanked me very cordially, said the 'Yanks' were not such bad people after all, and asked that I accept the note as a keepsake. I felt a boyish pride in having captured a full-grown Rebel when I was only seventeen years and twenty-two days old."

God bless that particular son of the South! I am glad my shot went wild of its mark. I called him a Rebel then, and he called me a Yank, in the common language of the time; but I shared with him my "flitch and hardtack," and if he is still living, and will visit me in Washington, I shall be glad to entertain him with the best meal the Capitol café can afford.

In reply to my letter to Mr. Hollingsworth, he said: "I am sending you herewith a few lines. They are part of a speech which I made in the House of Representatives." The above are the lines from this speech.—EDITOR.

## BATTLE OF BACKBONE MOUNTAIN, ON RETREAT FROM FORT SMITH

BY COLONEL A. V. REIF, C. S. A.

I think no account of this engagement has ever appeared in print save a brief reference in the report of Colonel Cloud, the commander of the Union forces, which appears in the Records of the Rebellion, and in that account the thrilling story of the ambush which appears in the following pages is not given.—EDITOR.

IN 1863, I think it was, General Hindman had fallen back to Little Rock, leaving northwest Arkansas in possession of the Federal forces who occupied Fayetteville, also Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas River, General Cabell's brigade of cavalry and Colonel Morgan's regiment of infantry remaining at Fort Smith. Colonel Cloud, commanding quite a force of Federal troops, moved down the river on the south side. General Cabell met them at the crossing of Poteau River, and had quite a skirmish with them. Finding that Cloud was crossing Poteau south of Fort Smith, which would throw him in our rear, we took up a line of retreat southward, through a large prairie, Colonel J. C. Monroe's regiment of cavalry bringing up the rear. Very soon the Federals showed up. As major of the regiment I had charge of the defenses in the rear. Dropping out a company at favorable points I would fire on their advance and fall back through other formation, and then take up stands at other good points. We were armed with British Enfield rifles, which had a very long range—I believe the best infantry gun in service at that time—and also had a few pistols. The Enfield rifle was a muzzle-loader and discharged a long hollow-ended bullet. The wind whistled over this hollow end in its flight, and made a most terrible noise. Later, a Federal officer inquired of me about the kind of gun we used, saying: "You killed some of my men every time we came in sight, and wounded others, over a mile dis-

tant." Each man of the Federal advance company was armed with two six-shooters and a breech-loading carbine. With our Enfield rifles we kept them at a respectful distance without loss to ourselves, and finally reached the timber and Backbone Ridge.

Captain Lyon, who commanded the Federal advance, was a gallant and brave officer, but had little discretion or judgment. In passing through skirts of timber I discovered that he had no flankers or scouts on either side, and thought how easily he could be ambuscaded. As we reached the foot of the ridge, our regiment was ordered to dismount and move down the road 300 or 400 yards, to hold the enemy in check while General Cabell and Colonel Monroe prepared for battle on the ridge. Lieutenant Colonel O'Neil moved the regiment down and fronted into line, half of the regiment on the west side of the road, the other half in bushes so tall that you could not see twenty yards ahead. I said, "Colonel, I think this is a very bad formation. Let us ambush them—they have no flankers at all out to-day." He replied, "If you wish to try it, I will turn the command over to you, provided you will assume the responsibility." I told him that I would do it, although there was quite a risk, rather than fight with half the regiment hidden in the bushes.

I had noticed a long field extending northward with a fence about twenty steps from the road, the tall brush cut down, evidently to move the fence to the road. This space was now grown up with sprouts from two to four feet high. It was an ideal place for the purpose, only a little too close. I strung the men along in single file in fence corners, told them to lie flat down and to make no noise, and I thought I would make a success of the scheme, as the enemy had used no flankers that day. As I rode along in the rear, each soldier understood my plan and obeyed orders. I told them if they were discovered to make the best fight they could in the fence corners, and that I would fire the signal gun at the south end of the line.

About the time I reached my position I heard our last company lieutenant (Chastain) firing about half a mile in the rear. In a few minutes the lieutenant approached on a gallop

I halted him and asked, "What news?" He replied, "They will be here in ten minutes." I then sent my horse back and told Lieutenant Chastain to dismount his men and to place them so as to protect us when we mounted. Very soon I saw four soldiers (not in blue uniforms, however) advancing cautiously along and on the lookout, with pistol in hand, and butt of gun on boot and in saddle. Just as they got opposite where I was lying, one said, "By God! Here's been infantry." My feathers fell, as I thought they would halt and make an investigation; but presently another replied, "I see the rear guard." "No," responded the first who had spoken, "that is an ambulance," and they passed on, talking. Everything down the fence was as still as death. There were a few bushes on the inside where F. H. McDaniel, our sergeant major, and myself could rise on our knees without exposure. Soon the head of the column appeared, an officer with a clean white laundered shirt and collar in front, an orderly in blue blouse by his side, the remainder in two ranks and close order, a few files back a little guidon or flag fluttering in the breeze. A good deal of talking was going on. I heard one fellow say, "Boys, we will have a good time in Fort Smith, I know nearly everybody there."

We were still quiet. I could see the road full for 200 or 300 yards. I was an expert shot, and carried a Maynard rifle and pistols. I let the officer pass a short distance and then fired at him. His horse stopped and then he fell over toward my side. The whole force then came to a halt, and our regiment opened all along the line. I drew my pistol and fired at a soldier as he started to run. He was holding his pistol high up, and I saw it fall, and got it later. It so happened that when the firing began the advance guard of four men had gotten within forty or fifty yards of where Lieutenant Chastain had built a fence across a lane. He killed one of these, wounded another and captured another. The first ran the gauntlet, several firing at him, but he made it through and escaped. One soldier jumped over the fence and surrendered. I do not think the enemy fired a gun.

Colonel Cloud fronted into line in the field below and began firing. As we fell back along this fence we returned his fire.

He was slow in following us up, however, and as we mounted. Major Duffie, of the General's staff, brought orders for us to cross over the ridge rapidly, and then dismount and move to the top of the ridge to the right of the road.

Not seeing Colonel O'Neil, I took charge of the regiment and passed over the right, below the top. Later, I learned that they had been ordered, in case they were pressed, to fall back to the top and make a stand there. The infantry had said that if a fight occurred the cavalry would run off and leave them to be captured or killed, so as we passed in a gallop they imagined we were stampeded and were in a good frame of mind to abandon the field, not knowing that we were to take a position on top of the ridge. As we passed the top I saw Captain Huey's four-gun battery ready for action. There was barely enough room on the sharp top for the guns. Dismounting on the south side we moved rapidly to the top, passing to the right along the ridge, east, and went into line and began firing. Our battery, on the eminence at the foot of the ridge, was firing rapidly, and there was a lively fusillade of small arms on both sides. The road struck the ridge in the shape of a V, which placed us directly above their battery and forces, not over 300 or 400 yards distant, while the infantry were distant 600 or 700 yards on the left, the enemy's battery and forces firing directly at them. I strung the regiment along the top of the ridge, east of our battery, where the men could rise and fire and then squat down and load in almost perfect safety. I rode along a few paces in the rear of the line and urged the men to take good aim, for we had many good shots in the regiment. The old Enfields did good service and must have done great damage to the enemy's battery and men.

Thus we stood for some time, when suddenly the infantry stampeded, and in spite of all efforts, they could not be stopped on top of the ridge. The Federals then turned their guns on the line of our regiment and the battery, but the shots either struck the bluff or passed over us. Our battery was in about as safe a place as the regiment. We would fall back and load, then move forward and fire. After some time General Cabell galloped up to me and said, "All my command has gone ex-



cept your regiment and the battery. I will try to collect them at the first water we reach. I want you to stand your ground and fight them like hell!" He rode with me to the battery, which was still firing, and called Tom Applegate, who had charge of a gun called "Old Long Tom," a cast-iron piece eight or nine feet long, and said to him: "I am going to move the three brass guns and leave you and Old Tom with Monroe's regiment. Take all artillerymen you want, carry ammunition near the muzzle, fire as rapidly as possible, and don't let the enemy know the other guns are gone." I said nothing, but rode back and said to the men, "You can see the flash of that battery; do your best to silence it," and very soon the battery and the whole Federal force withdrew and took up the line of retreat toward the north. I told the men to keep up the fire as long as they could reach the immense dust the Federals were raising in their retreat, then rode to the gun and told Tom Applegate to keep up firing as long as "Long Tom" could reach them, and stood behind and saw several elevated shots descend into the dust cloud. Then everything became perfectly quiet.

In a few moments I sent a courier to General Cabell informing him that the Federals had all gone toward Fort Smith, and after a while received an order to fall back to the foot of the ridge, mount and preserve line of battle, also to send a strong picket to the top of the ridge. Presently Major Duffie came with an order for the regiment to fall back to camp, but for me to take five or six men, go back and bury the dead and look after the wounded, also to carry the Federal commander a message which in substance was this: "You have some of my men. I have some of yours. As you know, our governments are at loggerheads in reference to the exchange of prisoners. No one need know of it. Will you exchange?"

I told Major Duffie that I would go back with an armed company, as the enemy were all gone. He remarked, "You obey orders or you may be cashiered." After searching for a white handkerchief without success, a soldier gave me a piece of his *moderately* white shirt, and I sent word to Lieutenant

Chastain to fall back and take position as rear guard for the regiment.

Taking five or six men, I started up the ridge, when I met the lieutenant about halfway down. Two men in blue were riding with him, to whom he introduced me. They were Colonel Cloud and his orderly. Colonel Cloud spoke up and said, "I sent a man forward and asked him not to fire, as I wished to talk with you, so when you were sent to relieve him I requested permission to ride down to the yellow flag, which I could see, and he consented." We were then about opposite a little log house. I told him I would go with him. We found nine wounded Confederates, with a surgeon and two or three assistants.

My party and Cloud and his orderly passed up the ridge, and as we went down I saw one of our wagons which had broken down, also a good-looking tent. I told the Colonel that such were scarce articles, South, and that I would take it back with me. "Why," said he, "that is abandoned property and belongs to the United States." I told him it seemed to be on neutral ground. "Well," said he, "you may have my consent to take it," which I did later. We passed beyond the place of ambuscade, where I saw eleven dead horses in and near the road, and a few crippled ones in the bushes.

Strange as it may seem, he said nothing about the ambush, nor did I mention it. Cloud had about eighty men who came back with him. Some deserters reported that all of Cabell's force had gone, and Cloud came back to see for himself. I got this from good authority, but I did not see any of his men.

When I parted with Colonel Cloud he said: "Tell General Cabell to send me any prisoners he has and I will exchange a like number, rank for rank, with him. I want one man, especially, who was captured to-day." The name of this man I have forgotten. So in a few days Sergeant Eli McDaniels, who was by my side when I fired the signal gun at the officer in command of the enemy, took five or six prisoners back and made the exchange. In conversation with Colonel Cloud he said to McDaniels: "I want you to give my compliments to

an officer, I guess he was an officer, who was on your picket line when we had the fight on the Poteau River. I was on the line with four or five of our pickets, and seeing this officer passing, thirty or forty yards on our front, at a brisk gait, being a good shot I dismounted, took a soldier's gun and did my best to bring him down. From the way he ran after I fired I don't think I hit him." "Yes," said McDaniels, "I heard General Cabell's aid-de-camp tell about this." This aid was from Fort Smith, but I have forgotten his name. Colonel Cloud had expressed great regret at the loss of Captain Lyon in the Backbone fight, so McDaniel said to him, "Colonel, you are not as good a shot as Major Rieff, as I was by his side when he fired the signal gun and shot Captain Lyon."

"What!" exclaimed Cloud in great anger, "that man I met with a flag of truce and treated so courteously? That was murder, bloody murder!"

McDaniels reminded him that an ambuscade was legitimate warfare, to which he assented, and thus closed the incident.

General Cabell's loss was very small. I looked over the ground, buried one dead man and saw nine wounded. After the war I met Mr. Watts, whom I knew well, and who was with Cloud's command. He told me he was Colonel Cloud's orderly and was at his side when the signal gun was fired. He also told me that when the command reached Fort Smith only eight of Lyon's company reported for duty, and that afterward they were furloughed and sent home to recruit their ranks.

It has been said that a few men of the other companies remained with Monroe's regiment until the fight ended, but, if so, they did not report to me, nor were they present when we withdrew.

What I have written are the facts concerning the Backbone fight. I believe they will be corroborated by every man belonging to Monroe's regiment who was present at the time, and this sketch is taken from notes made soon after the occurrence.

## INCIDENTS OF THE BLOCKADE. 1861-65\*

BY REAR ADMIRAL JOHN J. ALMY. U. S. N.

THE incidents were many and various. The writer commanded the U. S. Steamer *Connecticut* on the blockade off Wilmington, N. C., for fourteen months, and during that period captured and sent in four steamers, viz., *Juno*, *Scotia*, *Minnie*, and *Greyhound*, with valuable cargoes. The vessels and cargoes were adjudged worth \$1,063,352.49. The *Connecticut* ran ashore and destroyed four other blockade runners, viz., *Phantom*, *Herald*, *Ceres*, and *Diamond*.

The blockade-runners would always select dark nights to run in and out, and certain stages of the moon, generally between the last and first quarters of the moon, when it set early and rose late. This moon arrangement was always a matter of great importance to them. Then a tolerably high tide, also, entered into the calculation.

The first blockade-runner captured by the *Connecticut* was the *Juno*. It was a bright, pleasant morning off shore, and out about seventy miles from Wilmington, when, at daylight, she was discovered. Chase was immediately given, and in three hours she was a prize. When the captain was brought on board he was greeted with the usual "Good-morning," with the additional remark, "Glad to see you," to which he replied, "Damned if I am glad to see you!" "I suppose not," I remarked. I did not blame him at all, for to him it was becoming acquainted under very unpleasant conditions.

A week before, the *Juno* had safely run the blockade in-

A paper read before the Loyal Legion Commandery, District of Columbia, and kindly given me by its recorder, Colonel John Tweedale, U. S. A.



had discharged her English cargo, and taken on board the usual Confederate American cargo of cotton, tobacco, and turpentine, and was now bound to Nassau.

Among other letters found on board of the *Juno* was one left open and unfinished, commenced at Washington and addressed to the owner in England, in which the captain described the successful running *in* past the sleepy-headed Yankees at night, and that he expected to be lucky enough in running *out*, of which he would inform them on his arrival at Nassau, when he would close and send his letter. But the said letter never reached Nassau nor England.

These blockade-runners were all English steamers, and were painted lead-color, which was to prevent their being discovered at night when running close in along land. The fire and steam arrangements were for burning the soft English coal, which always made much black smoke, by which they could be discovered a long distance in the day. The smoke could sometimes be seen before the vessel was visible.

We have heard and we have read of the excitement on board of a whale-ship produced by the cry of the lookout at the masthead, "Spout O!" A whale in sight; boats are quickly got ready for lowering, with harpoons, lines, and lances, and the ship steered for the prey.

On board of the *Connecticut*, when the lookout at the masthead sung out, "Black smoke!" all was commotion. Everyone was upon his feet, and all eyes and the ship's head turned in the reported direction; all steam was raised, and the chase commenced.

A chase of this kind once lasted fifteen hours. Black smoke was discovered at sunrise, pursuit was begun, and continued until after dark, when the blockade-runner was lost sight of. But the *Connecticut* got within two miles of her, making a gain of ten miles, as it was estimated that she was twelve miles off when first discovered. To enable her to escape she had to throw overboard nearly all her cargo, which comprised English goods, as she was *bound in*. We passed through and by innumerable bales and boxes during the day, some of which we perceived contained shoes, which caused a waggish sailor to remark, "Perhaps if we could get and



put on some of those shoes, we could run faster and catch that fellow." Subsequently she proved to be the *Tristram Shandy*.

As has been stated, she threw overboard nearly all her cargo, went into Nassau, filled up hurriedly with another cargo and steamed for Wilmington, ran the blockade and got in. In order to have the dark of the moon, she unloaded with great dispatch, and loaded with the usual Confederate cargo and sailed for Nassau. When she got a few miles outside she was discovered by the U. S. Steamer *Pequot*, which gave chase. It soon became very dark, and the *Pequot* lost sight of her, but continued the chase on the same course as when the blockade-runner was last seen. In a few minutes a tremendous volume of black smoke from the soft coal came into the faces of the people on board the *Pequot*, and in a minute afterward she was up with the blockade-runner, and the *Tristram Shandy* was captured. She had broken down. Her captain stated that the *Connecticut* had chased her so hard those fifteen hours that the machinery was very much out of order, and that he had not had time to adjust and repair it, as he had to hurry so much to get out of Nassau and Wilmington in order to save the moon and the tides; so the *Connecticut* was the remote cause of the capture of the *Tristram Shandy* with her valuable cargo. Both vessel and cargo were adjudged by the Prize Court to be worth \$375,000. Added to this was the cargo thrown overboard when chased by the *Connecticut*, all of which was a great loss to the Confederacy.

One Saturday night, off the Western Bar, one of the inlets into Wilmington was an exciting one for blockaders, and for blockade-runners also. There was no time to indulge in Saturday-night songs and revelries, nor to drink to "Sweet-hearts and Wives."

We knew that blockade-runners were expected. The tides and the state of the moon were favorable for them. The moon went down early. Orders had been given that at *that* time every vessel should have her anchor up, with steam up, and ready to start. The vessels, four in number.—*Connecticut*, *Georgia*, *Emma*, and *Buckingham*.—were swinging

about, and a little steam was being used to keep them in their assigned positions. They were like restless race-horses awaiting the order to "Go."

The officer of the deck was lying down on his stomach on the hurricane-deck sweeping the horizon with his glass, when he reported that there was something moving upon the water like a blockade-runner. The commander looked, and confirmed the report. Orders were immediately given to start, and move with full speed. Two shotted guns were fired at her, when she changed her course, stood off under full speed, and was lost sight of. In this move she met with the *Georgia*, which vessel started after her and drove her off. She was faster than most of our vessels, and in the dark she could soon run out of sight. Continuing in her persistency to enter, the *Emma* met her and drove her off. But she had no intention of giving it up. She had now stood pretty well over toward Smith's Island, thinking she might get in by running close in along the land. And now for the fourth time she attempted it, when the *Buckingham* espied her, opened her guns, and drove her off. As we did not see nor hear anything more of her that night, we supposed that she had gone out to sea, to try it perhaps another night, which they frequently did.

But at daybreak the next morning, behold! there was the steamer hard and fast ashore. She had been forced off and shoved over so many times that she was nearer the land than she calculated, and had run badly ashore. Attempts were made by our vessels to get her off, but it was found impossible. A gale of wind came on a few days later and broke the vessel to pieces. She was found to be the noted English blockade-runner *Herald*. The officers and crew had left in their boats, and landed on Smith's Island in the dark of the night.

This steamer had been running between Bermuda and Charleston, had made ten or twelve successful trips, and had paid for herself several times over. She had now changed her blockade-running route to between Nassau and Wilmington, which proved bad luck to her, as she was wrecked on this, her first trip.

And now came up the question of law versus common sense.

The *Connecticut* had captured a schooner laden with salt, a cargo not worth more than three or four hundred dollars. By throwing the salt overboard, five or six thousand dollars worth of valuable goods could be taken from the *Herald* and put on board of the schooner, which was done. This would naturally be deemed *common sense*. But the law says that "No person in the navy shall take out of a prize any goods before the same shall be adjudged lawful prize by a competent court."

This proceeding was duly reported to the Navy Department, but nothing was ever said in the way of approval or disapproval of the matter.

The chief engineer of the *Connecticut* was a zealous, patriotic man, and was well up to his duties in every particular. In the hard fifteen-hour chase after the *Tristram Shandy* it occurred to the captain to step down into the boiler and engine rooms to look things over. On reaching there, the chief engineer remarked: "Captain, these boilers have now been run for many months in chasing blockade-runners, and they are getting tender. They are under a heavy strain to-day, and I advise you to keep on deck." The captain replied that if there was danger, he did not know why he should not share it with the engineer. "But," said the engineer, "your post of duty is on deck, and mine is here. I shipped for this, and if the boilers go, it is my privilege and my duty to stick to and go with them." Upon reflection, and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," the captain left and went on deck. The boilers stood it, however. Here was a brave, typical engineer, of which the service can boast many.

Love and matrimony once came in as an incident in the course of this blockade service. Seaports might be blockaded, but loving hearts never, though hard-hearted parents sometimes attempt it.

When the *Greyhound* was captured—vessel and cargo adjudged by the Prize Court to be worth about half a million of dollars—among the passengers on board was the noted Belle Boyd, who had been a prisoner before, in the war, in the hands of General Butler, between whom and herself there had been a considerable amount of "unpleasantness," which had made

her somewhat famous by her general conduct, with her speeches and pertinence.

The *Greyhound* was taken to Boston, and, after having been adjudged lawful prize and condemned, Belle Boyd and the other passengers, the officers and crew, were all released and permitted to go where they pleased. From Boston they went to Halifax, and thence to England.

The prize-master of the *Greyhound* was a young volunteer officer with the rank of acting-master in the United States Navy—rather a good-looking fellow. It seems that while on board of the *Greyhound* together, he and Belle Boyd became greatly interested in each other, which interest ripened into friendship. After they separated at Boston, a fervent correspondence sprung up and was continued between them, and they became engaged. She fascinated the prize-master to that degree that he turned traitor. He resigned from the Federal Navy, proceeded to England, and they were married in Liverpool, he, from that time, espousing the cause of, and fighting for, the South.

Subsequently she wrote an interesting book of her life and adventures, in which she gives a graphic account of all the incidents relating to her courtship and marriage. Her career was certainly full of the most eventful, romantic, even heroic features; a career which showed that hearts could be captured as well as blockade-runners.

It may not be generally known, or it may have been forgotten by some, that Belle Boyd was the daughter of General Boyd, of the Confederate Army, who died while a prisoner of the Federal forces. He possessed vast estates in Virginia, early embraced the cause of Southern independence, and was soon entrusted with a general's command. His daughter Belle enthusiastically embraced the same cause, followed her father to the field and accompanied him throughout his campaign, and on two occasions heroically, as a modern Joan of Arc, led on the troops to battle. She was, however, in a skirmish, captured and made prisoner for thirteen months, when she was exchanged for General Cochrane, who had been made prisoner by the Confederates.

Loud and frequent complaints were made by the public, during the war, of what they termed "inefficiency of the blockade," caused by the frequent running in and out of vessels.

The Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in his annual report in December, 1865, a few months after the war had ended, stated that the following number and class of vessels had been captured or destroyed during the war in attempting to run the blockade, viz., steamers, 295; sailing ships, barks, and brigs, 44; and schooners, 683, making a total of 1022 vessels. The amount adjudicated by the courts for prizes captured and brought in was \$24,500,000.

The estimated amounts for those run ashore, burnt, and destroyed was \$7,000,000, making a total of \$31,500,000—a pretty good showing, I should say.

It certainly hurt and weakened the enemy badly. It cut off numerous and necessary supplies, and it lost them the revenue from their cotton, tobacco, and turpentine, and in short, it did much to bring the war to a close.



## A CONFEDERATE'S EARLY EXPERIENCE IN THE WAR

BY A. W. DEAN, CO. E, 29TH REGIMENT, VIRGINIA TROOPS.  
C. S. A.

AMID the blowing of the bugle and the beating of the drums on September 3, 1861, I donned my gray and bade mother farewell, and with sobs and tears started to meet the invading army that was coming to overrun the Southland. My place of destination was Abingdon, Va. I was some two days getting there. I joined Co. E, which made part of the 29th Regiment, Virginia Troops. We drilled our regiment with guns made of wood.

About December 20th our regiment was furnished guns, and we were ordered to join General Humphrey Marshall's brigade, composed of the 5th Kentucky, 54th Virginia, and 20th Virginia. After the brigade was formed, we moved across Pond Gap and were paid off, and the boys had a fine time playing seven-up and drinking applejack. We then moved on through the mud. The weather was very cold, but as Christmas came on, and some of the boys found some applejack, we forgot the cold. We went down to Kentucky, as far as Prestonsburg, and there heard that the enemy was near. We were by this time out of provisions, and so returned to Virginia, all joining in that good old song, "Carry me back, O carry me back to old Virginia," once more. One night we camped in an old field, and as it was raining we burned rails all night. Some cows from a nearby pasture came around our camp late in the night, and licked one of my mess in the face. He thought the Yankees had him and yelled so that he woke the whole camp. After everything became quiet one of the cows came back again, but someone was on the watch

and threw a lot of hot coals on her back. She hoisted her tail, gave a bellow and started through camp with all the cattle after her. War being new to us, the boys thought the Yankee cavalry was charging them, and the whole camp was in an uproar for some time. However, it was but a few days after this that the realities of war were upon us.

In a few days we met Colonel Garfield, later President of the United States, at Middle Creek. He commanded a brigade of Ohio and Kentucky troops. In the engagement that followed, sometimes we would hold the field and sometimes the Yankees would. Each side would charge and drive its opponents back, this being kept up until darkness came on and put a stop to hostilities.

Each side claimed the victory. At night we drew off our force and fell back toward Pond Gap, marching all night; all the next day we lay on top of the mountain keeping a lookout for the enemy that we expected would follow. We saw nothing of them, and the next day we continued to fall back. The next day, our bread ration giving out, a detail was made to go across the mountain. I was on the detail, and as the road was too rough for a wagon, we rode horses. When we returned at night the boys were parching corn for supper. Next day we returned to Pond Gap. The roads were muddy, and we could scarcely move our wagon train. After getting near Pond Gap, we learned the Yankees had retreated down the valley, so we fell back to Russell Court House and went into camp. Report soon came that the Yankees were advancing through Pond Gap, so we moved out to meet them. It proved, however, to be a false alarm. We then undertook to cross a mountain stream, but the rains had so swollen it that it washed all our company baggage away, and also a wagon or two, and the drivers narrowly escaped drowning.

When my time was up I re-enlisted and spent some time in drilling. We were ordered back to Kentucky, but the boys not liking the reception they got there, we went reluctantly. Johnston had gone through Cumberland Gap, and we went to Lexington. At Richmond we had some hard fighting. We met General Rosecrans, and we had no "walk over" with him. Soon after this we returned to our original camp at Abingdon.

but soon were ordered to join Lee's forces at Richmond. While the fighting in Lee's army was more severe, I had now grown used to hardships and was better prepared. The first of a man's war life is like a boy's first experience in love,—he will never forget it.

## THE BATTLE OF MARK'S MILLS

BY WILLIAM JASPER YOUNG, PRIVATE, 36TH IOWA INFANTRY  
VOLUNTEERS\*

THE story of the battle of Mark's Mills covers one of the most trying times of the 36th Iowa Volunteers. From a journal of my brother, Sergeant Josiah T. Young, I quote the following: "We marched for an hour on that Monday morning; the 43d Indiana in front, the 36th Iowa following next in order, and the 77th Ohio bringing up the rear. Much of the road was nothing but swamp and nearly impassable. Finally, our lines began to form on solid ground. At about nine o'clock some scouts came riding by. Some of the men asked them if they had seen any rebels out there. They answered 'Yes.' 'How many are there?' was asked. 'Anywhere from six thousand to nine thousand,' was the answer.

"Our men laughed at the statement and did not believe it to be true. A halt was ordered and the regiment 'rested in place' for some fifteen minutes, when firing began in front and the 43d Indiana were soon hotly engaged. Presently we began to hear the commands of the rebel officers in charge of moving lines in front of our regiment. The enemy came on with steady steps, some eight lines deep. All at once a line of fire along our front disclosed the presence of the enemy and their strength. Our men returned the fire in earnest, without waiting for the word of command. The battle raged for several hours with great fury. Lieutenant Colonel F. M. Drake (afterward Governor of Iowa) was in command of the brigade and was in the thickest of the fight, until he was shot from his horse, receiving a very severe wound in one of his lower

\*Now a Doctor of Divinity and a missionary near Washington, D. C.

limbs, the thigh bone being broken and shattered; his chance for recovery seemed poor indeed. A break in the enemy's lines was effected by a charge led by Comrade Hager, a private in Company K of our regiment, but shortly after this charge, a fresh rebel line came on and we were scattered and driven back from the ground so lately passed. Our boys fell everywhere. It seemed impossible to find a way out, or of retreat. Many took temporary shelter behind trees. A hewn log cabin served as a cover from the tempest of leaden hail. A battery of four guns was taken from us and at length, when further resistance seemed impossible, our men surrendered in squads."

When the commander, Colonel Drake, was taken from his horse, he was carried into the log cabin mentioned in my brother's diary, and I, then a youth of eighteen years, followed into the rude structure, thinking to be of some assistance. Placing my gun in a corner, I tied a white handkerchief around my arm and went to work bringing water to wash the wounds, and trying to relieve the suffering of the wounded men who were being brought in from the field.

When the commander of the victorious rebel army came in to greet his fallen foe, they passed me by, as they thought I was a member of the ambulance corps. I saw the rebel General Fagin as he came in search of the wounded officer, and as I was the only person about at the time, he inquired of me where he might find Colonel Drake. I pointed to the place on the floor where he lay and he went up to speak to him. I remember yet the tall Southern general, dressed in full uniform of Confederate gray, his long hair slightly curling over his shoulders, as was the fashion of the time. He drew off his gauntlet glove, and taking the hand of the suffering Drake, asked him how many men he had with him. Colonel Drake declined to answer this, asking the General to excuse him, which he did with great politeness, saying that the Colonel was perfectly right in refusing to answer.

After Colonel Drake was taken to the hospital for more skillful treatment, I was left on the battlefield to help bury the dead and take care of the wounded and the sick. All the rest of that day I spent with the physicians picking up the wounded men on the field and taking them to the hospital. And all



night long I waited upon the poor dying soldiers. For nearly two months I was kept from the rest of the company and it was not until July 6th that Robert Turner and myself reached camp at Tyler, Tex., in a squad of 175 prisoners from Steele's command, via Camden, Ark. This prison was an open stockade, and the prisoners were allowed to build cabins for themselves, cutting the logs from the timber that surrounded the camp. I helped to build a cabin of three compartments, in which I stayed during the ten months of our prison life.

## A STRANGE COINCIDENCE OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY GEORGE I. BUXTON, 83D NEW YORK VOLUNTEER  
INFANTRY

DURING my entire service in the field with my regiment, the only Connecticut regiment that I ever came in close contact with was the 5th, the first commander of which was Colonel Orris S. Ferry, who later was made a brigadier general, and, after the war, became a United States Senator from Connecticut, still holding that office at the time of his death. Co. E of Colonel Ferry's regiment was largely composed of Norwalk boys from eighteen to twenty years of age, the greater number of whom were old childhood friends and schoolmates of mine, and among them was Oliver S. Brady.

During the early part of the war my regiment and the 5th Connecticut belonged to the same army corps, and at times were encamped so conveniently near to each other that we Norwalk boys easily exchanged visits. Later on, however, our regiments drifted apart for a time, the 5th Connecticut going over with General Banks' corps into the Shenandoah Valley, and the 9th New York (before my regiment was made the 83d it was known as the 9th New York State Militia) to eastern Virginia under General McDowell; but we came in touch again at the battle of Cedar Mountain, which was fought on August 9, 1862. On the morning of that day the corps to which my regiment belonged was in advance of General Banks' corps, embracing the 5th Connecticut, but, for some reason to us unknown, the command of General Banks marched ahead of us, to fight what, at that date, was one of the notable battles of the war, while we were held in reserve, expecting at every moment after the battle opened also to be ordered to the front, only a few miles away, where, on Cedar Mountain, we could

see the battle smoke and hear the crash of artillery and the rattle of musketry. Our expectations, however, were not realized until the fight had been raging for some hours, when we were finally sent to the scene of action, which we reached after nightfall, being soon after ordered to support one of our batteries detailed to silence one of the enemy's which had found our range and was doing us considerable damage. We accomplished our purpose very quickly, owing, as it was rumored, to the fact that our guns had been sighted by General Hartsuff, an old artillery officer of the regular army, in command of our brigade. This incident ended the battle for the night, our only casualties having been one killed and two or three wounded.

The next day, August 10th, the enemy fell back to the mountain side, leaving unoccupied the field between the lines, which gave us an opportunity to inquire how my friends in the 5th Connecticut had fared in the fight. To my great regret, I learned that Co. E had lost in killed, wounded, and captured a large percentage of its entire number, Captain Chinery having been captured, Corporal Oliver S. Brady killed, Sergeant Ambler wounded and captured, and so on through the list. Brady's body was reported as not found. The following day, August 11th, all firing ceased and a truce was had to bring in the wounded and to bury the dead. On August 12th, although the heat was intense, as it had been for several days past, I walked out to the battlefield on a tour of inspection. I found almost unbearable the stench from the rapidly decomposing carcasses of horses with which the field was literally dotted.

And now comes the incident which has prompted this narrative. In a grove were many broken branches and much trampled undergrowth, together with scattered fragments of haversacks and other accouterments. These told the story of a severe struggle. Near a newly filled burial trench I picked up the first sheet of a letter headed "Norwalk, Conn.," and opening with "Friend Oliver." I immediately assumed that this sheet was part of a letter which had been received in camp by my old schoolmate, Oliver Brady, who had been reported killed in action. I was much moved by the coincidence, for I thought it exceedingly strange that I, a member of another regi-

ment and army corps, three days after the battle, should be the one of the many thousands of that large army fated to pick up and recognize the scrap of paper I had found. While thus impressed, I observed close at hand the body of a man, swollen by the heat so as to make identification practically impossible, and as black as the blackest negro I had ever seen. I was surprised that the body had not been buried, because, so far as I had observed, it was the only human corpse unburied upon the entire field. At that time it never entered my mind that the body might be that of a white man, although I wondered how a colored man could have happened to be killed in that locality, as, at that date, there were no colored soldiers in the Union Army. I concluded, however, that the man had been an officer's servant, who, by some circumstance, had been drawn within the line of fire.

I afterward sent this fragment of writing, found as I have narrated, to Oliver Brady's brother in Norwalk; and when I met him after the war he said he knew who wrote the letter and that that scrap of paper was the only thing connected with his brother Oliver's last days which his family had ever recovered.

About twenty years later I met on Main Street, Norwalk, the late Monson Hoyt, who was orderly sergeant of the company at the time of the battle; and our conversation turned to that memorable event, whereupon I happened to recall the Brady incident and to remark that it was strange that the body of Oliver Brady was never found. Hoyt replied: "Yes, they did find his body. The burial detail reported to me that they had buried all the bodies on the field except that of Corporal Brady, which had turned so black and was so offensive that they did not want to touch it. I said to them, 'Go back and bury that body and don't come back until you have done so,' and they afterward reported that they had done so." This statement by Monson Hoyt rounded out what I think I have always had good reason to call a strange coincidence.

It was sufficiently striking that I should have found the letter under the circumstances noted; but it took the best part of a generation afterward and the accident of recalling the circumstance to Monson Hoyt to bring out the fact that the

body I saw lying on the battlefield of Cedar Mountain and thought for twenty years was that of a negro, was, in reality, the body of my old schoolmate Oliver Brady; and I had been fated to see it in the brief interval of time between the burial of the other dead and its burial.



## A FIGHT AND A ROUT IN VIRGINIA

By S. C. FRANKLIN, CAPTAIN 45TH VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS  
AND A KU KLUX

I WENT into the war when I was eighteen years old. After the fight at Cloyd's Farm we were encamped on the banks of that beautiful stream, New River, which makes the Kanawha that flows into the Ohio. Just before daylight, on June 1st, the long roll was sounded; tents were struck, and we fell in ranks. We marched to the New River bridge, a mile away, where we waited but a few minutes before Jeff's "Iron Horse" was ready to carry us to Lynchburg; from there to Charlottesville, then through the Blue Ridge to Staunton, in the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. At Staunton we were reinforced by General Vaughn's dismounted cavalry from Tennessee, and the 69th North Carolina Regiment of Infantry. In this last regiment were two companies of Choctaw Indians from western North Carolina. That night we camped near Staunton, and the next morning we marched toward Winchester, that historic town of battles. At Mount Jackson, a little town on a small stream between Staunton and Winchester, we met General Hunter with a large force, on that famous raid to Lynchburg, and a noted character in his command, General Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward President of the United States.

Our little army under General W. E. Jones maneuvered all that evening in front of Mount Jackson, but no shots were fired. After sunset we moved back toward Staunton and in the rain went into camp.

At early dawn we were ordered in ranks and filed off on a road that led us a few miles down the Shenandoah. Just

before we reached the river we began to meet families with stock, fleeing for safety before Hunter's advancing army. Then orders were given to keep well closed up.

Just before we began to ford the stream we met wounded cavalymen going to the rear, and then suddenly there came ringing down the line the command, "Close up! Close up!" By this time we were in the stream, some twenty-five yards wide. As I came out of the water and was closing up our ranks, I heard the booming cannon some two miles ahead. Now the command was given, "Quick time!" A mile more and then came the command, "Double quick!" and for a mile we marched under this order, when we came out in an open field. Colonel Brown now halted us and formed us in line of battle, as the enemy's sharpshooters had met ours and were having a lively time. We threw up a few chunks of sod and rails for a small protection. The enemy had pushed our skirmish line back to our battle line. On that skirmish line Captain Branscom, a dear friend of mine, lost his hand; it was shot off by a piece of a shell. Now the battle was on, and shells and Minié balls seemed literally to fill the air.

One of my men, after shooting a while, said, "Captain, Richmond is gone up; my gun is choked." In the midst of the fight he took his wrench from his pocket and cleaned the tube, and then said, "Captain, Richmond is now safe again." He was as brave as brave could be, but has long since folded his tent and gone.

The 36th Virginia was on our left, the 60th on our right, up near the pike. In the evening the enemy shelled the 60th, so they fell back, as if they were going to swing around our regiment, but General Jones rallied them and for a while held the ground, but finally had to give way. Brave old General Jones was killed, and in a few moments Colonel Brown of my regiment fell mortally wounded. My first lieutenant followed with a terrible wound, my second lieutenant was shot through the face, and one private was killed and nine were wounded. This was all done very quickly. Half of my regiment, including the major who was in command (the lieutenant colonel was killed a few weeks before) were captured.

Our little army of about 5000 was completely routed, fall-

ing back up the Valley toward Staunton, and from Staunton to Lynchburg, when General Early, from Richmond, met General Hunter and hurled him back from the Valley faster than he came up. I was captured on the field that day with about one thousand others, and was searched and lay on the battlefield that night. The next morning we were taken to Staunton, remaining there three days; we were then marched across the Alleghany and Cheat Mountains, being five days on the march. Our rations were beef slaughtered on the road and broiled on coals of campfires, for we had no cooking utensils. My feet were very tender, and when we stopped at night I did not allow myself to stand till we broke camp in the morning. We camped one night on Greenbrier River, near one of the battlefields on which was fought one of the first battles of the war,—that between Generals Rosecrans and Lee. Just before we arrived at the railroad at Grafton, Pa., we met a train of wagons with hardtack, and what a relish! I ate hardtack until my jaws were tired out, and went to sleep thinking how delicious they were. Next morning, when I got up, there was a nice young Yankee soldier on guard near the big gate. I approached him and said, "Comrade, will you give me a U. S. postage stamp so I can mail a letter home to my people to let them know I was not killed, but am a prisoner of war?" He kindly gave me one and I handed him a handful of Confederate stamps; he said to me, "These are no good to me." I replied, "You don't know that. A few days ago I did not think I should need a U. S. stamp." He laughed and took them. I was put in prison and remained until the close of the war; then I returned to a desolated country, shorn of all its stock, lands all run down, slaves freed and the country overrun with bummers and scalawags. But such is war.

## SOME EXPERIENCES IN THE 'SIXTIES

BY WARREN S. DUNGAN, LIEUTENANT COLONEL 34TH IOWA  
INFANTRY, EX-LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF IOWA

MY regiment, as part of the Thirteenth Corps, under the command of Major General McClelland, was ordered up Red River to meet General Banks in his famous retreat from the ill-fated expedition up that river, where he was waiting until his gunboats could be floated at Alexandria. We were sent out almost daily to drive the rebels back. They had become emboldened by their success, and were approaching too near the city for our comfort. On one of these expeditions we were marching in two lines of battle over a canefield, which was about a mile in width and flanked on either side by a cypress swamp. The 34th was in the rear line. We were marching upon a rebel battery, and so close to it that most of the shells from it passed over the first line, and the rear line was in the hottest of the fray. I was in command of my regiment, some distance in front of our flying colors. I was riding the same gray horse I allude to in relating another incident. A cannon ball from the rebel battery in front was seen by all the members of the regiment, coming directly toward me and my horse. I saw it also, and fortunately so did the horse, for, as it approached, my horse dodged to the left and squatted nearly to the ground; the ball, passing where he had stood a moment before, struck the ground halfway to the regiment, and bounded through the ranks, doing no other damage than denting Lieutenant Chaney's scabbard and Levi Simon's canteen.

The following is a strangely romantic incident of mine occurring in the war: In the fall of 1851 I went South and

taught school in Louisiana and Mississippi for three years. In 1854 I closed a select school in Panola, Miss., where I had been teaching for two years. In closing this school, hoping to encourage the young men to high ideals, I made them a speech, commencing with the question, What will each of you be twenty years from now? Without naming anyone, I prophesied that most of them would attain high positions in society, and in the political and commercial world. Some would be planters, some lawyers, preachers, statesmen, but one would be a—"sinner." By this time intense feeling was manifested in the countenance of nearly all the boys; they concluded that I was identifying each in my own mind. Noticing their excitement I made a satisfactory explanation, and explained to them that I had placed the "sinner" before them simply as a warning, and they were all happy.

Nine years after that time, teacher and pupils met under extraordinary circumstances, such as no one dreamed of when we separated.

July 4, 1863, General Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg to General Grant. The next day I rode into the city to view the results of the siege. I came to a large group of Confederate soldiers regaling themselves at a well or cistern. At my request, one of them handed me a cup of water. I asked them if any were from Panola, Miss. One stalwart fellow came forward from the rear of the crowd and said, "I am from Panola." "What is your name?" I asked. He replied, "My name is Nelson." I said, "Yes, your father's name is Garland G. Nelson." "Yes," said he, "but who the devil are you?" I then asked, "Do you not recognize me as your old teacher at Panola?" but he could not. After telling him who I was, he seemed very glad to see me. He treated me as if no war had existed. He said: "Come with me up to our camp, Colonel. We organized a section of the Mississippi Light Artillery from your old students, and we took nobody in the company who was not one of your students. We call it Dungan's Battery." I went with him, and sure enough I found all the members of that battery my old pupils. I remained with them all the afternoon. The meeting was a joyous one to us all. They felt that the war was practically over, and



their Captain (Calvin Vance) gave me a letter to mail to friends in Ohio expressing this view.

When I entered the tent and saw the boys to whom I had made that speech, the thought came to me, "Are all these 'sinners'? Are all traitors?" I unhesitatingly said, "No." They had been made to believe that they were fighting for home and freedom, and against a tyrant foe.

I have been in correspondence with some of them since the war, and have visited some of them, and enjoyed their hospitality at their homes in Mississippi. Some of them became bankers, lawyers, and statesmen. I stop here. I have nothing to say about the "sinners."

On the Atchafaliah, in Louisiana, my regiment was marching by the right flank, I being in command, riding, as usual, a light gray horse. The road lay along the edge of timber with open ground between it and the Atchafaliah, behind the levee of which the rebels opened fire. The weeds were so high on the roadside as to screen the men from the sight of the enemy; but my horse made a good mark for these Confederates, and for a few moments it seemed as if I and the horse were the targets for all the Johnnies along that levee. I could hear the bullets zipping over my head in rapid succession. My mind worked with furious speed. My first thought was to dismount and lead my horse. I would then be out of sight and comparatively safe. My next thought was as to how the men I was commanding would regard such a course. Soon I became quite calm and somewhat philosophical perhaps, saying to myself, "This is what you enlisted for, to be killed or to kill. Take your own medicine and be a man." After thus thinking, I imagined I sat a little straighter in the saddle than before.

A little in advance, my men could reach a point where they could get an enflading fire on the enemy, but just before reaching this point, some "Mexican Greasers" (mounted Mexican soldiers) acting as Union scouts, came dashing in sight in our front and opened fire on the rebs behind the levee, and their firing at once ceased.

## THE BATTLE OF OAK HILLS—A FIERY BAPTISM

BY J. F. SMITH, A SCOUT IN CAPTAIN REIF'S COMPANY.  
C. S. A.

THE Federal forces occupying Springfield, Mo., numbered 15,000 well armed, equipped and disciplined men, commanded by Generals Lyons and Siegel. About August 5th General Ben McCullough was in command of the Arkansas and Texas troops, and General Sterling Price of the Missouri troops, numbering in all some 15,000. Of this number many were unarmed. The Confederate forces had advanced from Camp Walker and other points in Missouri to within ten miles of Springfield, and there on Wilson's Creek, at Oak Hills, had taken position, and invited battle. There they remained, awaiting an attack from the enemy.

On the afternoon of the 9th we received orders to prepare rations to be ready to march at short notice. By sunset the army had broken camp, and was formed in regular marching order for the forward movement. It was then cloudy and threatening, and a rain-storm soon came on, which continued in a downpour for several hours. The Confederates had no cartridge boxes for the protection of their ammunition, and for this and other reasons given out the order for the forward movement was countermanded. The order was for the commands to return to the position they had just vacated.

Captain A. V. Reif's cavalry company, organized in Fayetteville in May, 1861, having mounted and equipped themselves, had been consigned to General McCullough as scouts and body-guard. At the time of the order countermanding the move of the army was given, Captain Reif with his company was then at General McCullough's headquarters. General McCullough ordered Captain Reif to select twenty-five of his best men.

mounted and equipped, and have them report to him with one of his lieutenants, at once. The order was soon executed with Lieutenant Buck Brown in command of the scouts. I was a member of the company, and one of the scouts selected, and I heard the order given by General McCullough to Lieutenant Brown. It was for him to go in the direction of Springfield, and ascertain, if possible, the movements of the enemy.

With a guide we were soon on the move. After being out all night and not having secured any information as to the movements of the enemy, on our return about the dawn of day our attention was attracted by a noise on our right. Lieutenant Brown halted the scouts and he, with four of the first file, went in the direction of the noise, I being one of the four. We rode in the direction indicated some three hundred yards, when we could see the Federal artillery moving in the direction of our army. We returned in haste to where we had left the command. We were then one and a half miles from headquarters, at which place we arrived within a short time, and I heard Lieutenant Brown make his report, saying, "General McCullough, the enemy is on us."

General McCullough seemed to give no credence to this report, saying, "You did not go in the proper direction. Report to your command."

As we were leaving headquarters I heard General McCullough say to a staff officer, "Tell Woodruff to get ready for action at once."

When we arrived at our camp the boys were eating breakfast. We informed them the enemy was on us, but they did not believe us, having had so many false alarms.

Captain Reif ordered the company to mount and fall into line. By this time the enemy's artillery had opened fire, and we were soon at headquarters, the General being in the saddle giving orders, and couriers and staff officers going in every direction. Woodruff's battery, having taken a strong position upon the arrival of our army on August 5th, had responded to Totten's battery, belching forth deadly charges of grapeshot. Reed's battery and other of our batteries soon joined in the music. The small arms of both sides were ere long to be

heard in every direction. Gratiot's Arkansas infantry and Churchill's cavalry regiments were first to respond.

I think the first shot from Totten's guns landed in Churchill's camps, where many of the men were eating breakfast. They were quickly in line with that gallant knight, Colonel T. J. Churchill, at the head of the column. They soon met and charged the enemy, driving them from every position they endeavored to hold. One of the most successful and desperate charges was made by this splendid regiment. Gratiot's regiment was one of the first to meet the enemy, and for four long hours they held their first position. Three times the enemy at this point were reinforced, but the gallant boys remained steadfast until the enemy had given up the conflict, and the glorious victory was won, the foe having fled in confusion. This regiment sustained the heaviest loss of the Arkansas commands, their killed and wounded amounting to something over 300. I remember some of the splendid companies of this regiment. There was Captain Bell's company from Fayetteville, and Captain Brown's from Van Buren. Both of these brave and true officers fell, with scores of their brave boys. Another splendid company in this regiment was the Hempstead Riflemen, organized at Washington and commanded by Captain Gratiot, afterward colonel of the regiment. Ex-Governor Dan W. Jones, now of Little Rock, was, as I remember, a lieutenant of this company. They sustained heavy loss also. I remember one brave boy of this company who fell on that bloody field—Moneain Sims. His brother, Thomas H. Sims, was also a member, and received a severe wound at the same time. I recall the soldierly bearing of Colonel Churchill. It made an indelible impression upon my young mind at the time. The loss sustained by this gallant command was very great. As I remember, it was something like 275 killed and wounded.

The Missouri and Texas commands sustained heavy losses, but not so great as the Arkansas commands. This was the greatest victory, considering the condition of our army, won west of the Mississippi. Half of the Missouri troops were unarmed, the other half armed with squirrel rifles and muzzle-loading shot-guns. Texas and Arkansas troops were



poorly armed. The enemy was armed with the best of improved guns, well equipped and thoroughly drilled. With all this they were driven from every position, retreating, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Their gallant leader, General Lyons, with others of their officers, fell in the conflict. The enemy's loss, as I remember, was some 3000 killed and wounded, while the Confederate loss was some 2000 killed and wounded.

I could not understand, and cannot now, why the officers in command of our army did not pursue and capture the fleeing army, and march on into St. Louis. By so doing we could have held Missouri and saved at least 25,000 good soldiers that were lost to the Confederate Army and went to the enemy. As the enemy were fleeing from the scene of their defeat, Captain Reif, with his company, pursued them, capturing some prisoners. After being out a mile and a half we were overtaken by a courier with orders to return to our quarters. As we returned, we were brought over the battlefield, and over the bloody hill where fell that brave Federal officer, General Lyons. There, in the midst of his dead and dying soldiers, lay dead the gallant steed ridden by Lyons. The sight of those dead and dying soldiers was revolting. The Confederate dead had by this time been all removed.

The camps occupied by our company for several days were at a large church arbor, and on our arrival we found this arbor transformed into a field hospital. Here another sickening sight, and one that would touch the heart of the most hardened, was to be seen. Limbs were being amputated, wounds being dressed, groans from the wounded to be heard everywhere. This, being our first experience, made it more horrifying, and strong men shed tears.

After our company had returned from pursuing the enemy, I bore a message from Captain Reif to General McCullough, saying that he was back at his quarters awaiting orders. General McCullough replied, "My compliments to Captain Reif, with thanks for his valuable service; say to him to remain in his quarters until further orders."

We remained in our quarters the remainder of that day, and until about nine o'clock that evening, at which time we broke camp and moved in the direction of Springfield, and



after marching to within two miles of that city, we halted for the remainder of that night. By sunrise we were on the move for Springfield. We marched into town singing "Dixie." Not one of the enemy was to be seen except the wounded and the surgeons.

I cannot close this sketch without paying tribute to my true captain, A. V. Reif. He was the bravest of the brave and the truest of the true. I will only mention one of the proofs of his courage. As our army was advancing in the direction of Springfield, Captain Reif and his company, being the advance guard, met the enemy some thirty miles out of Springfield at a place on the main road,—Dugg Spring,—where a considerable skirmish occurred. During the engagement Captain Reif was cut off from his command by a squad of cavalry. They surrounded him, ordering him to surrender. Instead of obeying the order, he opened fire on his would-be captors, killing three of them outright, and made good his escape. The remainder of the enemy fled, leaving their dead comrades on the field.

Another fact not generally known is that this company was the first Arkansas command to meet the enemy west of the Mississippi.

## A WOUNDED SOLDIER AND A COPPERHEAD SNAKE—A GALLANT ACT OF A WOUNDED FOE

BY A VETERAN OFFICER OF THE 52D VIRGINIA INFANTRY

This remarkable story was sent to me by a Confederate soldier of unquestionable veracity. In his letter he says, "It's truth, I know, as have several times heard my old friend and commanding officer, General Lilley, describe the circumstances. . . . The general facts concerning the engagement I witnessed as a participant, as I was acting at the time as a field officer of the 52d Virginia Infantry of the brigade in command of General Lilley, and I made the inquiry of the retreating Tar-heels to learn the reason of their hasty retreat. His reply is given in my sketch, verbatim. I have signed the article simply as your voucher as to its authenticity. . . . If you insert it in your book, simply let it be vouched and signed as follows: 'A veteran officer of the 52d Virginia Infantry.' I think that the act of this Federal soldier deserves to be commemorated. I, in my service during the entire war, neither witnessed nor heard of any act performed by man or officer of either army that evidenced more chivalrous generosity nor loftier courage, and for that reason I select this incident as the subject of my sketch."

The incident is so remarkable, so weird, and the bravery of the Federal soldier so splendid, that the above somewhat lengthy preface to the incident is given.—EDITOR.

On August 19, 1864, the Confederate troops commanded by General Jubal A. Early were encamped in the neighborhood of Winchester, Va. Shortly before that time the movements began which resulted in the concentration of the Federal troops, under the command of General Phil Sheridan, which participated in the battle of Winchester, fought on September 19, 1864.

The movements of General Sheridan from Harper's Ferry

and Martinsburg toward Winchester were characterized by an energy and rapidity of movement which neither the army of Northern Virginia nor detached portions of it, while operating separately, had theretofore experienced in regard to the movement of Federal troops.

On the morning of August 19th cavalry scouts reported a movement of Federal troops along the turnpike from Martinsburg toward Winchester. The Confederate division commanded by General Ramseur included the North Carolina brigade known as Hoke's brigade in the Confederate service, and the Virginia brigade known as Early's old brigade, then commanded by that brave and gallant officer, Brigadier General Robert D. Lilley. This division, on the morning of August 19, 1864, was encamped between Winchester and the large body of woods situated near Stevenson's depot, about four miles north of Winchester, and on both sides of the turnpike from Martinsburg to Winchester.

Upon learning the report of the cavalry scouts, General Ramseur put the North Carolina brigade and the Virginia brigade into marching order, with the North Carolina brigade in front, and started along the turnpike toward Martinsburg. Judging in accordance with his previous experience in regard to the speed of marching Federal troops, General Ramseur expected he would probably meet the moving Federal troops some ten or twelve miles north of Winchester; but on this occasion, as the North Carolina brigade was marching along the turnpike through the woods near Stevenson's depot, it was vigorously attacked by a Federal force in perfect fighting order. The surprise was complete, and the veteran North Carolinians behaved exactly as brave soldiers usually do, and always *ought* to do in such circumstances. They got away from them so quickly that it was impossible for the Federal troops to catch them, or do them much harm in any other way.

General Lilley, upon hearing the first shot in front, formed his brigade in line of battle along the southern edge of the woods to the left on the turnpike, and rode forward into the woods to learn what the matter was. Upon reaching a position about a hundred yards in front of the 52d Virginia Infantry, which was next to the turnpike, he was struck by a

cannon shot which tore off his right arm at the shoulder joint, and he fell to the ground on his back, where he lay completely paralyzed and incapable of the slightest movement, as the combined result of the shock and the shot.

While the General lay thus helpless on his back, a large copperhead snake crawled up to him and moved slowly over his face, between his eyes and the end of his nose, and after getting across, stopped and curled up, with his head raised in a striking position, only a few inches from the General's face, hissing his threat to insert his venomous fangs in the flesh of the helpless officer.

As the General lay in this predicament, a party of Federal troops, dismounted cavalry, passed rapidly by in pursuit of the retreating Confederates, and the General called to them to come and kill the snake. The officer in command, however, kept on, remarking, "Oh, the poor fellow is delirious." But one of the men turned out of his way and went toward the spot where the General lay; as soon as he saw the situation, he called to a comrade to come to him quickly, and he crept rapidly and softly to the side of the wounded officer opposite to the snake. He had on the regulation cavalry gloves, which, however, were very inadequate protection against the penetrating fangs and the deadly venom of a copperhead; but, putting the edges of his hands together, he placed them between the gleaming fangs of the snake and General Lilley's face, and held them there until his comrade came up and killed the snake with his saber. The instant the snake was dispatched, the two brave soldiers hurried off to join their comrades in pursuit of the retreating Confederates, and General Lilley was, therefore, unable to learn the name or the regiment and company of his rescuer.

History records nothing of Bavard, nor of Sir Sidney Smith, more heroic, generous, or chivalrous than the heroism of this unknown private soldier in interposing his own practically defenseless hands between the deadly fangs of the copperhead and the exposed face of his helpless foe. If this soldier is still alive, and should ever see this article, he may be glad to learn that the helpless Confederate officer to whose relief he so promptly came was as brave and gallant as any man who

ever buckled on the armor of a soldier, and was as pure and lofty a Christian gentleman as ever put on the armor of God. If this soldier, however, as is more than probable, has "crossed over the river," then the writer feels assured that rescuer and rescued have met in the azure fields beyond the stars, where the redeemed spirits of the true, the brave, the generous and the good, walk in eternal glory.

The writer was an officer of the 52d Virginia Infantry which was in line along the edge of the woods and next to the turnpike; he heard the firing in front and saw with great surprise the brave old veterans of the North Carolina brigade retreating as the result of what appeared to him such an insignificant engagement. He asked an explanation of the situation of one of the retreating veterans. The answer was characteristic and fully explanatory: "Why, they tuk us in end-wise."

The Virginia brigade fell back in good order to avoid a flank attack on its left. The flank attack was checked by a gallant charge made by Vaughan's brigade of Tennessee cavalry, which charge ended the engagement.



## THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY—AN EPISODE— STIRRING BRAVERY AND DARING

BY DR. G. H. TICHENOR, 2D TENNESSEE CAVALRY, C. S. A.

I WILL relate one of the most stirring episodes of daring and bravery that occurred in the retreat of our army from Corinth, Miss. Our commissary and ordnance trains were ordered by General Beauregard to Booneville, Miss., there to await the army's arrival. The sick and disabled, numbering about 7000, were all ordered to that point. General Alger and General Grierson, with their two divisions of infantry and cavalry, made a forced march to cut off and capture our ordnance and commissary supplies. They succeeded in reaching Booneville, and set fire to all the buildings in their reach, and had applied the torch to one car of the ordnance train. The 2d Tennessee Battalion of Cavalry had received orders to proceed to Booneville with all the haste possible. On arriving on the outskirts of the village, Colonel Robert McCullough came dashing up with escort of two of the 2d Missouri Cavalry, and with bated breath he commanded halt. "What command is this?" he asked. "Second Tennessee Cavalry, C. R. Barteau commanding," was the response. "Attention, Cavalry: I want to perform a daring and risky movement," said Colonel McCullough. "You are my senior," said Colonel Barteau, "take command." "How many men have you?" asked McCullough. "One hundred and twenty-four," replied Barteau. Then McCullough rapidly commanded: "Right dress. Attention, men. Disobedience to my orders will prove fatal to the command. You must not draw your gun, pistol, nor saber unless ordered. I want you to be perfectly quiet, so you may hear every command. Cavalry, forward march, gallop!"

Inside of fifteen minutes we were within twenty feet of the Federal infantry in double line of battle. We were halted, the order given "Right dress," facing the enemy, looking down into their faces. "Cavalry, about face, march, halt, about face." This command was given about eight times inside of one hundred yards. The Yankees seemed to be paralyzed, not knowing what to do, cursing, and demanding, "What do you want?" By this time our men, who were lined up in the road, prisoners and under guard, discovered our cavalry position, and they gave a yell that seemed to shake the very ground. Their cheering caused the Federals to believe that our army was swooping down on them, so the command was given in a stentorian voice by a Federal officer to "Retreat, double quick; we are trapped." So, panic-stricken, they began running for dear life. A few sharpshooters, looking back, fired over their shoulders while running, killing George Caldwell, wounding three horses and killing Colonel Barteau's horse. After the infantry had fled, we captured twenty-five Federal cavalymen with their equipment.

For bravery and daring this was one of the most thrilling incidents that ever came under my observation during the war.

Here is another, on the same day. Three men of the command dismounted and crawled to the ordnance car that was set on fire, while the shells were bursting, uncoupled the car with a crowbar, and sent it downward on the grade out of harm's way. Seven thousand of our men recaptured our ordnance and commissary trains with but a loss of one man, three horses and one ordnance car. The depot and several houses were burned before we reached Booneville. Our wounded were cremated in the depot. The Federals refused to let a man take anything, not even the wounded, from the depot.

## A THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A WAR TELEGRAPHER

By PHILIP H. HALL, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, CONFEDERATE  
ARMY

GENERAL SHERMAN was preparing an extensive expedition for the capture of Vicksburg, and the clearing of the Mississippi River of the enemy, as he was pleased to designate us. There was a private telegraph line, built by a planter by the name of Dr. Tebbetts, running from opposite Vicksburg to Lake Providence, La. Telegraphic communication was very scarce, as most of the operators had hied back to their homes on the breaking out of the war, leaving the little line deserted.

General M. L. Smith, commanding Vicksburg, ordered me from the army, and sent me across the river to operate the line and keep him posted as to the passage of any Federal troop boats down the river. A Mr. Lee S. Daniels, of General Breckinridge's staff, was detailed and ordered to Lake Providence, La., with instruction to advise me immediately of everything happening up the river. I spent many weary nights and days in that lonesome swamp, listening to the myriads of frogs and other "varmints."

Christmas Eve, 1862, near midnight, I heard the tick of Daniels' familiar call, and on replying he said, "Great God, Phil, eighty-one gunboats and transports have passed here to-night, and as far up the river as the eye can reach they are to be seen. Hurry across the river and tell the news." It was a very stormy night, and the river was very rough. I took my red light—my signal to our troops when crossing the river at night, which they had orders to respect. It was a perilous trip, but if I knew I should lose my life in the effort I could not have been deterred.

I succeeded in crossing in safety and hurried to headquarters with my fateful message. There was a grand ball in progress and Mississippi chivalry and beauty were there. Covered with mud from head to foot, and wet as a drowned rat, I speeded through that crowd of gay revelers up to where the General stood. He looked at me sternly, and demanded my mission. I had jotted down what Daniels had wired me. The General, on reading it, turned pale, and exclaimed at the top of his voice: "This ball is at an end. All non-combatants must leave the city, and all officers and soldiers go at once to their commands."

No ball ever terminated so abruptly. The General's demeanor toward me had changed, and he thanked me for my promptness and devotion to duty. Two or three days afterward General Sherman, with a large army, landed at Chickasaw Bayou, a few miles above Vicksburg, and was opposed by General S. D. Lee, who, through my information, had received reinforcements. Sherman was badly defeated, losing over a thousand men. He retreated up the river to Memphis, and Vicksburg had a long rest from Yankee shells, thrown at us by boats below the city, which had come up from New Orleans. I was then ordered to report to General J. B. Magruder, commanding the department of Texas, and was his operator until the close of the war.

## AN IRISH LIEUTENANT OF THE OLD SECOND DRAGOONS

BY CAPTAIN FREDERICK W. MITCHELL, 12TH ILLINOIS CAVALRY, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS\*

"DURING the earlier years of the war, from the summer of '62 to December, '63," said the old veteran, as we lighted our pipes around the campfire, "our squadron of Illinois Cavalry was attached to the 2d United States Cavalry.

"The benefit we received from that association in discipline and drill was very great, and even those of our command who then grumbled the most at the frequent severity lived to be very thankful that we had been given the opportunity to profit by it.

"The 2d was one of the crack cavalry regiments of the Regular Army, and its roster bears the names of many who rose to very high rank in both armies.

"At the breaking out of the Rebellion, when summoned to the seat of war in Virginia, our regular cavalry regiments were widely scattered throughout the western plains among the Rockies. Although many of the officers of the 2d at once decided to desert the old flag, as an organization the 2d remained thoroughly loyal and performed magnificent service on many a hard-fought battlefield.

"Organized in 1836, with the arbitrary old martinet and strict disciplinarian, David E. Twiggs, as colonel, whose military career began in 1812, and with glorious William Harney, whose twenty years' service was partly under "Old Zach," as its lieutenant colonel, the history of the 2d is written on

\*This paper, with others in this volume by Captain Mitchell, was read by him before the Loyal Legion Commandery, Washington, D. C. The Captain was my college classmate, and he gave me these excellent stories.—EDITOR.



'Fame's eternal camping ground' from the early days of the republic, and the names of its leaders are found on every battle roll, from the days of Osceola to and far beyond the four years of our bloody civil strife.

"The greater part of its Rebellion service was in the grand old Army of the Potomac, and on its battle-scarred flag are inscribed the names of Beverly Ford, Gettysburg, Brandy Station, Todd's Tavern, Trevilian Station, Deep Bottom, Smithfield, Winchester, Front Royal, and Cedar Creek, for always where the shot and shell fell thickest and the fight raged fiercest could be seen the flag and guidons of the brave 2d, which in former years had learned the art of war and laid the foundation of its glory. Owing to the loss of many of its officers in battle, in the winter of '62 and '63, an unusually large number of the non-commissioned officers received their long-deserved promotions, and to a second lieutenant's commission, to date from July 1, 1862, one Mike Lawless was promoted. Mike was as thorough an Irishman as one would meet in the very center of the Green Isle, and knew but very little outside the duties of his regiment. But he was a typical Irishman, uniting a high regard for duty with an intense loyalty to the Union cause, and withal possessed a whole lot of mother wit. It had taken many years of the hardest kind of drill and discipline for him to win his shoulder straps, and mighty proud was he the first evening he served as officer of the guard, and although there were many years in the ranks against twenty-four hours of promotion, he never again recognized his old comrades except from afar, nor forgot the uncrossable line between the shoulder straps and the chevron.

"With the minimum of education, but yet deeply interested in all scientific research, so far as he was able to comprehend it, Mike was fond of any kind of experiment that promised results, and were he with us to-day, knowing no fear and reckless of consequences, he would undoubtedly attempt to solve the question of aerial navigation, and, guiding his machine across the river Styx, astonish the inhabitants of Mars, or even the lesser satellites, by his bold entrance into the regions of the unknown.

"As sergeant, while serving on the plains in the later 50's.

desiring ocular proof of the power of gunpowder, he told his friend and fellow soldier, Tracey, also somewhat of an investigator in abstruse science, that he believed if he had sufficient powder he could blow up hell itself. So he ordered all the condemned cartridges collected and turned over to him, put them in an old messpan, placed another messpan over them and covered the whole with mud. Persuading Tracey to sit upon this, he applied a light to a stick arranged between the two pans, and stood aside to watch the effect. So far as Mike was concerned, the experiment was a complete success, and he was enabled to study the uplifting qualities of gunpowder; but poor Tracey turned numerous somersaults before he alighted, proving that a little learning may be a dangerous thing, and nursed his shattered remains for many weeks in a hospital tent.

"Riding a spirited horse from camp one day to drill, Mike unexpectedly met a six-mule team. Finding it impossible to pass, Mike struck his snurs deep into the side of his steed and actually lifted him over the leaders, as the driver swung them around. It was quick decision and prompt action, but, unfortunately, his horse's hind leg was caught by the rein, and, falling, threw Mike heavily to the ground. Without assistance he remounted, but his leg was badly shattered, and he rode on the drill-ground with it sticking out from the stirrup. His captain saw him riding down the parade ground in that condition, covered with dirt and several minutes late, and with all the various hot stuff that no one but a regular army officer can manage to corral on such occasion, ordered Mike to ride properly or he would tear off his chevrons and have him reduced to the ranks. Mike replied, 'Reduce and be damned!' then, turning white as a sheet, he toppled over. Two troopers caught him as he fell, and in a few moments he was subject to none but the surgeon's orders. He said he did not know for some days whether, for swearing at his officer, his head as well as his leg would swing in the balance, but the captain's bark proved worse than his bite. Mike enjoyed his six weeks' rest and told me that one could become accustomed to anything; for he, who could never before sleep upon his back

without horrid dreams, had never been comfortable since in any other position.

"During his long service Mike had never been in a large city, and knew nothing whatever of the geography of our country, but he had no bad habits, and had been very economical, so that his promotion found him with many hundreds of dollars to his credit. He applied for, and obtained without difficulty, a ten days' leave, his first one for many years, and resplendent in his lieutenant's uniform, and with the bulk of his fortune in his pocket, started for New York. I met him shortly after his return to the front and the recital of some of his adventures was unique, and somewhat exciting. One could imagine that many things might happen to a man of his years, the possessor of more than average mother-wit, landing in our largest city, never having been even in a small one, and recognizing but two classes of people, the ruler and the ruled. According to his own story, the first day or two he bowled over a good many who sought his acquaintance too persistently, thinking him an easy mark. Nothing but his readiness, even his eagerness, to resent any fancied insult, combined with his great strength and the fact that his shoulder straps represented the power of the army, could have availed him on more than one occasion.

"Before starting on his leave he had told us that it had long been his ambition to own a fine gold watch and seal ring, and we had abundantly cautioned him to avoid the 'cheap John' stores and deal with some responsible firm like Tiffany, Ball, Black & Co., *et al.* Possibly forgetting our advice, he entered a jewelry store, presumably on the Bowery, and asked to be shown a watch that could be guaranteed. One ostensibly of good value was handed him, and with an Irishman's impetuosity he asked if the guarantee was an absolute one, and if the case were solid gold, and would stand the test. Of course Uncle Isaac rubbed his hands, and with great volubility swore by all the prophets and by the beard of Aaron that there never was such a watch, and that the owner would be envied by all his brother officers. Mike seated himself in a chair and, taking a bottle of acid from his vest pocket, poured a few drops

upon the shining case of the watch and smiled as it turned black. In an instant he was surrounded by a half dozen of the tribe of Jacob, who with imprecations and anathemas threatened him with all sorts of dire punishment, both physical and legal.

"Mike kept his temper admirably for a while, until one rather burly Israelite laid his hand roughly on his shoulder and said he must hand over \$50 or go with him to the station house. Mike shook himself free, grabbed his opponent by the back of the neck and slack of the breeches, and tossed him over the counter, as he had often tossed sacks of grain in a Government commissary wagon, then walked out of the store with all the dignity of a general commanding, with never so much as a backward glance. Fortunately his course of travel took him toward Tiffany's, upon reaching which place he opened negotiations with a clerk who proved that he held his job because he was a judge of a rough diamond as well as of the real article. Mike retailed his recent episode to an amused audience, and asked the clerk if *he* had any watch that would stand the test. He was given full permission to make his experiment, and when the result proved satisfactory on both the watch and a valuable seal ring, handed over a couple of hundred dollars in greenbacks and promised to recommend their store to all his brother officers. His new-found friend took him all over the store, and Mike's description of the treasures he was shown that day was almost as rich as the articles themselves. The clerk and he became quite chummy, and under his guidance Mike saw much of Gotham by daylight and under the gaslight, and told us he 'blew in' another hundred during the next few days for full value received. Many an evening around our campfire we had occasion to laugh at and enjoy dear old Mike's eccentric account of his experiences, not only during that eventful week in the city, but also during many of his previous campaigns on the plains.

"On June 11 and 12, 1864, the 2d participated in the severe cavalry fight under Sheridan at Trevillian Station, Va., winning additional glory and receiving much praise from the General commanding. Mike, as I have stated, had always been intensely loyal and had often told us that his highest ambition

was to die fighting for Old Glory. He was past master in saber exercise, and, as he had no living kith or kin, had said that he would be entirely happy if in some battle he could have the rare luck of being surrounded by the enemy and using his saber to the last. During the afternoon of the first day's fight his regiment, which had been very actively engaged, was about to be called upon to make a desperate charge against superior numbers. 'This seems to be the chance for which I've been waiting,' he said. He handed watch and ring to the officer, threw off his coat, and said, 'Give my love to the boys who pull through,' and, when the order came, led the charge toward the thickest of the fray. The officer said the first fight was too fast and furious for anyone to do more than look out for himself, but early in the contest he remembered seeing Mike, a red silk handkerchief tied around his head, which was bleeding from an ugly wound, swinging that terrible right arm as coolly and steadily as if on company drill in the gymnasium, but always pressing ahead and forward, seeking for the spot where the enemy was thickest.

"That night the burial squad pulled his body, disfigured and cut almost beyond recognition, from under a pile of the dead foes, bearing witness that he had met the death he sought in the manner he had chosen and longed for, and had left the field of glory surrounded by and in company with many of his quondam foes, to rehearse with them the old, old story of the war around the eternal campfires of the living God. Like Lawton, he was a fearless, honest, and absolutely trustworthy soldier, the standard by which he measured all his actions, being 'God and our Country and our Flag!'"



## A FALSE ALARM—THE MARCH AND BIVOUAC VERSUS THE BATTLEFIELD

BY W. T. SHAW, CO. C, 12TH TEXAS CAVALRY

AT the close of a protracted forced march through sleet and rain, a regiment of Texas cavalry was finally halted at dark, and pitched camp. Without a dry thread of clothing, tired almost to exhaustion, pinched with hunger and shivering with cold, the writer was detailed to take command of ten men and find his way through a dark and unknown forest, locate and guard a point ten miles east, where the highway leading out of the bottom that skirted the Father of Waters furnished a convenient point of access and attack by the enemy's cavalry. Such an attack was anticipated on this very night, and hence this precaution to avoid surprise and disaster.

After hours of wandering search amid pitch darkness, without any guide, the little party finally located the vulnerable point. Placing a trusty sentinel on duty, the writer retired with the balance of his men some half a mile to the rear, and established headquarters in a vacant log cabin, with an old-fashioned fireplace, near the roadside. Soon a cheerful, crackling fire was built, and after partaking of a scant lunch, the work of drying baggage and clothing began. Horses were fed and tied near the cabin, with saddle and bridle ready to mount at a moment's warning. Blankets were finally spread, and the tired soldiers, lying down to rest, were soon wrapped in slumber.

The writer had remained on watch, when there came the piercing crack of an Enfield rifle, and suddenly all was confusion. Men roused from profound slumber amid suspense

and anticipation of danger often become panic-stricken and as unmanageable as a drove of Texas cattle in a stampede.

Such was the condition that pervaded this picket camp a few minutes after the alarm was given. The writer, being awake, was in a condition of composure that enabled him not only to give intelligent command, but view with keen amusement the ludicrous antics of his men. In the excitement of the moment, one man, only partially awakened, landed high and dry in his saddle, with his head turned to the horse's tail, and a comrade, observing his position, yelled out, "You had better change front if you don't want to be shot in the back." Another man, slow in awakening, and about to be bested in the race to mount, took no time to untie his horse, but gave him such a fright that he broke his hitch rope, while the rider scrambled into his saddle as he ran. Finally, when all were mounted and in line, one man was found to be suffering with a bad case of "buck ague," shaking from head to foot, and his teeth chattering in a manner to be heard a hundred yards away.

Hearing no other gun fire, and seeing no approach of the enemy, the writer, leaving his men in line, went forward to where the sentinel in his lonely beat stood, and found him undisturbed. He had heard the report, but locating it in the direction opposite to that of the expected enemy, had given it but little heed.

We have related this simple war story, not to emphasize the carnage of battle nor the heroism of the soldier, but to illustrate feebly to the reader some of the hardships and exposure that so often tried his powers of endurance, even to the extent of overshadowing his fear of danger on the battlefield. It holds also a touch of humor, often present amid the pathos and tragedy of a soldier's experience.

The writer has participated in skirmishes with the enemy on the scout, marched to meet solid lines of infantry with bayonets drawn, and stood as a protecting wall to batteries amid the roaring shot of cannon. He has even charged to the water's brink, unprotected, a fleet of gunboats under an enfilading fire of shot and shell that left desolation in its path. Yet none of these have left a more indelible impression upon

his mind than the sufferings endured on that protracted forced march and dreadful night, and the thrilling experience following the false alarm in that little picket camp, while guarding their command against danger from the exposed Mississippi front.

## CAPTURED—A PRISONER'S LIFE

By D. M. FIKE, DRUMMER, CO. K, 117TH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS

IN 1862, at the age of fifteen, I enlisted as a drummer in Co. K, 117th Illinois Volunteers, to serve three years, or during the war. I was captured near Canton, Miss., in 1864, on Sherman's first march from Vicksburg to Meridian, Miss. I was confined in three rebel prisons, as follows: Kahaba, Ala., one month; Andersonville, Ga., nine months; Salisbury, N. C., two months. I can never forget the day I left my father and mother, standing in the door, watching the departure of their little boy for the war. Talk not to me of the bravery of us who went to the front. I think I know something about what it means to face the cannon's mouth and to hear the whiz of shot and shriek of shell, but it required far more bravery and courage in the hearts of the dear ones who stayed at home—the fathers and mothers and the wives and sisters. There are a few of them left to-day, and they are fighting the battles of that war over again, but the dear ones they gave are dust.

After the fall of Vicksburg, in July, 1864, we were sent on a march through Mississippi to the town of Meridian. On this march I was captured. I went out with a detail on a foraging expedition about five miles from the picket line. There were eight in our party. After our wagon was loaded, and the mule I rode was loaded down with a big sack of corn meal, a ham, and a live goose, we started out of the timber and discovered we were cut off from the picket line by the 1st Mississippi Cavalry. Our sergeant said, "Let's get back to the timber, scatter and try to make a flank movement to get back to camp." We had not gone far until we met another

squad of rebels coming from the opposite direction, so, as it seemed we were surrounded, the sergeant said, "Line up, boys, and let's give them the best we've got." One of our party was killed in our encounter, and my mule was shot in the knee. I came to the conclusion I could run faster than a mule with three legs, so I jumped off, and it was funny to hear that goose squawk and see her flutter to get away from that mule. By this time, the rebs were getting too thick for me, so I lay down behind a log, over which two of the cavalry horses jumped. The rider of one said, "Throw up your hands and surrender, you little ——!" They finally rounded us all into a squad. One man said, "Let's get a rope and hang these damned Yankees!" Their captain interposed, "No, you must treat them as prisoners." The reply was, "We reckon not; they've killed two of our men." Again the captain said, "I can't help that; you have captured them and you must treat them as prisoners of war." That sounded mighty good to me. Now we were off for Kahaba. We fared very well at this place, as our troops had not been much in that part of the South.

I never can forget an old lady by the name of Mrs. Wagner. She was a good friend to us, giving us books to read and bringing us soap and a washboard, so we could wash our clothes. I have often heard her say that she had three sons in the Rebel Army, and did not know but that some day they might be in the same predicament. After the war was over she moved to New York, and I corresponded with her. If any other comrade who was in this prison knows where she is, I shall be thankful if he will let me know.

About five o'clock one morning, the last of March, 1864, a voice from the guard was heard: "Fall in, everybody; you are going to be exchanged." We knew it to be a lie, for in less than two hours we were on the way to Andersonville. I dare not say much about this hell. The only water we had to drink in this prison came from a small stream that ran through the prison. The rebels were camped on this stream, and all the filth from the men and horses ran into it.

There were from fifteen to eighteen acres enclosed for our occupation, but as a swamp took up about four acres we had



for tenantable ground twelve or thirteen acres—pretty close quarters for 30,000 men. This swamp was a living mass of maggots.

One day in August we heard a rumbling sound in the distance. At first it sounded like heavy artillery, and the camp was delighted, as they thought Sherman was coming to their rescue. Our hopes soon fell. A great black cloud rose in the north and we could see flashes of lightning followed by distant thunder. The wind blew in frequent gusts, and gave us the first refreshing breeze we had had in two or three months. The lightning became continuous and the heavens seemed ablaze. The clouds moved back and forth with fearful rapidity; the earth seemed to shake from the thunder. The rain fell in torrents. Many were frightened, believing that the destruction of the world was at hand. But instead of destruction the storm brought a priceless blessing in the way of a large spring of pure water. This burst forth during the night on the north hillside, between the dead-line and the stockade, near the summit of the hill. The water coursed down the hill between the dead-line and the stockade, until it reached the creek. It gushed in such force and volume that it soon formed a channel, which was changed by digging a little trench up to it, near the base of the hill. This had to be done with a long pole, as the rebels would allow no one to approach it over the dead-line. I saw several men shot for reaching under at this spot to get water. This remarkable spring is still running and is called "Providence Spring." People from far and near come to drink from it, believing it to be a special work of God.

Among the prisoners captured from Butler's command were a good many from Eastern cities, who had enlisted for big bounties, or had been bought for substitutes. They cared for nothing save their own welfare. They formed themselves into an organization, and would go through the camp, robbing and even murdering people to steal articles of clothing and rations. This was carried to such an extent that the other prisoners determined it should stop. This band was called the "Raider Crowd." They were arrested and court martialed and punished in various ways. Six of the leaders were sen-

tenced to be hanged on the 11th day of July, and a rude scaffold was erected in the southwest part of the prison by a sailor known as "Limber Jim." I think his right name is Thomas Goodman, and that he lives at present at Toledo, Ia. He belonged to the 67th Illinois Infantry. His features and form reminded one of a young Indian. "The Regulators" (the name of the band who were determined to stop the lawlessness caused by the "Raiders") were led by "Limber Jim." There were a hundred men on each side. The "Regulators'" best man was Ned Carrigan, corporal in Co. I, of some Illinois regiment and who was from Chicago. He had fought in the prize ring and once killed a man in a prize fight near St. Louis. He was a big-hearted, genial Irishman.

Key was the commander of the "Regulators," and he proceeded with the greatest secrecy in the organization of his forces. He accepted none but Western men, and preferred those from Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Ohio. Key informed Wirz, the commander of the prison, what he proposed doing (the hanging of the men, etc.). Wirz, happening that day to be in fairly good humor, approved of the design and allowed him the use of the enclosure of the north side to confine his prisoners for trial. Key had fixed on the third day of July for the attack on the "Raiders." There was little sleep that night. The "Raiders," though confident of success, were none the less alarmed. They threw out pickets to all the approaches to their headquarters and provided in various ways against surprise. Morning came at last, and our men mustered on their ground and marched to the space on the north side, each man armed with a small club, secured to his wrist with a string. The sun rose in the blue sky and soon shone down on us like a brazen oven. The whole camp gathered where they could best view the encounter. While standing there waiting to see the "Regulators" attack the "Raiders," my "pal" touched me on the arm and said: "My God, Don, look over there!" I turned and looked in the indicated direction and was astounded to see at least twenty thousand men packed together on the banks, and every eye turned toward the coming struggle. When all was ready the word was given. Key, "Limber Jim," Ned Carrigan, Tom Larkins, and Ned John-

son led the attack. The prison was as silent as a graveyard; not a blow was struck until the lines came close together. Then the "Raiders" center launched itself against the "Regulators," and grappled savagely with the leaders. A minute seemed an hour; the struggle was desperate; strong men clinched and strove to throttle each other; great muscles were strained almost to bursting, and blows with fists and clubs were dealt with all the energy of human hate. In a moment after it was all over. The "Raiders" were captured and imprisoned. Next came the trial, next the judgment. The trial lasted seven days. It was decided there should be two punishments, according to guilt. One was death by hanging; the other was to run the gauntlet. This consisted of our men forming in two lines, the prisoners being made to run between them to be kicked, spat upon, and hit with sticks by the men in the lines. Key organized the court. I think a man by the name of Dan McCullough, of the 3d Missouri Cavalry, was president of the court. Six were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, and a large number to run the gauntlet. The condemned men were as follows: John Sarsefield, 144th New York; William Collins, nicknamed "Mosby," Co. D, 88th Pennsylvania; Charles Curtis, Co. A, 50th Rhode Island Artillery; Patrick Delaney, Co. E, 83d Pennsylvania; A. Muir, U. S. Navy; and Terence Sullivan, 72d New York. The scaffold was made ready on July 11th, brought in, and erected near the south gate. All being ready, Wirz rode in; behind him walked the old faithful priest. The six doomed men followed, walking between double ranks of rebel guards. Wirz now walked out and left us. One of the doomed men gasped and said: "My God, men, you don't really mean to hang us up there, do you?" "That seems to be about the size of it," said Key. The priest, after reading the service to the condemned men, walked out of the prison. Now all was ready for the hanging. Just then Curtis endeavored to escape through the crowd, but was caught and brought back. The six men walked upon the scaffold, the trap was sprung and the necks of all were broken at the first fall except one—Mosby. The rope encircling his neck broke, and he was taken up the second time and successfully hanged. Each made a

short talk as he stood upon the scaffold and confessed his guilt.

We received word of the fall of Atlanta into Union hands in rather a strange way. The guard on the stockade had been accustomed to call out the hours of night and "all is well"; but this night he called out, "Eleven o'clock and all is well, and Atlanta has gone to hell!"

In a few days quite a squad of us were ordered to prepare to leave Andersonville for Charleston, S. C. Before I left, I was offered my liberty to go around the outside of the stockade, and extra rations, if I would drum for the rebels on the outside for dress parade and drill, but I told them that "I would rather be taken out, toes first." One of our men said, "That's right! Don't do it, even if you have to turn up your toes."

When we left Andersonville prison they said we were going to be paroled, but instead, we were taken to Charleston, S. C., in cattle cars, and when we were unloaded they told us they were going to put us under fire of our gunboats, at that time bombarding Charleston. Our answer was, "We can stand that if the guards can." They did not do it, however. The next morning we started for Wilmington, N. C., and on arriving there our fleet was bombarding the city, so our stay was brief. We now went to Salisbury, N. C., another hell on earth, with about 1200 prisoners. Here I remained two months. One morning, about daylight, two men and I made our escape, but were trailed by bloodhounds, recaptured, and brought back to Salisbury. The next day an officer came in the prison and cried out, "Fall in!" That same afternoon about a thousand of us were on our way to Wilmington again, to be paroled. No one knows how happy we were, feeling that the end of our prison life was near. At Wilmington we remained three or four days waiting for transportation. At last, when we saw Old Glory, we shouted and cheered, laughed, and cried. We were in a pitiable condition, merely skeletons, scores of us nearly naked. We were bound for Annapolis, and it was my lot to be assigned to a large steamer, the largest boat I had ever seen. When all was ready, a small tug gave a shrill whistle and pulled out down the river, followed by boats in regular order. The line was a straight one, and the boats were navigated with great pre-



cision, which we were told was necessary to avoid torpedoes. When we were opposite Fort Fisher we cast anchor, and remained until morning, when we slowly started for the open sea. We soon knew we were *there* from the peculiarities incident to sea life. We were ordered below, and the third day a heavy wind struck us, followed by a heavy fog. The latter soon disappeared and the vessel tossed and plunged until I thought I would give the whole ocean for a foot of dry land. Nearing Fortress Monroe the sea calmed, and we reached Annapolis at night. We remained on the vessel until morning, and when we went ashore, we were taken to a row of bath-houses and bathed, then to the hospital, and my pal Andrew and I had beds by each other. At the heads of our beds were little tin boxes, and into each was placed a card in full view. I remember mine. It was thus:

"No. 101—D. M. Fike, Co. K, 117th Ills. Vol. Inf.

"March 27, 1865.

"Diagnosis,—General Debility.

"Prognosis, Favorable.

"Diet No. 1."

Andrew and I at once became quite solicitous as to the character of "Diet No. 1." After the effect of the seasickness wore off, our appetites were so ravenous that to appease them "No. 1" diet would have to be a mighty good one. Soon a non-commissioned officer passed and was followed by a number of men, each bearing a tray with food thereon. I heard the officer say "Two number ones," and behold, they were for Andrew and me. Before each of us was set a plate, and on each was a bit of meat, two boiled eggs and a couple of rolls. Beside this was a cup of coffee. "Well," said Andrew, "I'd like to know where this thing is going to stop. I'm trying hard to get used to it; wearing a shirt without lice on it, and sitting in a chair, and sleeping in a clean bed is a good deal, but when it comes to having my meals sent to my room, I'm afraid I'll degenerate to a pampered child of luxury." Pausing a moment, as if thinking, he said, "Let's see, Don, how



long is it since we were sitting in the sand at Andersonville, boiling our half-pint of meal in an old tin can?" I said, "For Heaven's sake, let's try to forget it as soon as possible, for at best we shall always remember too much of it."

My folks did not even know I was alive until I arrived home, but it was not long before my old schoolmates and friends of my boyhood were at my bedside, but my dear old father and mother were so overcome with joy they could not speak for more than half an hour after I reached the house.

## OFFICERS' BLUNDERS—CAPTURE AND RELEASE

By H. B. HEDGE, PRIVATE, INDEPENDENT CO., RINGGOLD  
CAVALRY, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

THE first fight of any importance we were in was at a place in West Virginia known as Hanging Rocks. We had just crossed a branch of the Potomac River, when we found the road blockaded by a large picket force of the enemy. A large number of this force was upon the hanging rocks over our heads. The road was narrow, and ran alongside the river. Here we were completely caught in a trap. The Colonel, who was in command, became panic-stricken and was silent, not giving any command whatever. The result was that infantry and cavalry, horses and wagons, were packed in this narrow defile, and the enemy were over our heads. Instantly there was a rush to go back, and get from under fire. Some of the infantry jumped into the river, intending to swim across, and thus escape. This proved fatal to nearly all who did it. The enemy shot over our heads, thus affording us a chance to escape. Fortunately for subsequent events, the Colonel, realizing his blunder, became conscious that he could not command soldiers, and resigned. The following night we got through the second gap, reached Romney, and captured the town, with a large number of prisoners.

About a couple of months later fifty men under command of Lieutenant Myers of my company were sent out on the Winchester road, and when we had gone about two miles from the outer picket, and were going through a narrow pass, we were fired on, and more than twelve per cent of our men and horses were killed and wounded. I had a close call. The man just in front of me was killed; the second in my rear was

killed, and my horse was shot. Our commander gave us the order to halt, instead of to retreat or go forward.

A few days afterward—days spent in skirmishing as body-guard for General Shields—in the evening, as we were drawn up in line of battle, the enemy opened on us with artillery. Their first shot struck the two drivers of our artillery, and their bodies were hurled in all directions; the ball now struck the caisson and exploded the ammunition, a piece of shell striking the arm of General Shields, fracturing it.

About four o'clock one afternoon, we were ordered to abandon camp and make a forced march in two sections to New Creek, Va. Comrade Holland and I were sent forward about midnight from the second to the first section. About one o'clock, we saw in front of us some lights, where, evidently, the first section had stopped for a short rest, as we thought. We went on about three-quarters of a mile farther, when we heard the command to halt. Supposing it to be our men, we at once obeyed. It was but a moment when a man stood holding each of our horses, and a third one held a gun on us, and demanded our surrender. As they seemed to want to do business quickly, we thought best to acquiesce in their demand. They held us till morning and then gave us the choice of going with them till next evening, and then getting paroled, so as to go home on a furlough, or of being released at once without parole. We lied a little, and told them we had just come from home, and did not care to return so soon. They then said they wanted our horses worse than they wanted us, and we were compelled to strike out on foot, but I have always thought ourselves were a good deal more valuable to *us* than the horses were. I was perfectly satisfied with the trade.

## THE BATTLES OF FRANKLIN AND NASHVILLE\*

BY HENRY M. KENDALL, U. S. A.

THE army reached the vicinity of Franklin without serious interruption. A few dashes were made at the wagon train by Forrest's cavalry, but only a few wagons were lost. Schofield was much worried about the means of crossing the Harpeth at Franklin, as he had destroyed his pontoons at Columbia. Franklin is on the south bank of the Big Harpeth River, which here makes a sharp bend to the north and then west; to the south of the town, and about a thousand yards from its outskirts, is a line of low hills springing from the beginning of the bend and running in a semicircular direction around the town to the river again. This furnished an excellent line of defense, secure on both flanks and, being only about two miles in length, quite suited to occupation by a force like Schofield's. The north bank is much higher than the southern, furnishing favorable positions for flanking artillery fire. The great disadvantage consisted in having the stream directly in rear, especially as at this time the county bridge was destroyed and the stream was liable to freshets, which would render it unfordable. The railway enters the town from the south, parallel to the Columbia pike, and less than half a mile from it, crossing the defensive line at its extreme left, then paralleling the river to its next bend, where it crosses on a covered bridge. About half a mile to the right of the Columbia pike the line is crossed by the Carter's Creek road, coming in from the southwest and joining

\*Through the kindness of Colonel Tweedale, U. S. A. Recorder of the Commandery of the Loyal Legion, District of Columbia.

the turnpike about a thousand yards in rear. The line from the river and railroad to the Carter's Creek road formed the real front; its key was the hill to Carter's house on the Columbia River. At this point there was a locust thicket, furnishing material for a slight abattis; an osage orange hedge served as an obstruction in front of the left.

As fast as the troops arrived they threw up a line of earth-works, which soon formed a complete bridge head. In front of the works the ground is quite open, sloping gently down to a broad rolling valley terminating about two miles to the south in a range of high hills.

General Cox was placed in immediate command of the line, and Schofield, together with Stanley, crossed the river to the north bank, where there was a heavy work called Fort Granger. Schofield had placed two brigades of Wagner's Division of Schofield's Corps in position across the pike about half a mile in front of the main line, with orders to withdraw if Hood showed a disposition to advance in force. One brigade—Opdyke's—was in reserve at Carter's Hill, behind the main line. The other two divisions of the corps occupied the line from the river to the Carter's Creek road. Kimball's Division of Stanley's Corps extended the line west to the river, and Wood's Division was placed north of the stream. All the dispositions were excellent except the advanced position of Wagner's two brigades, which seemingly were with the desire to force a more distant deployment. The line was ready by three o'clock in the afternoon, and Schofield ordered a general withdrawal to the north bank to begin at six o'clock if Hood did not attack, as he thought probable. In this opinion Stanley concurred, convinced that as Hood had not thought it desirable to attack the similar line at Columbia, much less would he do so against this stronger position with only part of his force.

But Hood was chagrined at the failure to improve the opportunity at Spring Hill, and ordered an immediate attack. At three o'clock in the afternoon word was received from Wagner's advance brigades that the enemy was deploying strong lines at the foot of the hills to the south. At the same time Forrest's cavalry was endeavoring to force the crossings



of the river above the town. Fortunately his force was not united but distributed on both flanks, and Wilson's Cavalry was able by continued dismounted action to drive the Rebels back and hold them to the south bank.

Hood formed Stewart's Corps to the right of the road, and Cheatham's to the left. The divisions were formed for attack in two and three lines. Lee's Division, only part of which had yet arrived, was held in reserve. The artillery had not yet come from Columbia, so Hood was deprived of its use. He states that he ordered that artillery be not used because of the presence of women and children in the town, but the reports plainly show that at least two batteries which had accompanied the returning column were used. It seems plain then that Schofield's holding on at Columbia deprived Hood of his large artillery strength when most needed.

About four o'clock Hood's whole line advanced. Wagner's brigades did not fall back, as distinctly ordered both by Schofield and Cox, but by Wagner's express orders stood to fight. The first shock of the attack fell on them, and in a few moments being overlapped on both flank and of greatly inferior strength, they were thrown back in utter disorder on the center of the main line, immediately followed by the enemy. The disorderly mass swarmed over the parapets, carrying the line with them and opening a gap nearly two hundred yards in length at the very key of the Union position. Fortunately Updyke's brigade and the other reserves in the immediate vicinity, rushed promptly into the breach and succeeded in repelling the Rebel advance, recovering the line throughout all but a very small portion of its length. The construction of the line had been most excellent, there being two salients close to the pike from which the enemy could be effectively taken in flank. The remainder of the line had successfully withstood the attack, the concentrated nature and speed of which had resulted in great intermingling and disorder in both Cheatham's and Stewart's Corps. To add to this a number of general officers had been killed or wounded during the first attack. The successive Rebel lines attacked, and being repulsed, were partially reformed and returned to the attack again, which lasted until after dark. The reserve

division of Lee's Corps was pushed into the fight at dark, but was repulsed. The remaining two divisions did not arrive until it was too late to become engaged.

During the night Schofield withdrew his whole force and retired to within the lines at Nashville. The Union losses in the battle were 189 killed, 1933 wounded and 1104 missing, a total of 2326. The Rebel losses are not definitely known—their reports being made up about ten days later to include the entire campaign up to that time. At that time the total loss is placed at 7547, of which about 6300 seems to be acknowledged as occurring at Franklin.

The outcome of the battle certainly shows that Hood erred in attacking as he did, after time had been allowed the Union force to entrench.

Hood's narrative and report offer as reasons for this attack, that he had learned from captured dispatches that it was Thomas' desire to hold Franklin, and that Schofield had been instructed to make his position strong. It was too close to Nashville to permit another turning movement, and he thought his best chance was to make a prompt attack before Schofield had been given time to strengthen greatly his position. Joe Johnston criticises the attack as "the useless butchery at Franklin." Beauregard refers to the "great loss and waste of life." This much is plain—that it resulted in such serious loss to Hood as to unfit his army for further opposition to Thomas' main force, and in no material advantage whatever.

Up to this period the active portion of the campaign consisted entirely in the use of Schofield's 24,000 men as delaying force against Hood's army of about 54,000. Lieutenant General Schofield, in his "Forty-six Years in the Army," pp. 165 to 188, has made a reliable, valuable and interesting statement following the battle of Franklin.

In the meantime Smith's Corps had begun to arrive on November 30th, and Thomas had been busily at work organizing a forward movement from Nashville. On December 1st Schofield's force arrived from Franklin and Steedman with about 5200 men from Chattanooga. Most of Granger's force and Milroy's from Tullahoma were drawn in to Murfreesboro, thus giving at that place about 9000 men under General Rous-

seau. Hood began to take up a position in front of Nashville on December 3d, and detached Bates' division of Cheatham's Corps to destroy the railroad between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Forrest was also directed to co-operate with Bates. After a few skirmishes, resulting in the breaking up of communication between Murfreesboro and Nashville, Forrest united with Bates on the 5th, and on the 6th appeared in front of the town, receiving there a reinforcement of two brigades of infantry. The ensuing skirmishes resulted in about equal losses, and Forrest never made a decided attempt to attack the defenses, preferring the more sensible method of trying to entice the garrison out of the works. Bates' division was recalled to the front of Nashville, out of touch with the rest of Hood's forces.

Hood's line was to the south and east of Nashville, approaching the Union works to within about 600 yards near the left, then was drawn back along a stone wall at the side of the turnpike to Hillsboro. Lee's Corps was placed in the center across the Franklin pike; Cheatham's on the right and Stewart's on the left. The cavalry was placed in the gap between the left and the river. The force was too much extended and without a general reserve. A number of detached works were constructed to support the left flank. In front of the main line was a light advanced line extending through the greater part of the front. The Union works consisted of an outer line extending from the river above the town, southwest to within a short distance of the Hillsboro pike. Thence it ran northwesterly, sweeping around in an easy curve to the river below the town. An inner line ran from about the center of the east face of the main line in a generally northeasterly direction to the river. Hood's left was nearly opposite the salient of the main line.

Wilson's cavalry was placed at Edgefield on the north bank of the river. Steedman's force was at the extreme left, then Schofield's Corps, then the Fourth Corps (now commanded by Wood), and finally Smith's Corps on the right. The inner line was manned by the quartermaster's employees and a division of convalescents and men returning from furlough.

As soon as Hood arrived in front of Nashville pressure be-

gan to be brought on Thomas from Grant, the President and Secretary of War, urging him to leave his defenses and attack Hood. Thomas wanted a few more days to mount his cavalry and delayed attacking. On December 8th, when he was about ready, there began a freezing storm, which alternated rain and frost for several days, covering the ground with a sheet of ice and making movement entirely impracticable. The pressure continued on Thomas and went so far that an order was issued for him to turn the command over to Schofield. A council of corps commanders was held and was unanimously of opinion that it was not practicable to move. On the 13th Logan was ordered to Nashville to relieve Thomas, but before he reached there the battle had been fought.

Thomas' original plan was to demonstrate against Hood's right with Schofield's Corps and, swinging around his own right, roll up Hood's left, cutting him off from Franklin and driving him to the seat or capturing him. It soon appeared that Hood was extending his line to the right or perhaps moving under cover to his right as though to get into close touch with Forrest. This caused Thomas to weaken his left and employ Schofield's Corps to give weight to the main attack. This plan, being agreed upon, was to be carried out as soon as the condition of the ground permitted. On the 14th there came a warm rain and thaw and the attack was ordered for the next day.

The morning of the 15th was very foggy, thus hiding the movements of Thomas' army, but also retarding them. The ground was very muddy, and the time required for the movement of Smith's Corps was much greater than had been expected. Steedman was to make a strong demonstration on the left with his two brigades. Wood's and Smith's Corps, from a line in prolongation of the east face of the works, were to deliver the main attack on Hood's center and left. Schofield's Corps was to be held in reserve in rear of Wood's Corps and designed to strengthen the right or resist counter attack, were Hood to repeat the tactics of Stone River. Wilson's cavalry was to clear the roads and move on Smith's right. The interior line of works was to be held by the garrison.



Steedman's demonstration began about six o'clock in the morning and became rather more of an attack than was intended. The delay of Smith's march resulted in holding Wilson within the lines until about ten o'clock, there being no road open for him. Wilson advanced with three columns and a reserve, sweeping the country in front of and beyond the right. The swinging movement of Smith's and Wood's Corps was steadily made, driving in the Rebel advance line. The dismounted cavalry and right of Smith's Corps captured the detached works on Hood's left. Schofield's Corps now extended the right, and the attack was directed against the left of Hood's line, driving it back just as darkness was falling. Wood's advance had also been greatly delayed, but kept pace with Smith's progress, its right being thrown against the salient of Hood's line. Steedman kept up the attack on the left all during the day.

Hood, finding the main attack falling on his left, withdrew Cheatham's Corps except one division from his right, and extended and entrenched his left. After the left was broken, Hood withdrew his whole force to a shorter line about two miles in rear of what had been his center and left. This line faced north squarely across the two direct roads to Franklin, its flanks resting on high hills within about half a mile of the turnpikes. Both flanks were thrown back and intrenched, especially the left.

The Union losses during the first day were surprisingly small considering the results attained, being not more than 1000 in killed, wounded and missing. About nightfall, Thomas judged that Hood was going to make a hasty retreat, and ordered Wood's Corps to move by its left to the Franklin pike and then to push southward. Darkness stopped the movement, which resulted in a throwing back of Wood's left. No new orders were issued during the night for the next day's attack if Hood was found to have taken up a new position. The gaps in the line were filled, especially one between the two divisions on Schofield's first line.

The advance began at six o'clock in the morning. Steedman attacked the Rebel right, driving back the advance line of skirmishers, and closing toward Wood's left. Wood was



compelled to place all three divisions in line, owing to the gap which his flank movement the night before had opened between him and Smith. The Union line now was parallel to Wood's and overlapped it only on the Union right. When Steedman's line united with Wood's the general command of the left was given to Wood.

A strong cross fire of artillery was kept up all morning on Hood's left. The swinging movement of Wilson's dismounted cavalry continued, followed by that of Schofield's right. The construction of the works on the hill at Hood's left had been somewhat defective, and permitted the line to be struck in reverse. This so soon shattered the defenses as to permit of an assault, and about four o'clock an attack all along the line of Smith's and Schofield's Corps was made, while Wilson's dismounted cavalry pressed the rear of the Rebel left. Pressed on all sides the Rebel left and center gave way in utter disorder. Meanwhile Steedman and Wood had made a strong attack, preceded by heavy artillery fire, on Hood's extreme right, which, although repulsed, caused Hood to weaken somewhat his left. Hood made no counter attack, and his right followed the left and center in great disorder.

Nearly all of Hood's artillery was left on the field. The pursuit was somewhat delayed by the great distance the dismounted cavalry had moved from the led horses and by the weather, the night being rainy and cold. Forrest had been recalled after the first day's fight, and he wisely hurried a brigade across country to cover Hood's rear. This brigade, together with two brigades, shortly before the line gave way, had been directed to cover the passes through the hills in rear. Hood was unable to effect any material reorganization of his army until he had crossed the Harpeth and was compelled to abandon the defense of that river, leaving his hospital, containing more than 2000 wounded. Forrest rejoined Hood at Columbia and, assisted by five brigades of infantry, covered the retreat to the Tennessee, which Hood crossed at Bainbridge on a pontoon bridge which Granger's troops had failed to destroy. The state of the roads delayed the Union pontoon trains, and Hood succeeded in crossing all his forces to the south bank of the Tennessee by night of the 27th.

Steedman's force had been moved to Murfreesboro and thence by rail to Decatur. At the end of the year, when Thomas considered the campaign closed, and gave directions for going into winter quarters Steedman was at Decatur, Wood at Lexington, Ala., Smith at Pulaski and Schofield at Columbia.

This campaign "entirely ruined" Hood, as Grant had directed Sherman to do. Its great success made Sherman's march to the sea a formidable military maneuver. It ended the Rebel problem of war in the West and Southwest, leaving only the destruction of the Rebel resources as a necessary war measure. Hood's army never again existed as such, but was furloughed, deserted, or was transferred to other fields. Its actual losses are indeterminate—Hood admitting to a less number than Thomas took as prisoners alone. It is known that 13,000 were taken prisoners, or deserted to the Union forces.

Despite the accusations of delay and threats of removal that had been cast at Thomas, his great success must be taken as a justification of the soundness of his policy. From a purely military standpoint it is difficult to see what great need of hurry there was. It must have been plain, on calm reflection, that Thomas' strength was increasing faster than Hood's, and the probabilities of great victory also increasing. Nor did any of Hood's movements justify the fear that he would retreat without wager of battle.

At the battle of Franklin, the Confederate General Carter was killed in his own dooryard (Carter's house).

An idea of the tremendous loss to Hood's army may be gained from the fact that in this battle of Franklin, or rather from the time he left Florence to go into Tennessee until his retreat, which includes the battles of Franklin and Nashville, one of his major generals was killed and four wounded. Five of his brigadier generals were killed and nine wounded, and of these nine seven were captured. Half of his regimental officers were killed or wounded and thirty per cent. of his men. Nearly all his artillery and more than half of his ordnance trains were captured.—  
EDITOR.

## CARRYING THE GOOD NEWS TO GRANT\*

By S. H. M. BYERS, 2D LIEUTENANT, CO. B, 5TH IOWA  
INFANTRY

This article was published long ago in *Harper's Weekly*, but was selected by my friend, the author, as his contribution to this collection of incidents of the war. — EDITOR.

THE march to the sea was completed, and we had turned north to do unto South Carolina as we had done to Georgia. The Western army was now in the heat of the swamps and wilkerness of North Carolina. It was as completely lost to Northern ken as if the earth had opened and swallowed it up. For weeks we had not had one word of communication with anybody. For weeks we had been floundering through swamps and woods, building corduroy bridges and roads for the artillery every foot of the way. Every stream had to be waded or pontooned, with the enemy fighting us from the opposite side. No campaign so strenuous had ever taken place on this continent.

The march to the sea was a grand holiday for us compared with this. In spite of all South Carolina's threats that no Northern soldier should ever put foot on her sacred soil, a whole army of bluecoats had entered the capital. By the accident of war, that capital was left in ashes; the State was cut in two; Charleston, with its Fort Sumter, that resisted ten thousand cannon balls for years, fell, and the North, waiting and praying for news of Sherman, knew nothing of it at all.

One night, as the weary columns were floundering along through mud and rain, a steam whistle was heard around a

\*From *Harper's Weekly*, copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers.

bend in the Cape Fear River. A tiny Northern tugboat had ventured to creep a hundred miles up the river to try to find Sherman. They came clear from the ocean; they slipped past hidden forts and watchful outposts in the darkness, and glided over torpedoes and all kinds of river obstructions.

The little launch, covered over with cotton bales, had scarcely landed when Sherman announced to the staff that on the next day he would put somebody on that tiny craft and send him with important dispatches to the Government at Washington, and above all to Grant before Richmond. Who was to go? There was some unconcealed jealousy among the officers at the breakfast table the next morning when General Sherman quietly remarked that he had selected me. In service I was far the youngest on the staff. But I had had experience inside the enemy's lines, had been fifteen months a prisoner of war, and had escaped numerous times.

I was to get ready by night; we were at the village of Fayetteville, and headquarters were in the big arsenal built there by the American Government. General Sherman took me walking with him all around and all through the arsenal before he should tell the engineers to blow it up. "They shall never use it against the country again," he said. In that little walk he quietly told me all the things I might say to Grant for him, and then he went into a room in the arsenal and wrote out other things, dispatches and important letters, that now stand in the records of the Civil War. He also wrote out with his own hand this little note for me personally:

"FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

"Special Field Order No. 29, March 12, 1865.

"Adjutant Byers, 5th Iowa Infantry, escaped prisoner of war, is detailed as bearer of dispatches, and will proceed to the tugboat now at the bridge, to Wilmington, and deliver his dispatches there, thence to General Grant at City Point, and thence to Washington City. . . .

"W. T. SHERMAN, General."

By dark I had my dispatches tucked away under my cloth-

ing, and leaded in case it should prove necessary to throw them into the river. The boat was covered with bales of cotton, to give protection and to hide our lights. Sherman came to the river bank, bade us Godspeed, and in five minutes the little tug whirled out to the middle of the stream on its dangerous way. All that dark tempestuous night the pilot held the little craft as near the middle of the stream as possible. If the enemy on either side of the shore saw or heard us we did not know it, and they made no sign. Our speed down the rushing stream was tremendous. Our plan was to get to the ocean before daylight. We knew the Confederates would be along the shore watching us. We knew they had placed torpedoes in the river long before, but we made no effort to avoid them. Nobody knew where they were, and as absolutely nothing could be seen in the darkness we simply plowed ahead. At one point we saw some lights ahead of us on the shore. Men were moving up and down near to a little bivouac fire, and we saw a fort. We thought we saw a big gun sticking out from the breastworks, and expected to be blown to pieces every moment. Evidently we were neither seen nor heard, and we breathed easier. Again we saw lights flicker, and suddenly a voice yelled out: "Stop that boat! Stop that boat!"

We quickly tried to turn out into the stream and escape. "Stop! Damn you!" came the voice again, and other voices, and then we saw soldiers running past a little campfire. "They're Yankees! They're Yankees!" called out the Captain, and sure enough, we had run straight on to a picket post of General Terry's army. In fifteen minutes we were in Wilmington; the mad ride in the darkness was over.

Some guards took us to the house of the post commander.

General Terry was up in a moment, and gave me possession of the warm bed he had vacated, while he himself began the execution of certain orders I had brought from General Sherman.

In a few hours a ship was ready to carry me to Virginia. At Fortress Monroe I changed boats and went up the river to City Point, and soon found myself inside the cabin occupied by Grant as army headquarters. I was being directed by Rawlins to "Go right into the little back room," when a rather



short man, with brown, close-cropped whiskers and stooped shoulders, holding a bundle of papers in his hand, opened the door. We nearly collided. Confused by the sudden meeting, and seeing only a man without hat or uniform, I was taking him for an army clerk.

Instantly Rawlins saw my embarrassment, jumped up, and told the man that I was a courier from Sherman's army. The supposed clerk threw his papers down on Rawlins' desk and bade me enter the room he had just left. Then I knew it was General Grant. I had seen Grant before, had been close to him in battle; but then that was long before, and all was now different. I ripped open my clothing, handed him my dispatches, and excitedly watched the pleased changes on his flushed face while he hurriedly read the great news I brought him from Sherman. He sat down by a little window, and for an hour catechised me as to all that had befallen Sherman's army after it had disappeared from the world's ken in the Carolinas. In the Rebel newspapers gathered up by his scouts he had read of all kinds of misfortunes having befallen Sherman's army. Among other things, Sherman's cavalry wing, under Kilpatrick, had been reported as surrounded and partially destroyed, its leader a prisoner. There were extremest eagerness and gratification shining on Grant's face when I related how Kilpatrick and his men, instead of being captured, had won a handsome victory. General Ord happened in at the moment, and the good news was repeated to him. Ord clanked his spurs together, rubbed his hands and manifested joy. "I had my fears, I had my fears," he muttered. "And I not a bit," said Grant, springing from his seat by the window. "I know Sherman—I know my man."

My narrative and the dispatches I carried were the very first news he or the country had received since Sherman left Savannah.

## THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—DEATH OF McPHERSON

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN

I was exceedingly fortunate after the war to have, as one of my very warm friends, General John A. Logan. For years before his death his friendship to and for me was constant and true, as the man was. Many times, unsought, he showed me this friendship in kindly deeds and sincere words. After his death, so keenly and universally felt, the same friendship has been enjoyed by me from his dearly loved widow.

*His kind feelings have been kept tender and warm by her, and for all, I shall never cease to be glad.* During the Spanish-American war, while stationed in Manila, I became intimate with the son of these good people. He was a splendid representative of his illustrious father, possessing much of his soldierly appearance, his brilliant courage and his military genius. When his regiment was about to go to the seat of action away from Manila, he took dinner with me and asked me, as he bade me good-by, to "stand at the window and see my regiment march by" to take the boat. I did so, and as he rode at the head of the column, I quickly imagined I was looking at "Black Jack" again. *The next day he went beyond to meet his father.* The only thing I could do as a tribute of my love for him was to place flowers on his coffin as his body was borne to the vessel that was to take it to his loved ones in this country. Mrs. General Logan, hearing of this volume, gave me the following contribution to its pages.

The account given is *the real* story, so many times since the war told in varied and incorrect ways, and this article is of much historic value.—  
EDITOR.

AFTER the fall of Vicksburg many officers and men had leaves of absence and furloughs. Hastening to their homes in the North and West, they found the welcome due returning soldiers who have been valiant in their country's service.

Their presence among the people soon dissipated the sentimental sympathies with the South which had been aroused over the Emancipation Proclamation. The descriptions the returning officers and soldiers gave of the dangers which they had faced, the hardships they had endured, the sufferings they had experienced, the sacrifices they had made and witnessed as they saw their comrades fall on many bloody fields, not knowing their own fate, perhaps, ere the conflict ceased, rapidly renewed the spirit of patriotism, which spread so rapidly that when, at the expiration of the leave the officers and men had enjoyed, they departed to join their respective commands, they knew that there would be no more lukewarm support of the army in the field by the people at home.

Appreciating, as I did, the prodigious undertakings that were planned for Sherman's army, I spent many midnight hours in sleepless anxiety. During the day we had plenty to do to help care for the families of the refugee soldiers, who were subject to all the ills to which human flesh is heir. Playing nurse, comforter, providing ways and means, and soliciting and dispensing relief kept my friends and myself very busy, meanwhile watching and waiting impatiently for the meager tidings that came irregularly from the advancing army.

All the winter of 1863 and the spring of 1864, Sherman was preparing for the campaign and siege of Atlanta. His old West Point friend and associate, Johnston, was in command of the forces in and about Atlanta. Sherman had the most exalted opinion of Johnston's military abilities and courage. He was therefore very careful that every precaution should be observed.

The almost impregnable mountain barriers encircling that well-fortified city added much to the advantage of the enemy. With an army of less courage and experience Sherman would have had reason for solicitude. Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, and Chattanooga were ours. General Grant and the Army of the East had scored many victories; the enemy were dispirited and rapidly reaching the point of desperation and the last ditch in which they were "to die," therefore the Union troops had reason to expect intrepid resistance to their ad-

vance. But they were in no wise deterred, and only impatient for active operations, growing quite restive under the delays incident to the mobilization of such an army.

On May 1, 1864, they started, breaking up the headquarters at Huntsville, Ala., from which date until September 1st they were constantly on the move, fighting their way over almost every foot of territory to the frowning breastworks surrounding Atlanta.

At Resaca they first drove the enemy from their works and pursued them in their retreat to Adairsville. General Logan desired to follow up this victory and capture the flower of Johnston's army, but was not permitted to do so. Subsequently it was proven that General Logan was correct in his military judgment, and that his proposition could have been successfully executed. Thence the Union forces marched to Kingston and Dallas, where, in a severe engagement against Harden's veteran corps, General Logan was shot through the arm, about halfway between the elbow and the shoulder. They seemed determined to deprive him of his left arm, as he had been shot through his left arm a few inches below the point of the shoulder at Fort Donelson. He paid little attention to the wound received at Dallas, feeling that there was no time to be off duty for a single hour. General Logan always claimed that Dallas, for the length and number of troops engaged, was one of the most hotly contested battles of the war. The attack of the Fifteenth Corps on Kenesaw Mountain, up its peculiar side, was one of the most daring and tragic in history and was made in obedience to orders, against the advice of General Logan, who considered the impossible feat little short of madness, an opinion in which General McPherson coincided, but both were subordinate to the general commanding the movements around Atlanta.

Yet the gallant leader of the Fifteenth Corps never hesitated to obey an order, even though it would lead him to dire disaster. His brave followers tried to go wherever he led, so at eight o'clock in the morning, June 27, 1864, they went bravely forward over two lines of works, driving the enemy still higher on the precipitous sides of the mountain to be mowed down like grass by the army entrenched above. Huge stones

a torrent of iron hail and canister were hurled down upon them like the avalanches of the Rocky Mountains. To proceed farther or remain where they were was impossible. Besides the hundreds of dauntless men, such heroes as Generals Harker and McCook were killed. Finally, the advice of General Logan to flank the position was adopted, but not till the scaling experiment had cost many valuable lives.

Johnston, seeing that his rear was threatened by the flank movement, fell back from Kenesaw toward Atlanta.

General Logan and General Blair commanded the corps of the Army of the Tennessee. Between them and General McPherson there existed the most perfect harmony. General Logan and General McPherson were thoroughly impressed that in the front of the Fifteenth Corps there was massed a large force of the enemy after the fighting that had taken place around Decatur. General Sherman believed they were evacuating Atlanta and were retreating toward East Point, and ordered General McPherson to pursue them with the Army of the Tennessee, and if possible cut off a portion of them.

McPherson felt that this was a terrible mistake, but he was too good a soldier to hesitate long over an order. So, early in the morning of July 22d, he rode over to General Logan's headquarters to confer with him, and at the same time order General Logan to put the troops in position to carry out General Sherman's orders "while he would ride over to Sherman's headquarters and try to convince him of his error." General Logan has often with tears in his eyes related the thrilling circumstances, and how he proceeded at once to obey McPherson, feeling that they were to be met by an opposing army greatly in excess of their commands.

Scarcely had the sound of the clatter of McPherson's horse's hoofs as he galloped off in the direction of General Sherman's headquarters died away, when an orderly came on a flying steed to General Logan to announce that McPherson had been killed by Claiborne's cavalry, which were rapidly swinging around to the rear of the Union Army.

Thus, in a twinkling, upon General Logan was thrust the awful responsibility of extricating the troops from the direful position in which they were placed—almost cut off, the enemy



in the rear, the Union cavalry sent off to burn a bridge at Covington, and with the command placed as nearly as possible under the orders given by General Sherman to McPherson and carried by him in person to General Logan, as mentioned above, in the early morning of July 22, 1864.

The order read as follows:

“THREE MILES AND A HALF EAST OF ATLANTA, GA.

“MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN,

“Commanding Fifteenth Army Corps.

“The enemy having evacuated their works in front of our lines, the supposition of Major General Sherman is that they have given up Atlanta, and are retreating in the direction of East Point.

“You will immediately put your command in pursuit to the south and east of Atlanta, without entering the town. You will take a route to the left of that taken by the enemy and try to cut off a portion of them while they are pressed in the rear, and on the right by Generals Schofield and Thomas.

“Major General Sherman desires and expects a vigorous pursuit.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“JAMES B. MCPHERSON,

“Major General.”

It was proven afterward to have been wholly impracticable. With the sounds of the guns of the attacking enemy coming from every direction, General Logan, as the ranking officer, and with only the orders which he received from McPherson a few minutes before he was killed, assumed command. He rode with magic swiftness from one end of the line to the other, rallying the soldiers with the tragic cry of “McPherson and Revenge,” and appealing to officers and men to do or die. Hand to hand was the order of the day—victory wavering, wavering from one side to the other from early morning till the day was far spent. The irresistible force and intrepid valor of the Union Army, led by a dauntless leader, had compelled the enemy to fall back, and the day was ours, and McPherson avenged, solely through General Logan’s matchless

military genius, indomitable courage, and leadership of men—men who would have followed him to the jaws of death. He fought the battle without orders, winning a victory when the tide of battle was almost overwhelmingly against him.

I cannot resist quoting from General Logan's address, on the occasion of the unveiling of the McPherson's monument in McPherson Square in Washington, in 1876, his graphic description of McPherson's death:

"The news of his death spread with lightning speed along the lines, sending a pang of deepest sorrow to every heart as it reached the ear; but especially terrible was its effect upon the Army of the Tennessee. It seemed as though a burning, fiery dart had pierced every breast, tearing asunder the flood-gates of grief, but at the same time heaving to their very depths the fountains of revenge. The clenched hands seemed to sink into the weapons they held, and from the eyes gleamed forth flashes terrible as lightning. The cry 'McPherson! McPherson and Revenge!' rose above the din of battle, and as it rang along the line, swelled in power until the roll of musketry and booming of cannon seemed drowned by its echoes.

"McPherson seemed again to lead his troops—and where McPherson leads, victory is sure. Each officer and soldier, from the succeeding commander to the lowest private, beheld, as it were, the form of their bleeding chief leading them on to battle. 'McPherson,' and 'Onward to Victory!' were their only thoughts; bitter, terrible revenge, their only aim."

There was no such thought that day as stopping short of victory or death. The spontaneous resolve was to win the day or perish with their slain leader on the bloody field. Fearfully was his death avenged. His army, maddened by his death, and utterly reckless of life, rushed with savage delight into the fiercest onslaughts, and fearlessly plunged into the very jaws of destruction. As wave after wave of Hood's daring troops dashed with terrible fury upon our lines, they were hurled back with a fearful shock, breaking their columns into fragments, as the granite headland breaks into foam the ocean billows that strike against it. Across the narrow line of works raged the fierce storm of battle, the hissing shot and

bursting shell raining death on every hand. Seven times Hood's, Hardee's, and Wheeler's corps charged, and were as many times repulsed. Once they broke the Union lines and captured Degrees' battery, and he, with tears streaming down his brave cheeks, rode as fast as his horse could carry him to General Logan, begging him to send a brigade of the invincible Fifteenth Army Corps to recover his beloved guns! Fired by the gallant Degrees' heroism, he appealed to the men who had never failed him. Off they went, crying, "The guns! the guns! We will have them or die!" Logan led the very incarnation of desperate daring, and in a brief time the battery was recaptured.

Over dead and dying friends and foes rushed the swaying host, the shouts of Rebels confident of victory only drowned by the battle cry, "McPherson and Revenge!" which went up from the Army of the Tennessee. Twelve thousand gallant men bit the dust ere the night closed in, and the defeated and baffled enemy, after failing in repeated and desperate assaults upon our lines, was compelled to give up the hopeless contest: notwithstanding our troops had to fight front and rear, victory crowned our arms.

That night, after the battle, General Logan received orders commanding him to report to General Sherman's headquarters, which he reached at the witching hour of midnight, to be congratulated and praised without stint for the work he had done that day.

Continuance of the command of the Army of the Tennessee was promised him again and again, as he in detail reported to General Sherman the events of the battle. No intimation was given him of his unsuitness for the command, or of his lacking in the profession of a soldier. His military sense was considered of the highest order; if he *was* a soldier from civilian ranks, he had never been defeated in any engagement. He felt, as he returned to his own headquarters that night, that all was propitious, that he had done his duty well, and that merit would receive its just reward. He was anxious to fulfill every requirement of so responsible a position, so, when orders came that the army under him should withdraw from their entrenchments and move seven miles to the right under cover of dark-

ness, that the enemy might not discover the movement, General Logan personally superintended the execution of the command. He ordered the wheels of the wagon trains and artillery to be muffled with hay and straw, and was so explicit in his directions to the officers in command of the various corps and divisions that, in the stillness of the night, they quietly gathered up all their belongings and all the paraphernalia of war, and were in their new position in the early morning,—an unparalleled piece of strategy in the history of the Rebellion, and not excelled by any like movement by the greatest warriors of any age. Imagine the feelings of a man, when, weary from midnight vigils, marching and personally supervising such gigantic movements as General Logan had directed for days preceding, when in position ready to begin another big battle, to be confronted with an order to surrender the command to General O. O. Howard, not before conspicuously connected with the great Army of the Tennessee which Logan had led to victory, after McPherson's death, and which had never known defeat under him, and which to a man would have followed Logan through blood and carnage to the very abyss of death. A man of less noble mind and courage would have rebelled and stirred up the just indignation expressed by the whole command, but he, with his great heart beating with patriotism and soldierly appreciation of the effect of his resentment, quietly returned to his old corps and led the van in the heroic deeds of July 28th at Ezra Chapel (the most sanguinary battle of the whole campaign), where the Fifteenth Corps captured many prisoners, arms and battle flags.

The victory was so complete that the enemy fled from the field, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. General Howard, General Logan's successor in command of the Army of the Tennessee, made special mention of the conduct of General Logan and his corps, attributing the success of the day as much to General Logan personally as to any one man. After frequent less important engagements, the army reached Jonesboro, where the last great battle before the evacuation of Atlanta occurred.

General Logan did not reach Jonesboro until midnight of August 30th. Realizing that they were liable to be assaulted by the corps of Hardee and Lee at any moment, he ordered



entrenchments to be made to protect his lines and his men from needless exposure. This was done without orders from either of his superior officers, but from the promptings of his own military genius and wisdom.

At three o'clock the expected assault was made, but protected by their trenches, the Union forces were able to repel the attacks of the enemy. The artillery were so well posted that they could rake the foe mercilessly. The day resulted in the fall of Atlanta, which had been doomed since the bloody 22d of July.

General Sherman, in his report of the Atlanta campaign, heaped encomiums upon General Logan, and said no one could possibly have done better than he after the death of McPherson, but admitted that he recommended General Howard to supersede General Logan.

It is needless to recapitulate, but General Logan's noble conduct in the most trying experience of his life is beyond being exaggerated. I need not dwell on his matchless achievements after he returned to the Fifteenth Army Corps, which to a man would have died for him. Logan never swerved one iota from his loyalty to his commanders, nor in the least lessened his energies nor his heroism till Atlanta had fallen. After the battle of Ezra Chapel, on August 28th, 1864, which was won by the daring of the Fifteenth Army Corps with Logan at its head, General Howard issued an order congratulating the army and mentioning General Logan in laudatory terms. General Logan was incapable of inciting or allowing a mutinous spirit to prevail, but he was not able to prevent the army from feeling resentment at the appointment of General Howard. Had not General Logan gone North at the personal solicitation of President Lincoln to take part in the Presidential campaign of 1864—after the fall of Atlanta—and had not the army started on its holiday march to the sea, the incident might not have ended as it did. Suffice to say that the authorities at Washington deemed it expedient to transfer General Howard to the command of the Freedmen's Bureau in Washington, and restore General Logan to the command of the Army of the Tennessee. Major General Logan then rode at the head of that invincible army at the Grand Review. The Army of the Tennessee manifested their gratification at his return to



the command in every possible way. General Howard was naturally chagrined, and a few years ago, in a public way, tried to explain that the restoration of Major General Logan to the command of the Army of the Tennessee was brought about by political influence. It was at least strange that this explanation was not given while General Sherman and General Logan were living. Ever since the war closed and the patriotic societies were organized, on every occasion of their meetings, or rather reunions, General Logan was hailed with enthusiasm as the great commander of the Army of the Tennessee.

It may not be inappropriate for me to say that whatever of misunderstanding and estrangement may have existed between the two great commanders of the Army of the Tennessee, Sherman and Logan, at one time, was wholly obliterated by General Logan's tribute to General Sherman at a notable banquet given by Colonel Corkhill to General Sherman on his retirement as General of the army, in which he said, in replying to the toast, "The Volunteer Soldier":

"There were no questions of numbers or times, and for General Sherman I will say there was not a soldier who bore the American flag or followed it, not a soldier who shouldered a gun or drew a saber, who did not respect him as his commander. [Applause.] There was not one, sir, but would have drawn his sword at any time to have preserved his life. There is not one to-day, no matter what may have been said that would dim in the slightest degree the luster of that bright name, achieved by ability, by integrity, and by true bravery as an officer. [Applause.] And in conclusion let me say this: while that army, when it was disbanded, was absorbed in the community like raindrops in the sand, all citizens in the twinkling of an eye, and back to their professions and their business, there is not one of these men, scattered as they are from ocean to ocean, who does not honor the name of the man who led them in triumph through the enemy's land. [Applause.] Wherever he may go, wherever he may be, whatever may be his condition in life, there is not one who would not stretch out a helping hand to that brave commander who led them to glory. Speaking for that army, if I may be permitted to speak for it, I have to say: May the choicest blessings that

God showers upon the head of man go with him along down through his life, is the prayer of every soldier who served under Sherman." [Applause.]

When General Logan finished, General Sherman arose, went around to General Logan, put his arm about his neck and shook his hand cordially, while the tears ran down his cheeks. His emotions were too great for words.

It was on a Saturday night, and notwithstanding the approach of the wee small hours before the tearful parting of the distinguished guests, General Sherman went home, and before the Sunday morning's dawn, as mentioned in his letters, wrote one of the most manly and feeling letters to General Logan, explaining his reasons for certain actions touching General Logan, and expressing his gratitude for General Logan's tribute to him.

This letter General Logan acknowledged promptly, responding cordially to the sentiments of regard expressed by his beloved commander.

The few brief years that intervened before General Logan preceded General Sherman to that land of eternal bliss, they saw much of each other, forgetting in the happy circumstances of reunited friendship, the unfavorable winds that temporarily estranged them.

It was probably one of the most impressive dinners ever given in Washington, including the names of the most illustrious men of that time. Nearly every one of that distinguished company has joined the mighty throng in the great beyond.

This correspondence General Logan regarded as confidential, and therefore he would not discuss the matter nor give it to the public. Amicable relations having been restored between himself and his revered commander, to whom he was most sincerely attached, he was willing the matter should be dropped, as it was impossible for General Logan with his generous and big-hearted nature to bear malice long, or be long estranged from any to whom he had once been attached.

Prior to the dinner above mentioned, General Sherman had at various times and in many ways tried to explain why he had been so inconsistent as to recommend General Howard to the authorities at Washington as successor to General Mc-

Pherson in command of the Army of the Tennessee, after he had acknowledged that General Logan had rescued that army from defeat, and won one of the most signal victories of the war.

After General Logan's death, General Sherman gave to the press the correspondence which had passed between himself and General Logan. And the more tacitly than ever before, admitting that it was at the earnest solicitation of Thomas and Schofield, because General Logan was a volunteer and not a professional soldier. That General Logan was not a graduate of West Point, therefore he should not be entrusted with an army, notwithstanding his record showed that he had never lost a battle nor a skirmish in which he had been engaged, which could not be said of either General Sherman or the two graduates of West Point who were inimical to General Logan. Though all of these conspicuous figures have passed to the great beyond and it matters little now, yet the facts are indestructible, and place General Logan's name high on the roll of immortal soldiers.

## THREE GOOD STORIES OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

By P. F. GORMAN, OF KEMPER'S BATTERY, C. S. A.

THE Alexandria Virginia Light Artillery, better known during the War of '61 to '65 as Kemper's Battery, was engaged at the first battle of Manassas, and after a hard day's work, a short time after the Federal troops had begun retreating, a few men, with two of our guns, got out in the road leading down to the Stone Bridge over Cub Run, which, while a small stream, was crossed for a long distance in either direction only by this bridge.

When we got in the road we found great quantities of eatables and baskets of champagne, etc., that had been abandoned by the Federals and some congressmen who were *going to Richmond* with the troops. They expected to take Richmond very soon, and carried with them an abundance of refreshments, so as to have a good time when they arrived; we found lots of this stuff strewn on both sides of the road, and our men were enjoying themselves eating, drinking, laughing, etc. At this time the writer was sitting on one of the wheel horses of No. 1 gun, watching the men, and trying to guide the lead horses, whose driver had left them to help drink up the champagne. We thought the Federals had gone for good, but as we came to a rise in the road about five hundred yards from the bridge (being on the horse) I could see the Federal infantry forming in line of battle in front of, and on both sides of, the bridge; this was done to defend and hold the bridge while their artillery and army wagons could cross over in safety; they were also getting a couple of guns in position on each side of the road. I went to our captain and told him what I saw. I also told Colonel Kershaw, who was in command of the two regiments of South Carolina infantry at this point, but they paid no attention to what I told them, only saying: "Don't get excited. The Yankees won't stop running

this side of Washington." I finally got one of our men,—Ed Burroughs,—and with his assistance I unlimbered one gun, ran it to the brow of the hill, loaded it with a solid shot, and fired straight down the road, and the ball striking a large army wagon that was on the bridge, upset it in such a way that it completely blocked all passage over the bridge. Some of the men ran up and we continued firing, but after a few shots the Federals, seeing the way of retreat was blocked, and expecting the Rebels were closing in on them again, became panic-stricken, and leaving all the artillery, wagons, horses, food, etc., they made for the water, and threw away their muskets as they waded across the run in a regular stampede.

We captured a large lot of army stores, thirty-two pieces of artillery, including two mounted howitzers, all, as I consider, by one lucky shot.

In the fall of 1862 Kemper's Battery was encamped at Fairfield Race Course, near Richmond, Va., and we received rations from the Confederate Government, but even at this time we did not get enough to satisfy the inner man, and we were continually on the scout for something to eat; we generally succeeded, and added fresh pork, sweet potatoes, etc., to our rations of flour and beans.

Near our camp was a large, fine truck garden, owned and worked by a widow with two sons and three daughters. When we were short of vegetables, some of our boys called to see the old lady and her girls; sometimes they would have a dance (one of the old-time "shindigs"), and while this was going on, those who did not care to dance would call on the garden and load up with cabbage and sweet potatoes and the like. At this time there were many hogs roaming around the camp, and roast pork and sweet potatoes were our favorite dishes. Among the hogs that came in camp was one long, lank, lean, overgrown sow that had only one ear; she seemed more gentle than the others, and marched up to our quarters every day to be fed on a little corn we reserved for her when feeding our horses. Our company was divided into messes, some having five or six members, and others more, but all agreed to feed this hog, get her fat, and make her the pet of the camp.

By this time the farmers, having missed so many hogs,



began to pen them up, until at last old "one-eared" was the only one to visit us; the men of the different messes were now profuse in lauding the good qualities of our "pet," and all agreed not to molest her, saying, "Look at her; we have been feeding her so long she is now big and fat; it would be a shame to touch her." About this time we received orders to be ready to change camp at short notice, and Bob Flarity, a member of one of the other messes, asked the writer to go on a little scout with him one dark night; he said he knew where to get some nice turnips. So we went about five miles from camp, and while we got the turnips all right, I found his main object was to secure some stone jars or pitchers from a pottery he had located in one of his former scouts; we got the goods and returned to camp before morning. I aroused the boys of our mess and told them Bob's mess was getting ready to capture the pet. I felt sure they wanted the jars to hold some of the rendered fat from the hog. Our mess did not desire to get left, so we kept awake till full daylight; we loaded the old musket (each mess always kept one) and waited for "Mrs. Hog" to make her appearance, for she generally came early to get her breakfast, but she was a little late that morning. We noticed several men from the different messes peeping around and talking to each other in low tones, so we knew it would not be long before there would be "something doing." At last she appeared on the scene near a path that led through a thick growth of brier bushes to the rear of our camp; one of our mess went around that way with the gun, and I was picked out to drive her toward him and steal a march on the other fellows. I first tried to coax her with an ear of corn; this did not work, so I got behind her and tried to drive her, but was balked again, as she simply would not drive; she turned and faced me, and there we stood. She grunted a little and her one ear kept moving back and forth, showing that she was a good deal excited. I stood my ground, hands stretched out, and feet spread apart, trying my best to keep her from running past me. Just then she heard a noise in the bushes, and with a loud squeal, she made a dash to run between my legs, when, "bang! bang!" went a couple of shots, and down she went. I leaped for the hog and another man, George Y., jumped from the bushes, stuck his knife in her

neck, and in less than the time it takes to tell it, there were four of us there, claiming the hog. Of course we had to divide it in four parts, but we had enough meat for all, but Bob Flarity's mess and mine fared the best, because we had jars to hold the lard from the one-eared sow.

Kemper's Battery missed several big battles from the fact that about the time General Lee's army went into Maryland they were left in the batteries around Richmond to defend that city during the raids made by Generals Stoneman, Dahlgren, Kilpatrick, and others. About this time, too, horses being very scarce, ours were sent to General Lee and the men given rifles and put into infantry with four other companies, and called the 18th Virginia Battalion, Heavy Artillery; we really acted as infantry, but could man and fire the guns in the batteries when it was necessary. We did some good work during this time, but if the Federals had really known how few men were defending Richmond, they might have captured that city much sooner than they did. We had one advantage, however, for when we repulsed them at one point, they would try another and had to go around, while we could cut across right through the city and meet them again with the very same men. We had plenty of hard work, although in our "Capital City," we had very little to eat. Very often the workmen from the gun shops and all the convalescents from the hospitals were called out to help us; it was a sad sight to see the convalescents wading about in the trenches when they should have been in bed. In going through the city on these occasions we were often very hungry, and having no money to buy, we generally "held up" the first baker's shop we found open, and I tell you we made the bread fly; but as the bakers caught on to this game they would keep watch and close their shops until the "Battery men" had gone by.

Of course we had a little fun during this time, for I remember in repelling a cavalry attack on the Brook Turnpike leading into Richmond we had a hard time, little to eat, bad weather, etc. It was March, and one night on picket duty the boys were nearly played out for want of sleep and rest; our picket posts were some distance apart, because we had very few men, and as it was either raining, snowing, or freezing

most of the time, we had fires built back some distance from the picket line, and when the men were relieved they would rush to the fire to thaw out a little, and here is where we had some fun.

By the side of the fire was a large hole about five feet deep and full of water as cold as ice; when the picket was about to be relieved the men at the fire would stand in such position that the man relieved, in his hurry to get warm, would rush right into the trap and fall "splash" right in the hole full of water; the poor fellow would give a yell as he went in, and after we got him out he wanted to whip the whole squad. We would finally quiet him by giving him a good seat by the fire, and then we would settle down to wait for the next victim.

At another fire there was no water pit; the men were sitting around, some dozing, some fast asleep very near the fire, on a small spot that had dried a little. Things were very quiet for a while until one of the sleepers commenced groaning and twisting his body about; he had heavy boots on and now and then he would stretch out his legs until his feet were on some red-hot coals. We could smell the leather burning, but as he was nearly fagged out he did not wake fully, but continued to draw up his feet and then to stretch them out again, groaning all the time; of course we enjoyed all this, and laughed at his antics until, at times, the tears would fairly run down our cheeks. One of his comrades, feeling sorry for him, attempted to wake him up; he pulled his feet off the coals and called him by name. Just then he was grabbed by two other men who said, "I let him alone, damn you! they are his boots. What have you got to do with it? Do you want to spoil our fun?" Just then the poor fellow awoke with a yell, and was answered with another yell from all those standing around. The men on the picket were alarmed at the fuss and some began firing; they thought the Yankees were about to attack us. After a while things quieted down; the poor fellow suffered some pain, so we cut off his boots and fixed him up as best we could, but it was a long time before he got fully over it, and whenever a few comrades get together now, we are sure to mention the night that George Murray roasted his boots.

## WOUNDED AT SHILOH AND LEFT ON THE FIELD AS DEAD

By DAVID J. PALMER, LIEUTENANT COLONEL 25TH IOWA  
INFANTRY

The author of this intensely interesting article is one of the railroad commissioners of Iowa and one of the prominent men of the West. Major Davidson (now dead) of that State, in speaking of Colonel Palmer, said: "Palmer was one of Iowa's best corporals, who belonged to one of Iowa's best companies, in one of Iowa's best regiments. He was afterward captain of the company in which I served, he then being only twenty years of age, and was lieutenant colonel before he was twenty-two years old, commanding the regiment for the greater portion of two years, and gaining for himself and for his regiment the commendation of his superior officers for his ability and bravery shown in battle. His achievements were due solely to a definite sense of duty, and to an inherited and educated quality of manhood; amid temptations under which too many fell victims, he maintained his purity of character and his depth of Christian life. Since the war, he has been a tower of strength to the younger men; devoted, manly, a Christian soldier, a Christian officer, a Christian citizen." I am very glad to endorse every word of the above, and I do this after an intimate acquaintance with the colonel for more than thirty years. He has another characteristic, and that is modesty, and I consider myself very fortunate in finally getting him to tell this thrilling story for this book.—EDITOR.

I ENLISTED in Co. C, 8th Iowa Infantry, commanded by Captain William B. Bell, afterward colonel of the regiment, on July 10, 1861. In the organization of the company I was made third corporal, and went into camp with the company August 10, 1861, at Camp McClellan, Davenport, Ia., there taking part in the drills and maneuvers of the company and regiment as it was then organized, General Fred Steele being its colonel. Soon afterward we were put on board a trans-



port and sent south to St. Louis. There we disembarked, and were placed in Benton Barracks, where we were drilled and disciplined thoroughly, preparing us for the front.

From there we went by railroad west through Jefferson City, and into the interior of the State to Syracuse, where we again disembarked and were organized under General McKinstry, whose purpose it was to attack the forces of Confederate General Price. Then we took up our line of march toward Springfield, Mo., following Price's troops in hot pursuit. We were next ordered to Sedalia, Mo., to go into winter quarters. We remained there till about the month of March, 1862, when we returned to St. Louis and were put on board a transport, sent down the river to Cairo and up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., where we disembarked and went into camp in the timber about three-fourths of a mile from the landing. While there we were effectively drilled and inspected preparatory to the impending battle of Shiloh.

On the morning of April 6, 1862,—a beautiful Sabbath morning,—about daylight, we heard cannonading and musket firing on the outposts, away out beyond the Shiloh church. In a very little while, before we scarcely had time to eat our breakfast, the long roll sounded in our camp, and we were marched out to the front, and, as I recollect it, about nine o'clock we were put on the firing line, near what is now known as the "Hornet's Nest." (This is the name the Confederates give it in their histories.) There we were put in support of a battery which, in a short time, lost every horse and man in it. A detail of men was made from our regiment, who rushed out and pulled the cannon and caissons to the rear to save them from capture by the enemy.

During the time we occupied that position we received and repulsed several distinctive bayonet charges made by the Confederates, holding our ground with persistency until later in the day the left wing of our army was driven back, compelling our regiment again to change front in accord with this change; meantime our commanding officer, Colonel James L. Geddes, had his horse shot under him and he was slightly wounded in the knee, but very soon he procured another horse, which he mounted, and we held our position. Along toward the middle



of the afternoon the left wing of our army, being sorely pressed, was compelled to withdraw a little farther, requiring our regiment again to change front in accord with this change of the position of the left wing. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon our left wing was still giving away; we were compelled to change front and move to the left.

As nearly as I can now remember, about an hour and a half before sundown I received a gunshot wound in the left breast which brought me to my knees. Two of my comrades seized me, walked me back a couple of hundred feet, and laid me down behind the roots of a large oak tree that had been blown over, and there administered to my wants as best they could.

The blood flowed freely from the wound and I soon became unconscious. By this time, as I was told afterward, our troops were closely pressed and compelled to retreat, and I was left for dead in the hands of the enemy. As reported to me afterward, the regiment retreated nearly a fourth of a mile where, together with the 12th and 14th Iowa regiments and some other troops, they were surrounded by the enemy and compelled to surrender.

Apparently not very long after the regiment had retreated and left me, I became conscious and realized that I was there alone. Hearing a rustling among the leaves, I turned my head and saw the Confederate skirmish line advancing close to me. Having frequently heard during my service that wounded men were bayoneted by the Confederates when found alive, I closed my eyes and feigned myself dead, and the skirmishers passed on, paying no attention to me. Shortly after this, two comrades of my own company, my cousin S. R. Palmer and Corporal Kilgore, knowing the condition in which I was left, got permission from the Confederate lieutenant who had them in charge to pass by where I was left and look for me, the Confederate lieutenant and three soldiers accompanying them.

Much to their surprise, they found me alive and able to speak, but not able to get up. They obtained permission of the lieutenant to carry me over into a little field near a log cabin, a little to the right of the position our regiment occupied during the day. There they left me on the ground, the Confederate officer refusing them permission to remain with me. Leaving a canteen of water with me, my two comrades were

marched off to the prison pen, never expecting to see me again, and leaving me greatly regretting the fact that, as I thought, they were taken prisoners because they had fooled away too much time with me on the field. I did not know then that the entire regiment and many others were captured. At the time they first ministered to my wants, immediately after I was wounded, they stripped off my coat and cap, leaving nothing on me but my shirt, trousers, shoes, and stockings.

The little field in which I was left by my comrades was well filled with Confederate soldiers, who had stacked their arms and were exulting over the capture of so many prisoners. By this time it was nearly dark, and the dampness of the evening made me very chilly. While in the midst of so many Confederate soldiers, a large Irishman who wore a Confederate uniform came to me and asked, "Are yez cowl'd?" I answered "Yes," and he said, "Here, take this blanket and put it over yez," and he stooped down and gently tucked the blanket around me. It was a good United States blanket he had captured from one of our camps during the day.

Very soon another Confederate soldier, a young fellow about my own age, came along, and noticing my condition, asked, "Would you like to have a drink?"

I answered in the affirmative, and he handed me a bottle, out of which I took several swallows of what I thought then was about the best liquor I had ever drunk.

By this time it was getting dark, and I began to wonder where I would spend the night. Seeing a wedge tent standing close to the old cabin and about a hundred feet from me, I resolved to try to reach it, so, stimulated by the liquor, I got on my hands and knees and crawled to the tent at a snail's pace, dragging my blanket and canteen with me.

On entering the tent I found it occupied by a wounded Confederate soldier. Having no one to care for me just then, I proceeded to pull some of the straw from under him to make a pallet for myself. He tried to give the alarm by yelling as loudly as he could, but I insisted that I must have some of the straw, and continued until I had made a fair divide between us, and lay down for the night, covering myself with my blanket.

Evidently I must have lain unconscious a good part of the

night, for I only remember two or three things that happened. One was the shelling of that field by our gunboats, the shells exploding so near me that they made everything light in the tent. I also noticed that it rained at one time in the night, and I also discovered that they had taken my companion away. When they took him they evidently thought I was worthless, or, considering that I was a "Yank," they thought I did not need any attention.

Morning came at last, and it gave promise of a beautiful day. The rain was over, the Confederates had left the field, and so far as I could observe there was not a soul within hearing. About sun-up, however, a very fine-looking Confederate general officer, accompanied by two or three staff officers, and perhaps half a dozen mounted men as bodyguard, came out of the timber south of the little field. They rode immediately past the tent, where I could see them, but they did not see me. Riding out to the north of the cabin in plain view of the position we had occupied the day before, they halted, took out their field glasses and proceeded leisurely to view the situation. Scarcely had they taken a good look through their glasses when one of our pieces of artillery dropped a shell among them. They disappeared in quick order, some going around one side of the tent in which I was lying and some the other. A couple of empty saddles went back. Whether the riders were wounded or killed I know not, but the general and his staff and bodyguard retreated into the woods out of sight. This gave me great encouragement. I felt about as much stimulated by it as I did the night before, after drinking out of the Confederate boy's bottle.

I had not long to wait, however, until the battle commenced, and such terrific firing I never heard, unless it was during the day before. I am quite sure I kept my entire body very close along the ground in that tent. I had no curiosity to get up and go out to see how the battle was raging. Not having any timepiece, I could only guess that the battle raged the entire forenoon and I was between the two fires most of the time. As I guessed at it, about noon, or a very little thereafter, the firing ceased on our end of the line, the Confederates dropped back into the timber on the south side of the field, and our troops into the timber on the north side of the field. I could

still hear musketry and cannonading way down the river, which I supposed afterward was Buell's command going into position.

Having an abhorrence of being made a prisoner of war, I felt that now possibly was the time to make my escape. Crawling to the tent door, I managed, with the aid of the tent pole, to draw myself up on my feet, and, steadying myself by the pole, I stepped outside the tent and commenced to take observations of the situation both north and south of me. In an instant everything disappeared from my view; for how long I do not know. When I recovered consciousness I found that I had fallen headlong outside the tent, with my nose run into the ground. Never having fainted in my life before, I came to a full realization of what it was to faint. I crawled back into the tent very much discouraged. After resting a little while, the feeling came to me again that I must not be made a prisoner, and I determined to try it again. Pulling myself up by the tent pole as before, I stood a few seconds to see what the effect would be, and noticed my eyesight leaving me again. Realizing what that meant, I dropped down to the ground, when my eyesight returned. Then I realized that I could not stand nor walk, and so I concluded that I must, after the fashion of the snake, crawl. Proceeding on this theory, I was able to crawl fifteen or twenty feet when my eyesight failed me again. I dropped flat on the ground and it instantly returned. Persevering, however, I made another advance of about the same distance with the same results. I kept up the process of crawling and resting, going as rapidly as I could in the direction where I thought our troops were. I presume it was nearly if not quite past the middle of the afternoon when I reached our skirmish line. There I found a good big oak tree and crawled behind it, where I felt perfectly secure in the company of my friends again. Then I took a good long rest. By this time it was very nearly night of Monday, the second day of the battle. While lying on the safe side of this tree a very funny incident occurred in the regiment which occupied the second line. A member of the rank and file of the regiment stepped forward some thirty feet, stopping behind a large tree. As he stood there, the Confederate artillery began firing, in an effort to shell the troops out of the timber preparatory to a charge that was made afterward. While this



soldier was standing by this tree, a shell struck it about eight or ten feet above his head, knocking a big "juggle" from the tree, which fell to the ground with considerable force right by his side. Frightened by this he dropped his gun and, whirling around toward the rear, started to run as fast as his legs could carry him. He ran through his own regiment, knocking out a file of men, and kept on with all his speed toward the rear. His officers yelled to him to halt, but he paid no attention to them and ran on out of sight, and so far as I know is running yet, for I never heard of him again. The incident caused the entire regiment to break out in a roar of laughter.

Immediately after this the Confederates came across the field from which I had crawled, yelling at the top of their voices, their artillery throwing shells among our men in front of them. They made a very violent charge, but did not succeed in breaking through the first line, and were repulsed with great loss.

You can imagine my feelings while this charge was going on. I felt as though they were going to break through, and I would again be a prisoner, but our boys were on the alert and gave them a warm reception, repulsing them fully as fast as they came, with fewer numbers. After this charge I felt as though I was not as safe as I might be, and proceeded to crawl through the second line. Here I came in contact with the ambulance that had been busy all day gathering up the wounded of the day before and taking them to hospitals. I tried to persuade an ambulance driver to take me into his ambulance, but he said he did not know me, and was "hauling for his own regiment."

About this time the old 2d Iowa, grand regiment that it was, came past where I was lying at the root of a tree, on the double quick. When Co. H, with whose members I was well acquainted, saw me they cried out, "There's Dave Palmer," and two or three of them stopped with me. I pointed out the ambulance driver, away across in the timber, who refused to help me in his ambulance and take me to the hospital. They immediately ordered him around with his ambulance and arbitrarily and with much force put me in the ambulance, and I was taken direct to the camp of the 7th Iowa, where I was placed in a Sibley tent along with many other wounded men.



Co. II of this 7th Iowa, having been organized in our county, I felt at liberty to send up to that company and ask for help. One of my intimate friends from my own town, who was left in camp sick that morning, came down, and when he found who it was, secured a towel, bucket of water, and a good light suit of clothes. I was stripped and bathed and dressed in the clothes and put to bed on a pallet of straw for the night, where I rested very comfortably. The next day I was taken to my own camp hospital in the 8th Iowa, and there received the attention of our own assistant surgeon, Dr. A. W. Hoffmeister, who was a very good friend of the boys, and very attentive to their wants.

A little less than a week later, while lying in this tent hospital, the subclavian artery burst about an inch from my heart, causing a flow of blood through the wound that would have taken my life in a very few minutes, as neither I nor anyone in the tent knew what to do. Dr. Hoffmeister was in his tent not twenty feet away. He was called at once and stopped the flow of blood instantly by pressing his fingers down behind the collar bone. He secured a man to take his place by turns, and kept this compress continually until the next day, when I was hauled to the hospital boat at Pittsburg Landing, where the operation of taking up the subclavian artery was performed by Dr. Aspell of the regular army. The result of this operation destroyed the section of this artery in my left arm, completely paralyzing it, so I had, of necessity, to carry it in a sling to keep it out of my way.

From there I was brought on this hospital boat to Keokuk, Ia., and transferred to the Soldiers' Hospital there, where I received the kind attention of the management. About the middle of June it was thought I was able to be furloughed home. By the first of July, I was able to get up and walk around a little, and from that time on I built up very rapidly.

By the middle of July I got a commission from Governor Kirkwood to recruit a company under the call for 300,000 men that had been made by the President. By the middle of August the company was filled up and organized; I was elected its captain and we went into camp as Co. A, 25th Iowa Infantry, September 1, 1862, I with my arm still in a sling and

perfectly useless, although otherwise I enjoyed good health and had almost regained my usual physical strength.

I was more fortunate in my service in the 25th Iowa. I received only two wounds during the entire three years; one, a slight wound in the foot, at Arkansas Post, where we captured 7000 prisoners; the other a slight wound in the knee, received at Taylor's Ridge, Ga. Neither of these wounds kept me off duty. I had good health and was not absent from my regiment twenty-four hours from the date of its muster into service in 1862, until its muster out in June, 1865.

NOTE.—During about two years of this time, Colonel Palmer was lieutenant colonel of his regiment and in command of it.—EDITOR.

## HISTORY OF "SPY" COMPANY, RAISED AT FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

BY CAPTAIN A. V. REIFF, C. S. A.

The company about which the following story tells is not mentioned in any official report or in any history, although it took part in the skirmish at Dug Springs and the battle of Oak Hill. The writer claims that the information furnished by a part of this company saved the Confederate Army from defeat at Oak Hill. Captain Reiff still has the muster roll, containing more than one hundred names, with full description of each man, and the value of the horses, arms, and equipment furnished by each soldier. This muster roll is endorsed as follows in General McCulloch's own writing:

"This company has been in my service as a spy company since July, and has done much valuable service, and is now honorably discharged in camp near Springfield, Mo., August 13, 1861."

"Signed, BEN. McCULLOCH,  
"Brigadier General Commanding."

—EDITOR.

EARLY in May, 1861, I was elected captain of a cavalry company raised in Washington County, Arkansas, about 100 strong, the men armed and equipped with the best horses and guns, mostly shot-guns, to be had. I reported by telegraph to General Ben. McCulloch, then at Fort Smith, on his way to assume command of the department. He accepted our services and ordered us into Missouri at once, to give protection to Southern men who were being run out of Missouri by Union men. Fayetteville and Fort Smith were full of refugees.

Arriving at Keetzville, Mo., we were well received and fed by the citizens. We went on to Cassville, the next county seat, where we learned of a Union company camped at Big

Spring, fifteen miles north. After a night's ride we surrounded their camp at daylight to find they had just left; we saw several squads on the prairie, and chased them a good part of the day, and upon our return to Coffeyville a great hue and cry was raised about Arkansas troops invading Missouri. State rights advocates offered rewards for all Arkansas soldiers, especially the commander, dead or alive. We returned to Cassville, scouting in all directions, but the Union men had all left. The refugees returned and soon three companies were organized. Captains Louderdale of Barry County, Lotspeach and Campbell of Springfield reported to me for duty.

General McCulloch sent Colonel Dandridge McCray with orders to muster us all into service. We were mustered in as State troops. General Lyon had reached Springfield with a large force of United States troops. General Sigel was at Mt. Vernon, a few miles west. Soon we got orders to raid or make a demonstration toward the Federal forces, thirty or forty miles north, and we took the Mt. Vernon road with four companies. When within five or six miles of Mt. Vernon, traveling in the rain, we stopped to feed our horses, sending Lieutenant Isaac Taylor with ten or twelve men up the road a mile or so on picket. While eating a snack we heard Taylor's guns. Being close to the enemy, it created great excitement. Bridling, mounting and forming was the order, with great confusion. However, it was soon done.

Colonel McCray mounted without bridling or unhitching and called on a soldier to unhitch his horse. The soldier said, "By God, do it yourself." Later a good laugh was had on the colonel. As soon as we had formed we sent a squad up the road to see what was the matter. Lieutenant Taylor reported that his guns were wet and he shot them off for fresh loads. I mention this to show how little we knew of war.

The enemy hearing the guns, and possibly the report that we were the advance guard of 30,000 soldiers, General Sigel hastily left Mt. Vernon for Springfield, leaving many supplies and stores. This we learned too late to effect a capture. Returning to Cassville we did scouting and picketing till Generals McCulloch and Price came up on a march to Springfield.

The General said he could not accept State troops, but would

receive the company for the campaign as a spy company, and ordered me to take the advance when near Dug Spring, five miles in advance, and we had quite a skirmish.

On August 1st the army reached McCulloch's store and camped on Crane Creek, about twenty miles southwest of Springfield. My company was in advance four or five miles, with Lieutenant Reagan and about twenty men on picket a mile or so in advance, and near Dug Spring. On that morning I heard artillery open on him, and, starting our two wagons back, hastened to the lieutenant's relief.

Here I will digress to mention a matter that many old soldiers may have observed. We had two grocery bullies that we thought would eat the Yankees alive. They took charge of the wagon, whipping and slashing the mules into a wild run, only stopping when headquarters were reached, their arrival creating great commotion in camp. I concluded that a man who had to have whisky to get mad enough to fight made a poor soldier, further experience confirming this view.

When I reached the lieutenant, he was on a hill with a long valley in front, prairie along the road and to the left, and somewhat brushy ground to the right. I could plainly see quite a line of Federals to the left of the road about a mile away. Lieutenant Reagan said, "We fought them with small arms until they brought up the big guns, and the boys couldn't stand that." On this hill Lieutenant Reagan delivered quite a patriotic speech. I moved forward one-half mile to the right in the brush. I dismounted eight or ten men who had carbines and ordered them forward in skirmish line. Very soon they were engaged with the Federal skirmishers. We were in line and close enough for balls to pass us; it was quite funny to see the boys dodge and see their white faces. This was their first experience in war.

After a time, Colonel Rains (afterward general) came up with three or four hundred Missouri cavalry, and took position on the prairie to the left of the road. I had sent three of the best mounted men to the enemy's rear. They reported that they had reached the road entirely in the enemy's rear, and said it was a very large force, infantry, cavalry and artillery, with a brass band. I sent one of the men to General McCulloch with a note saying that I thought General Lyon's whole



force was in my front. As those three men came back they ran into the Federal left line of battle one-half mile in front.

About this time Colonel Rains sent Colonel Cravens to say that if I would attack on the right he would on the left. I sent word that I would do so with one of the three scouts as guide. Riding forward as close as was prudent, we fronted into line; dismounting, I strung the men out in single file, eight to ten feet apart. I passed along the line and told the men as we were armed with shot-guns I would take them up close before firing, if they would hold their fire; I would fire the signal gun, being an expert with shot-gun and pistol, and carrying both.

Moving forward, through scattering blackjacks and tall grass, passing down a long slope with a long valley parallel with our line in front, the enemy fired on us from an abrupt rise ten to twelve feet high, 150 yards distant. We all went flat in the grass; firing partially ceased and I rose on my knees to take observations. "Zip, zip, zip," came the bullets, and rising, I shouted, "Charge 'em; go right into 'em!" and away we went under a hot fire. When within eighty or one hundred yards, on the top of an abrupt descent, some soldiers on our left fired, and the remainder halted and fired. I, with several others, only halted about halfway between the two lines, intending to go on top of the bank. I could see my men plainly, but not the enemy, whose fire had ceased. My men shouted, "Run, you devils, run!" Soon I heard a tremendous thundering on top of the ridge and over it dashed Co. C, old U. S. Dragoons, with drawn sabers, all mounted on sorrel horses, and in good line. They passed twenty or thirty steps to my left, I being rather on the right of the company, which was still on the small ridge. I watched them pass through the thin line, cutting and slashing. Only one dragoon halted; he and a soldier had a personal combat, the "Reb" holding to a sapling, dodging and striking with his gun. The dragoon, with saber drawn, his horse on his haunches and trying the other side of the bush, soon dashed after his comrades toward our horses, neither being hurt. He was too far away for me to shoot, and I had not fired, luckily.

My company ran for their horses. Some of my men had run back from me when the firing commenced, leaving four

of us. The dragoons got somewhat scattered. Just as we four started back I saw ten or twelve dragoons passing in a gallop in fours with a sergeant in front. They saw us and wheeled down upon us. When within thirty or forty feet the sergeant, in a very loud voice shouted: "Surrender, you —— cowardly Rebels, surrender!" I shot him with sixteen buckshot, and he fell directly in front of his squad. With the other barrel I almost punched the gun against another, lifting him clear out of his saddle. I then shot three others with a navy pistol, almost touching each one with the muzzle. Mitchell and Smiley each said they shot a soldier, and they ran, leaving Boyd and me alone. I still had three shots left, and turned entirely around, but no Federals were in sight except on the ground. I saw some horses with empty saddles, galloping up the hill. I also saw that Boyd was alone with me and no one else of either side in sight.

Starting to run, I saw a bright saber by one of the bodies of the dragoons and picked it up to carry it off; as I did this his arm came up with it. I thought he was grasping it and thrust it through his body. As I let go I saw it was fastened on his wrist. I said to Boyd, "Get that saber for me," which he did. I think they all had their sabers dangling from their waists, with pistols in hand; but we were too quick for them, for I did not see one of them fire. I saw one soldier try to shoot Boyd, within three feet of the muzzle of his pistol, but his saber swung it past him and I shot him before he could recover his pistol.

I told Boyd to save the pistol and he stopped and got it. It was brass mounted and marked Co. C, U. S. A. Boyd saw some of the wounded later in Springfield, and was told that Devlin was the name of the sergeant. Boyd said he fired six shots and I fired five and Mitchell and Smith one each—thirteen in all.

We ran toward our horses and met Lieutenant Reagan, moving forward with mounted company. I had hitched my horse when dismounting and he had broken loose. A soldier dismounted and told me to take his horse. Looking back, I saw some men leading my horse. I told the lieutenant I was almost famished for water, and for him to move forward quickly and gather up all the arms and Mitchell's and Smiley's

bodies. "Why, they are here. They reported you killed," he replied.

The Federals had moved forward a battery and at close range had opened on the company as the latter was gathering up the arms. Here they came pell-mell and nearly ran over me. I stopped them about one mile distant and they went into camp in good order. The damage during the day was one man partially scalped with a saber, one dead from exhaustion, one missing, never heard from, and a few slightly wounded.

Colonel Rains made a feeble attack on horseback, but fell back in bad order before we left the field. General McCulloch made admirable preparations for battle on the ridge near the camp. That night a large scouting party of Missouri cavalry rode into General Lyon's command from the north, thinking it was McCulloch and Price's commands. From my old camp of the night before, Lyon hastily retreated without eating a cooked breakfast. He must have thought we were trying to cut him off or surround him. We had several false alarms about this time, caused mainly by Missourians.

General Lyon followed us and camped that night on the same ground I had left in the morning. Early on the third day, as I moved forward, I found evidence of a very hasty retreat, much cooked food, including roast beef, being left. A few miles further on my men were charged by the dragoons, one man being wounded. We followed, and that night camped on Wilson's Creek, close to Gibson's old mill on top of a ridge, near where Totten's Federal battery stood on the 10th, the day of the battle.

The next morning I was ordered on a scout. General McCulloch said: "I will send Frank Robinson with you. He is well acquainted about Springfield and knows just where the Federal pickets are. Go as close as you can without disturbing them and then turn him loose." When Robinson said we were within one-half mile of the pickets and two miles from Springfield, he took to the brush and I turned to the right and crossed Wilson's Creek below and south of our encampment about eight miles, passing through our entire camp to headquarters. This was the same road that General Sigel took later to get in our rear. As ordered by General McCulloch, I made a map of all the forks and crossroads on this trip, which I gave

the General with my report. The General said, "You have been on very active service for some time. Move to the rear and rest yourselves and horses." I moved southwest about a mile or more to an old religious campground and shed, with a fine spring of water. Later this was used as a hospital.

At nine o'clock at night August 9, 1861, I reported with my company and three days' rations at General McCulloch's headquarters; it was quite dark and raining. The General told me to dismount, and furnishing me a tent, said to me I must keep my ammunition dry, and come to his tent. I found the General and Colonel McIntosh with a pencil sketch of Springfield, showing the location of the Federal forces, and three roads leading from our encampment.

The General said, "Here is a plan of battle. At daylight, or before, I want to be here on the road you scouted, at the point where Robinson left you." This was to the right of the main road about two miles from Springfield. He said General Price would take the main road; General Rains, with cavalry, would take the left, via the Pond Spring road. He wanted to know if I could pilot his command to this point. I said that I thought I could with the map I had given him, although it was very dark, as I crossed the creek on a byway coming down, and I had lost the road, but found it by lighting a candle. General McCulloch said we were to move at nine o'clock, but as it was raining would delay moving and watch the weather. He said he had ammunition enough for only one battle, and his men were carrying it in their pockets, with no cartridge boxes. My company was in the same fix. He said I should go back to my company, which was fifty yards distant, and be ready to move at a moment's notice.

It continued showery, and I sat against a tree and slept until one or two o'clock. Then the General sent for me, saying we would not move that night, and that I should return to my camp, leaving him one lieutenant and twenty well-mounted men. He said he had just learned that there was a movement of the enemy westward on the Pond Spring road and that he wanted the lieutenant to be on the high prairie at daylight in sight of Springfield, and let him know what it meant. Lieutenant Bill Buck Brown (as he was familiarly called), a gallant and daring officer who had joined me from



Benton County, I detailed with twenty men, and returned to my camp about one and a half miles southeast on the old religious campground.

About sunrise, perhaps a little earlier, Brown and his squad dashed into my camp, saying that the enemy would soon be upon us. Later, he gave me an account of his scout. He said that after receiving instructions, he took to the left of the main road, went toward the Pond Spring road and saw no pickets, and soon struck the prairie. It was so dark that he could not keep the road, but he kept the direction. When four or five miles out he heard wagons off to his right. Going closer, dismounting and creeping up quite close, he heard the sound of many wheels and a confused noise a long way off, both in front of the wagons and in the rear. He said that he knew it was the Federal army, moving toward our camp, and that it flashed into his mind what the movement of the enemy, which the General had mentioned, meant. Mounting, he dashed back in a gallop without a road. Just as he struck the brush, about one and one-half miles from the first troops and two miles from the General's headquarters, he ran into a regiment of soldiers lying down. They shouted something in a Dutch brogue. It created quite a noise and confusion. He thought a few shots were fired; but, dashing forward through and over them, made all haste for our camps.

As he dashed through Colonel McIntosh's regiment of Arkansas cavalry, the horses still saddled, with just light enough to see men and horses, he shouted, "The enemy is almost in your camp." Some made light of it. As he rode up the hill to the General's headquarters, Colonel McIntosh met him and said, "What now, Brown—another Missouri humbug?" "No, not by a damned sight, Colonel, this is no humbug this time; in less than an hour the whole Federal army will be in our camp." The lieutenant then told him what he had seen.

General McCulloch came out of his tent. In reply to the General's inquiry Brown said, "I met the Federal army on the prairie, coming this way, four or five miles distant. I dismounted in the dark and crawled up close enough to convince me that it was artillery and a large force of infantry. They seemed to be trying to keep quiet, but I could hear a con-



fused noise a long distance, both front and rear, and the sound of many wheels, which I took for artillery. I then dashed for camp. Just as I struck the brush one and a half miles from here, I ran through a regiment of Dutch lying down. It was too dark to see well, but I was challenged in the Dutch brogue." Brown said he saw the General's face blanch, and that no doubt the General now knew what that movement meant.

The General called an aid-de-camp, and ordered him to tell General Price that the enemy was almost within our camp. The aid-de-camp called a servant to catch his horse. "Catch him yourself," said the General, swearing, "and be quick about it."

The General ordered Brown to gallop to Woodruff's battery, one hundred yards distant, and tell him to get ready for action; then he countermanded his order and told Brown to report to his company and started for the battery himself.

Colonel McIntosh still seemed skeptical, and halted Brown and made him go over it all again. Brown got mad, and said, "By damn, Colonel, it is no humbug this time," and started for my camp, one and a half miles southwest. He thinks he was detained fifteen or twenty minutes at headquarters. He said as he passed Woodruff's battery, all were ready for action. I think it was near sunrise when Brown notified me.

I shouted to the men to fall in line where we dismounted. I had pulled off a pair of tight-fitting boots, the first time for several nights; I thought I would never get them on. I fell over the benches in the straw several times, but finally succeeded in getting them on. As I mounted, the company was formed and Lyon's First Battery fired up the creek, perhaps one and one-half miles north of me. About the same time Sigel's battery opened on Colonel Churchill's Arkansas cavalry regiment in our rear, as the men were eating breakfast, driving them out of camp, leaving their horses. About one and one-half miles southeast of me and down the creek, one of Lyon's six-pound balls, fired at Colonel Rains' men, came bounding along, passing my company and going on as far as I could see. I started in a gallop for General McCulloch's headquarters.

In the Fayetteville road was a part of Colonel Churchill's

remnant of cavalry, forming on foot, with their flag, and their bugler blowing the rally with all his might, and the soldiers falling into line from the brush, leaving their horses. General Sigel had completely surprised our rear, opening on Colonel Churchill's men as they ate breakfast.

Some of Churchill's men later told me they saw them just across the creek, but thought they were our own men. This was about half a mile east of where they were now forming.

I rode into the brush, dismounting, to fight with them on foot. As I reached the road they were gone. I learned later that they went in the direction of Bloody Hill, General Lyon attacked. I remounted and formed on the edge of a field. The battery firing ceased in the rear. I heard little of small arms from that direction. The road was full of camp followers, drivers on mules, and a few soldiers fleeing; but I could not stop one. A furious engagement, both artillery and small arms, had been raging up the creek about three-quarters of a mile. After I mounted, I looked north and saw Colonel Green's regiment of Texas cavalry formed on the creek three or four hundred yards north; just beyond, on the hill, was General Price's Arkansas regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery, shining brightly in the sun. I think it was Reed's battery. A battery of artillery dashed into the field 150 yards east of me, ready for action. Not being positive, I sent Joe Holcomb to find out who they were. He was captured and footed it with Sigel's troops in their rapid retreat to Springfield, via Pond Spring west. He was a slender, weakly man, and had clerked all his life. In telling of his trip he said that his legs appeared to weigh a thousand pounds, and that he could never have made it if a Dutchman had not prodded him often in the rear with a bayonet. He said *he would never fight with Sigel any more*. This battery opened on the Texans with canister in open field. I never saw such scattering of shot as they bounded along, raising the dust. It beat any shot-gun I ever saw. The Texans moved forward to General Price's and General McCulloch's headquarters. As the Texans crowded the road toward Bloody Hill, I fell in their rear.

About this time Reid's battery opened on Sigel's battery with his infantry in column in the rear. General McCulloch,

with the Louisiana—Colonel Hébert's—Regiment, and perhaps others, charged this battery, capturing it and routing the infantry. Reid's battery plowed through this battery and directly into their infantry, demoralizing their whole outfit, and this was the last of Sigel. Some of our own men were killed by Reid's battery, and some clubbing of guns as the two infantry forces met. General Sigel and a few officers returned to Springfield by the road they came, while his forces passed entirely around us, not trying to join Lyon.

When the Texans reached the brow of the hill, where the fight had been raging all the morning, they filed to the left under the brow of the hill, which was eight to ten feet high, and formed a line of battle. As I was in the rear, this put me on the right in the line not far from and to the left of where Lyon was killed. Firing had ceased at this time and I rode up the small rise, as did several Texas officers, and could see the Federal line standing at order arms, through scattering blackjacks, about 150 yards distant.

I saw an officer, with a large brass emblem on the upturned brim of his hat. He was riding a fine, large gray horse and passing leisurely between the two lines from our right to left. Two of our Texans dashed forward and after demanding surrender fired at him with their pistols and took him prisoner. Who he was I never learned.

I dismounted eight or ten men who had carbines, and ordered them on top and to commence firing. A few shots were fired, with no response from the Federal line. Just then General McCulloch dashed up in our rear and ordered me to fall in behind him with my company, and to "keep close up," then, dashing along in the rear of the Texans, he ordered Colonel Green to fall in the rear of this company and keep close up. We galloped south to the next ridge, five or six rods distant, and formed near the top on the south side. The General told me to stay there until he sent for me, or until I was driven away. He then passed rapidly along the Texas line and, I presume, gave Colonel Green the same orders, as we all remained there till the fight was over. With other officers, I rode up on top and soon saw a long line of infantry crossing from the east to the west side of the creek, apparently

from General Pearce's position, and they were joined by others on the west side, making quite a long line in column.

Approaching the ridge we had just vacated, and to the left of the position I had previously occupied, I could see our soldiers plainly and some Federal officers riding back and forth through open spaces on the level plateau. Our column, as it passed the brow of the hill, struck the Federal left in the shape of a V. Firing commenced. Our forces faced to the right and moved to the brow of the hill and firing followed all along the line. As I watched the fight, I could not help thinking that this was a last desperate effort, and if not successful the General would know where his Texans were.

I could see the flash of guns in both lines, but nothing else for the smoke. Many bullets passed our line. I saw no artillery move with our line. After quite a long time the firing ceased, our forces remaining in position. I could not see any Federals. This was about noon, I think. After waiting some time for orders, I rode forward without any, leaving the Texans there. Just before reaching the Federal right I saw Major Ward, of Colonel Carroll's regiment of cavalry, lying alone in the sun, wounded in the leg. I dismounted two men and drew him into the shade, leaving a canteen of water. Moving forward, I passed along the Federal line of battle from their right to left. I saw many dead, no wounded, many fat Dutchmen being as black in the face as negroes. I then followed their line of retreat into the next valley, perhaps half a mile. I met some Federal ambulances with yellow flags coming back. It was said they got General Lyon's body. I moved back, thinking I had best report to the General. When I reached my camp (near Texan's position) I found shed and building used as hospital. I saw several arms and legs cut off and dumped into a pile. I sent a courier to report to General McCulloch that I was at my old camp.

General Sigel's whereabouts seemed to be unknown. It was only known that his forces had passed entirely around us in the direction of General Lyon and the firing ceased. He thought perhaps they were reforming for another attack. Later it was known that General Sigel was not with his forces, but with a few officers returning by the road he had come from Springfield. We did not then know that Lyon was



killed, and had these facts been known, there was enough cavalry which had scarcely fired a shot to have captured the outfit. The enemy made no delay at Springfield, moving on toward Rolla. Scarcity of ammunition may have been another cause, as General McCulloch had told me the night before that he had only enough for a fight and that his army had no cartridge boxes. He gave that, and the rain, as reasons for not marching on Springfield as intended. Within a few days we were discharged and returned to our homes.

General Price evidently had notice in time from General McCulloch to put a regiment or two at the brow of the hill, and with the prompt assistance of Captain Woodruff's battery, held General Lyon's forces on a level plateau until about all his Missouri forces, with Colonel Churchill's Arkansas regiment, came on the scene. Had General Lyon, with his forces and batteries, reached the little crest of the hill, they would have commanded the entire valley and in good range of our encampment and the valley, and this would have been an easy victory, in my opinion. Colonel McIntosh must have been ready when the first gun was fired, as he quickly drove Lieutenant Plummer's Federal forces from the east side of the creek back into Lyon's command on the west side. Hébert's Louisianians must have had timely notice and been ready for action, as with a charge they captured Sigel's battery, and with Reid's battery routed his infantry.

It was fortunate that Woodruff's and Reid's batteries were located just where they were and fired without moving, as this saved our army. These batteries could not have been better placed.

So, as I view it, Lieutenant Brown's information, furnished an hour in advance, and Captain Woodruff's prompt answer to the Federal batteries, bringing on an artillery duel across the valley over part of our troops, and holding the Federal batteries from advancing, saved our army from utter rout and gave us the victory.



## HEROISM OF JAMES KEELAN

BY W. W. STRINGFIELD, 1ST TENNESSEE CAVALRY, C. S. A.

THERE was no more heroic incident of the Civil War than the defense of Strawberry Plains bridge, East Tennessee, by citizen James Keelan, about December 1, 1861.

Keelan was a native East Tennessean, a man from humble life, of full Anglo-Saxon blood, and while very quiet and unassuming, even up to diffidence, only needed to arouse the "sleeping lion" to show a true hero.

Keelan was employed as the watchman at the bridge over Holston River. He was required to follow every train or engine across the bridge for fear of fire. This was about the beginning of the enforcement of the Conscript law in East Tennessee, and that was in about the center of several strong Union counties.

While some threats had been made, no one seriously thought of a plot to burn all the bridges in East Tennessee that night.

The bridge was about two hundred yards in the rear, north of the residence of the late Rev. Thomas Stringfellow, occupied by his widow and one daughter and colored servants. The writer of this had been absent for several months as a private in the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, in the army of General F. K. Zollicoffer, over in Kentucky, and on that eventful night at about ten o'clock had arrived at home, and, after traveling all the way from Cumberland Gap, was soundly sleeping.

Keelan was resting, but not asleep, in his bunk at the end of the bridge on an abutment five or six feet off the ground.

About midnight a company of thirty or forty men, led by Captain Undurdown, afterward lieutenant colonel of the 13th Tennessee, United States Army, not for a moment suspecting the presence of the guard, arrived, with the intention

of destroying the bridge. Matches and suitable torchlight materials were produced and a light made; instantly Keelan, single-handed and alone, sprang forth among them with knife and gun, and after a personal hand-to-hand conflict, drove them off, seriously wounding their leader and several others, being himself desperately wounded, his left hand cut off at the thumb, shot five or six times in both arms, one leg, and right breast, and otherwise severely injured.

Several of them got up in his bunk and were all around him; he never asked for nor gave quarter, but cut and knocked them off the abutment, knocking down and out every light or torch made to burn the bridge. They finally left, and he, after waiting some time for a renewal of the attack, managed, in some way, to reach my house and give the alarm, first saying, "Willie, they have killed me, but I saved the bridge."

These became historic words and were published all over the South in a few weeks. I at once ran out toward the bridge, with gun and pistol to protect further the structure, but the enemy had gone. Keelan was at once kindly cared for, was pensioned for life by the railroad company, and died at Bristol, Tenn., many years ago, respected by all.

## A STORY OF ASHLAND, VA.

By S. N. HINMAN, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER CAVALRY

HISTORY tells of great battles and of the thousands slain and wounded, but many little affairs, while not known in history, meant very much to wives and mothers whose husbands or boys never came back.

It was the first day of June, 1864, when the First Brigade of the Third Division of the Cavalry Corps broke camp near Bermuda Hundred at an early hour, with orders to strike a small station called Ashland, on the Virginia Central Railroad, destroy the stores there, and tear up the track. It was afternoon when the advance struck the town, which proved to be quite strongly defended. The town, or station, was on a level plat of land in the midst of a dense pine forest, and even the highway was only cleared wide enough for wagons to pass, and in many places not that. The dust of that dry Virginia clay was at least four inches deep, and would roll up beneath the horses' hoofs until you could scarcely distinguish your nearest neighbor, much less the uniform, whether blue or gray. My own regiment was in the rear that day, and the pack train still in the rear of us, General McIntosh believing that no danger would arise from that direction. So while the advance regiments, the 2d New York and 2d Ohio, were engaging the enemy, we slipped quietly off our horses and lay down on the brush beside the road. This kind of respite was not long to be enjoyed, for suddenly, without warning there came from the rear rapid firing and a Rebel yell, and over our heads went niggers and mules, camp and garrison equipage and camp kettles. When the "cloud had rolled away" we sprang on our horses, when mine was immediately shot, breaking a hind leg, and was at once abandoned, and I took to the shelter of the

woods. I had on my person a saber and belt with a big navy revolver with about forty rounds of ammunition; over my left shoulder was slung a Spencer carbine with nearly as much more ammunition. So I was loaded down more like a pack horse than a runner. I peered through the brush beside the road with carbine in hand, to discern, if possible, what could be to my advantage. I had not long to wait. I did not then know whether the Rebels had passed or not, but presently two men rode up from opposite directions immediately in front.

I could not possibly discern which was friend or foe, but just then there was a flash from a revolver and one of them fell. I discovered that the man sitting on his horse was my Colonel. Being not more than twenty feet away, I rushed out to secure the horse of the wounded soldier. The Colonel said, "Hand me that revolver; it is mine," which I did, and he immediately rode away. I found that the man had fallen through the bridle rein, so that the horse was held. I saw he had two sabers and two belts about his person, and one of them contained a holster and revolver; this I removed from him and buckled on myself. And now for the horse: the dying soldier was a handsome young man about my own age, and he rolled his big black eyes up to me and said, "For God's sake, don't let your men charge on me." I assured him that I would not, and lifted with all my might to get him out of the bridle rein, all to no purpose. I said to him, "Haven't you got a knife?" with which I hoped to cut the bridle. He put his hand in his pocket and expired in my arms. I pulled his hand out and inserted my own, presuming that his action indicated something that would afford relief, but found nothing, and the Rebels were already upon me. I gave one herculean effort and freed him from the horse, laying him beside the road, and, throwing the carbine over the horse, attempted to mount. To my consternation, I then discovered that the stirrup and strap on the nigh side of the horse was gone. I tried to jump the horse, but he was large and I so weighted down with arms I could not do it. So I grabbed the cantle of the saddle with my right hand and the reins and pommel with my left, headed him in the right direction and told him to go, which command he willingly obeyed. So for about eighty rods the horse ran, my feet touching the ground occa-

sionally, the Rebels tight to my heels firing and yelling like mad, while my own men were in line returning the fire as rapidly as possible.

When I got into the ranks of my own command, I led the horse up to a stump and mounted with my arms and accoutrements in good working order. Seven different times we formed line and fought the enemy, which we afterward learned was a division of Confederate cavalry. Probably in no engagement of the war did we lose so many as in this little fight, yet it has no place in history. The color sergeant, bearing the flag in the road, apparently as cool as I am now, was shot through the body and passed the flag to his nearest supporter, saying, "Good-by, Charlie, take good care of the flag." One captain was killed, my Colonel and several line officers were wounded, but I do not know the number of the casualties of the men. My chaplain was in the thickest, without arms, waving his hands high in the air and shouting, "Don't get shot in the back, men, don't get shot in the back." A ball took him in the right arm and he went off the field, had his arm tied up, and soon returned loaded down with canteens of water. This incident of a chaplain, I think, is worth remembering.

When driven out of the woods, we were at once dismounted and sent back to hold the enemy in check. When recalled at sundown, we could discern the Rebel infantry approaching us from nearly every direction. General McIntosh marched his command to the north for nearly a mile, when he turned abruptly to the right and marched out on the railroad tracks with a battery of artillery and two ammunition wagons, and the entire command. How we got over culverts and the like, I cannot tell, but nothing was left on the field but the dead and seriously wounded, darkness coming to our relief.

I soon observed that the saber taken and all the horse equipments were marked William Locke, Charles Town, Va. Each day, as the first day of June rolled around, I was reminded of that hazardous escape at Ashland. Twenty-eight years afterwards I was prompted to write a letter to "any of the surviving relatives of William Locke, killed at Ashland, Va., June 1st, 1864."

In a little time I received a letter from a brother. This



led to more correspondence, and an invitation to visit them in their Virginia home, and as the National Encampment was to be held in Washington that year, I went, stopped off at Harper's Ferry, took a carriage and drove to Charles Town. I could not have been welcomed more cordially by my best friends.

I slept in the same room occupied by Willie before he went to the war. We talked over the incidents of the war as they saw it. With Austin Locke I visited Captain Bailor, who was in command of the advance on that eventful day, and gave me the chase. Together we visited the battlefield of Winchester on the anniversary of the very day the battle was fought, he fighting on the one side, and I on the other. On the morning of our departure, I brought out the saber, which I had kept in hiding, and I said to the old man, "This saber I have now had in my possession twenty-eight years; time has dimmed its luster and rust has corroded its edge"—which that very morning had been ground to an edge, and the grindstone grit was still visible—"so time has dulled the animosity which then existed, and we part as brothers." In reply he said, "No man was more anxious for the success of the Confederacy than I; I gave ten thousand dollars in gold, I gave my horses and mules, I lost my slaves, but no man is gladder than I of the final result, and I desire to say to you, Mr. Hinman, while we were overrun by soldiers of both armies, many times we were treated better by the Union soldiers than by our own."

## THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SOLDIER ON PICKET

BY J. ANDREW WILL, PRIVATE, 18TH PENNSYLVANIA  
CAVALRY

I ENLISTED in June, 1863, and my fifteenth birthday came on the following September. I served first in the infantry, but chiefly in the cavalry. I shall never forget the responsibility I felt the first time I was placed on picket, at a ford of a creek, on one of the roads leading from Shippensburg to Gettysburg, Pa., during the Gettysburg campaign, in July, 1863. I was instructed to allow no one to cross this creek, unless I was satisfied that he was a Union man, and all right; and if there was the least doubt in my mind I was to call the corporal. I was instructed to allow no one to approach from the front, which was then toward Gettysburg, without halting him, and learning who he was, and why there at that time of night, as soon as I discovered him. After being posted and given my instructions, I was left alone. I was armed with an old Harper's Ferry musket changed from a flint to a cap lock; the ammunition was powder with one ball and three buckshot, on top of the round bullet. This weapon was so heavy and clumsy that I could scarcely hold it to shoot at arm's length or offhand. Thus armed and placed, I began to realize the serious responsibility placed upon me. I concluded I was placed there, not to fight the enemy, but that I was one of the responsible parts of an army; while my comrades were sleeping in the mud and rain as best they could, I must keep awake for two long hours, watching that ford, so that no enemy could approach in that direction. I was one of the small eyes of that army, and I fully realized that upon my alertness in hearing or seeing anyone approach that ford, or

get across that creek, depended the safety of all the troops in my rear. With all the alertness possible of both eyes and ears, a man on a horse was in the middle of the creek before I discovered him; after halting him, I learned that he was a farmer riding one horse and leading two others; he claimed he had these horses hid until the rebels had left his vicinity, when he started north with them. His story seemed a reasonable one, and I permitted him to cross, and then called for the corporal, who appeared and took charge of the man and horses.

The next morning, after being relieved from picket duty, we were taken out to fire our loaded guns. We soon discovered we were armed with dangerous weapons; the noise was tremendous, and the "kick" or recoil was such as to be dangerous to the soldier firing it, as well as to anyone who was in its range in front.

This first experience on picket, its dangers and responsibilities, followed me all through my military service.

In the cavalry service, where a mounted picket is never permitted to dismount, it becomes somewhat tiresome to sit in your saddle for two hours in the nighttime; your horse to a certain extent is company, but when it is realized that there is the limit of our lines, and that all beyond is ground over which the enemy must come, the responsibility seems and *is* large. If for any reason whatever this soldier does not give warning of the approach of the enemy, the safety of the whole army may be endangered. The responsibilities, and frequently the dangers of the soldier, are much greater while on outer picket than in a battle or skirmish. In battle there is always more or less excitement, which tends to detract from the feeling of either responsibility or personal danger; while when on picket there is usually nothing to distract one's thoughts from home and friends. The very stillness of the night makes one feel the weight of duty, and one's mind must be keenly active as to one's duty.

I believe the "equation" of a soldier is more readily determined by his conduct on advanced picket post than when in a fight. In a fight, the soldier's "combativeness" is more or less aroused; he feels that the enemy is endeavoring to hurt him, or at least to do his side some injury or harm, which he

must resent and combat; on picket he is to *watch*, and be on the constant lookout; all his mental faculties are in their normal condition—unless it be his sense of caution; in a battle or fight his comrades are about him, and they can see and know his action and conduct; his pride often keeps him in his place under fire; he has fear, but dare not show it, because of the fact that the officers and men are looking at him.

On picket, in the nighttime especially, the soldier is alone,—no one to watch him,—*he* is to watch. From many personal experiences, I know that on picket duty the imagination is especially active; a little noise in the brush, and the sensitive ear of your horse is attracted, and you think you hear the footsteps of a squad from the enemy; though frightfully dark, you think you see the men slowly advancing on you; you feel sure they are stealthily coming; you adjust your feet in the stirrups, gather the rein more firmly in your hand; you reach your hand back to be sure that your revolver is there; you have your thumb on the hammer of your carbine, and are ready to fire when you are sure the enemy is near. Indeed, the temptation at times is very strong to fire at the noise, and thus arouse the reserve, and ride back to meet the officer in charge, and tell him that the enemy is approaching.

Many a reserve has had its slumber broken by the firing of the pickets, when the most formidable enemy in the vicinity of the picket was a noise.

Therefore, I say that the courage, firmness, and best qualities of a soldier were more fully tested on the outer picket line than in a battle.

The regiment to which I belonged, 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, was picketing the left of the army in front of Petersburg in the latter part of June, 1864, near the Dr. Gurly house; one night a shot was fired on the picket line, and upon investigation, it was found that one of our men on the advance posts had been shot and wounded; the writer was detailed to take this man's place. The soldier who had been shot declared he had heard no noise in the direction from which the shot came, and that on account of the fractiousness of his horse, as well as the wound in his foot, he was unable to fire at his enemy, hidden in the brush. I was instructed to keep a sharp lookout, and be sure to fire my carbine before being rushed at and

overpowered. The fact that the man I had relieved had been shot put all my nerves on tension. My horse, a very intelligent animal, seemed to understand the situation as well as I, and stood unusually quiet, but seemed to hear all the noises possible, even the moving of the leaves in the trees by the wind. Nothing unusual happened; no enemy appeared; no shots were fired at that picket or by him. It was a night, however, of neither happiness nor irresponsibility. On the contrary, they were two hours of nerve-racking tension. At times I could hear my heart beat mighty plainly, and it seemed to be in close proximity to my throat. I thought of my Northern home in the mountains of old Pennsylvania, and I could see my old father and mother in the old log house, but I knew they were imploring the God of battles, as well as of men, to protect the son and boy-soldier wherever he might be. I could see my two sisters at home, helping my old father in the work I was wont to do on the farm. Indeed, there was little among the old home scenes that I did not seem to see that night. But my imagination was not confined to the old home, and its dear people, but there passed before me, as on review, the comrades who had been killed in battle, and on picket; those who were then suffering the pangs of hunger in Southern prisons, and from wounds and disease in hospitals. And yet, with all these thoughts, this soldier on picket duty felt the great responsibilities that were upon him; that if he failed to do his whole duty the entire left flank and rear of Meade's army was in danger.

Such has been the experience of the writer, such his own personal feelings, and such has he learned from others. Hence, as I have already stated, I believe that the service of the soldier on advanced picket duty during the war for the Union, was a better test of the quality and make-up of the private soldier than a charge on the battle-field, with all its dangerous and exciting conditions.



## VARIED AND THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF A CHAPLAIN

By J. H. BRADFORD, CHAPLAIN OF THE 12TH CONNECTICUT  
INFANTRY

My regiment had but the one chaplain, the only case among the thirty-two three-years' regiments from that State.

We went to Ship Island, on the Gulf, not far from Mobile. It was a sandbank a few feet out of the water, some seven miles long, the upper part covered with wood, which our boys cut and dragged down to the coast, to be used for fuel. We sunk flour barrels in the sand, their bottoms partly out, and these furnished our drinking water.

A very sad experience occurred in a thunderstorm in the night, when the lightning struck the pole of the guard tent, where a dozen men were sleeping on the ground, their guns stacked around the tent pole, some with bayonets on. The lightning descended the pole, followed the guns to the ground and killed several of the men.

On board a ship, we were towed up the Mississippi River, saw Forts Jackson and St. Philip bombarded, and followed the fleet up to New Orleans. We landed among the first troops, camped in Jackson Square for a few days, then moved on to Camp Parapet, a few miles up the river, where we stayed six months. I preached to the thousands of negroes who came into our camp; filed an iron collar from a negro's neck, who had worn it eight months for attempting to escape, which collar hangs yet in my bedroom. I pulled the body of a drowned boy from the canal where he had gone to swim and had sunk.

At length we were in the attack on Port Hudson, which, after forty days' siege, surrendered on July 8th, four days

after Vicksburg. Here I dined on mule tongue and corn-cakes made of meal with the cob ground with the corn.

I visited a house used as a hospital, one moonlight night, where the men lay thickly about the yard, wounded in all sorts of ways, but perfectly still, and when I asked them, "Why don't you yell out in your severe sufferings?" one of them replied, "Oh, it would disturb the comrades."

I rode alone on horseback one Saturday afternoon, from Lafayette to New Iberia, in two hours and thirty minutes, carrying \$10,000 in my high bootlegs, which was to be sent home to Connecticut by the soldiers who had been paid off. As the Adams Express agent did not appear, they turned their money over to me, and I took it to New Orleans and shipped it home for them. No human being, save myself, knew what I was loaded with on that trip. It was a stirring ride.

I lived during this time a very strenuous life. I had charge of all mail and express matter, and had an opportunity to serve almost every man in the regiment; I also was able to persuade more men to re-enlist when the three years were up than all other officers.

The last year of service, under General Sheridan, in the Shenandoah Valley, was a stirring experience. One night we broke in the doors of a deserted factory, and getting hay for beds, used the building as a hospital, and here I held on to the main artery of a major's leg all night, when he was fatally wounded by an exploding shell, until he died early in the morning.

The three years' time I was in the army now seems like a dream rather than a reality. It is hard to realize that our now peaceful country was for four years so racked with the fearful experience of war. But the fact that "Old Glory" is the only flag now waving over a peaceful and happily reunited country is the proof, thank God!

## ONE DAY IN THE SERVICE

BY ELBRIDGE D. HADLEY, 1ST LIEUTENANT, 14TH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS

ON September 19, 1864, my regiment, the 14th New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, from our camp near Berryville, in the Shenandoah Valley of West Virginia, a little after midnight marched forth in the pitchy darkness, and daylight found us, with Sheridan's whole army, marching along the pike northwest toward Winchester, the Sixth Corps in advance. About six o'clock we forded the Opequon and shortly afterward Abraham's Creek. Then we advanced through Ash Run, with steep timbered sides, a battery of Napoleon guns jostling us as we proceeded side by side on the pike. A badly wounded man, brought down from the front on a stretcher, was a suggestive sight, as we had been marching to the music of big guns at the front. Emerging from the defile we saw the Sixth Corps disposed about the grassy hills to the left of the pike. They had been feeling the enemy. We marched off to the right, and the Nineteenth Corps was deployed in two lines on some gently rolling ground with a belt of timber in front, from which direction came sounds of artillery firing and of exploding shells, whose white puffs of smoke were visible over the trees.

My Division, Grover's, was formed in two lines, the First and Third Brigades in front and the Second and Fourth Brigades a little to the rear.

My regiment was in the front line, and formed the extreme right of the Union army as then formed. I am not going to try to describe the battle that ensued—only what I did and saw and what happened to me, but it ended in a great victory for the Union army.

The Nineteenth Corps lay in the place assigned about two hours. After a little time an "officer's call" brought us com-

pany commanders together in rear of the regimental line, where we found Colonel Gardner, who proceeded to inform us that we were about to advance against the enemy; that we were cut off from Harper's Ferry in our rear, and must fight it out. I returned and called my company into line and repeated the story, a fiction, and exhorted them to do credit to their State. Of what I said my memory is indistinct.

Being weary, I lay down among some tall weeds with a piece of tent over me to keep the bright sunshine out of my face and went to sleep. Evidently I was nervous with fright at that time. I had a kind of presentiment that in battle I should get hurt, but that I should survive and go home.

About 11.40 o'clock I was aroused by a general stir and giving of orders. We fell in line and advanced through a narrow belt of timber, in line of battle, keeping our lines as well as possible, across an open glade and through another belt of timber, coming to an open field 820 yards across, bounded at the farther side by another belt of timber. As we emerged from cover we came under fire, and the puffs from the belt of timber of the farther edge showed where an alert enemy was waiting for us. The screeching of bullets was ominous. We here found our regiment's left wing behind another regiment, and Captain Ripley (detailed from my own company) of the brigade staff rode out in front and ordered us to "right flank" and by the "left flank" into place. The Captain looked down on his company and myself and smiled approval of our conduct.

Then came the order to charge "double quick." This order is said to have been a mistake, chargeable to Captain Ripley. Then began a "double quick" advance. The firing from our foes in front became hot and vicious. In my position next the color guard, I noticed first, the effective work of the Rebel bullets as they tore through the silk of the flag over my head. The staff was hit. They were getting our range or we were coming into their range as we ascended the little slope. Next, Lumbert, second man in front rank from right of the company and second man from myself, was hit by a bullet in the shoulder with a blow that could be heard many feet away. With a yell of pain or fright he threw his gun high in the air and went down. Almost immediately, Corporal Ball, in the

color-guard on my right, received a blow with a dull thud and went down. I cast my eyes to the rear and saw Colonel Gardner walking along, sword in hand, looking at the ground in front of him. Firing began at the right of the regiment and I ordered my men to fire also, and they fired as they trotted along.

I was looking toward the right, peering through the smoke to make out the Rebel line from which the firing came in the edge of the woods, when I received a powerful blow on the right side of my face or chin. The blow was terrific, and the shock took away all my strength. I settled down in my tracks, in a heap as the line, a loose line now, swept on. Someone said, "That's too bad!" One of my good and friendly boys, John Moore, passed, saying, "Why, Lieutenant, are you killed?" I said, "I guess not," articulating as well as I could under the limitations of a broken jaw. I asked John to assist me. He was afraid he would get into trouble. I assured him that I would see him through it, how, I did not know. I felt how powerless I was. I crawled behind a little hillock that had formed about a rotting stump, and stretched out, where I could look across the part of the field over which we had charged. Dead and wounded were here and there; some trying to rise, but falling headlong and helpless. Many were forever still. Men with stretchers were removing the wounded from the distant parts of the field. The bullets screeched more savagely than ever, and the combined sounds of the battle were like a terrible dirge. It was the most dreadful, terrible scene I had ever gone through.

John tied up my face after I had put the parts of my jaw in their places as well as I was able, and gave me water from his canteen, wiped off the thickest of the blood and fixed me up as well as he could. I managed to say, "We have driven the rascals anyway." But John looked toward the front and said, "They are all coming back." I raised my head and looked, and it was even so. They passed our position by hundreds in utmost disorder. I did not wish to be taken prisoner, so I staggered to my feet, got my overcoat and haversack, and started to the rear. I passed around the right of a brigade of fresh troops to get out of their way. I tried to get behind two or three shelters, but others got the places before



me. So I staggered on and reached the timber we had advanced from. As I entered this timber a long line of Rebels came up diagonally to the right of our line of advance and poured in a volley.

The twigs cut from the trees were falling all around me. I had been under a hot fire all the way back, and screeching Miniés and booming of cannon made a pandemonium. I got through the first belt of timber along with hundreds of wounded, bleeding boys, faint and weak, and sunk on a stretcher. I was carried some distance to a road and put in an ambulance and in that conveyance soon reached a field hospital at a farmhouse and mill on Redbud Run. The wounded were thick all around, arranged in regular rows without any shelter. There was shrieking, groaning, cursing, and praying. I lay down with my overcoat under me and my haversack for a pillow. A doctor looked me over and went away.

We heard the battle raging for some hours, but by and by, with the declining sun, we heard the shout of victory. Our army was victorious.

I was cared for in a tent with the severe cases that night. With the help of morphine, I slept, oblivious of the horrors of an operating table just outside the tent. The next day I was carried to Winchester, and with several other officers was put into an old hotel, *sans* cots, *sans* mattresses, *sans* carpets, *sans* straw, *sans everything* but our wounds and hopes. In a few days we who could be moved were taken in ambulances to Harper's Ferry, arriving at night after a day of agony.

My fractured jaw did not heal for a year. The bullet has been in my neck to this day. In about a week I received a leave of absence and went home to New Hampshire to the old chamber, a permanently disabled young man, destined to be an invalid till the war was over and longer, so much of my vigor gone that the object of my ambition, a college professorship, was given up. But I congratulated myself that my lot was not as hopeless as that of many another of the boys of bright hopes and honorable ambitions who enlisted.

## A BATTLE SCENE AT HELENA, ARK., JULY 4, 1863

BY MAJOR JOHN F. LACY, LIEUTENANT CO. C, IOWA  
INFANTRY, EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM IOWA

THE most stirring spectacle that came under my personal observation in the Civil War was the charge of the Confederates upon the center of the Union lines, on July 4, 1863. The battle of Helena, if it had occurred at any other time in the war, would have been one among the most noted of that great contest, but on July 2d and 3d the world held its breath and watched the titanic struggle at Gettysburg, the "high watermark of the Rebellion." On July 4th Grant forced the surrender of Pemberton's army at Vicksburg, and so, when along with Vicksburg and Gettysburg, the belated news of the great fight at Helena was made public, the people were so bewildered by the Union success that Helena was almost overlooked in the general rejoicing. And in the South the defeat of Lee and the surrender of Pemberton were such crushing disasters that the Confederates looked with less regret upon the defeat of Holmes and Price in Arkansas.

I was Assistant Adjutant General upon the staff of Colonel Samuel A. Rice. In that battle Colonel Rice was in command of a brigade and on that day he won his star as brigadier general. His brigade was divided, so that the 29th and 36th Iowa Infantry Regiments were upon the right of the Federal line, on the hills above Batteries B, C, and D, in front of Fort Curtis, which was a formidable control redoubt commanding and protecting the rear of the advanced batteries.

The city of Helena lay in the plain below, and the Mississippi, deep and strong and a mile wide, flowed in the rear of the Union army. General Prentiss was in command of the forces on the Union side. News came in through spies, refu-

gees, and scouts for many days that Generals Holmes and Price were marching on Helena, and that they were expecting to celebrate the Fourth of July there.

The place had been heavily fortified, so that a comparatively small garrison could make a good defense. The gunboat *Tyler*, which did such good work at Shiloh, was in the stream in front of the city. It is not my intention to give a detailed and full account of the splendid defense of this post, but it is necessary to explain the general situation so as to understand the scene which I wish to describe.

About midnight, July 3d, the brigade commanders met at headquarters and were advised of the latest news from the interior. The indications led to the opinion that a Fourth of July celebration on a bloody scale would be attempted, and the orders were to strengthen the picket posts and caution the guards to great watchfulness, and to order the picket guards to make good resistance in case of an attack, so that there might be ample time to form the troops for defense. A shot from one of the great guns at Fort Curtis was agreed upon as the signal in case the enemy should appear. The soldiers were all in expectation of the attack and slept but lightly.

At daybreak the expected attack was made on the right and center. Fort Curtis thundered its note of warning and the long roll was sounded. Rice and his staff were speedily in the saddle and the troops marched in haste from their camps to their designated positions in the line of defense. A heavy fog settled over the scene, giving a weird and strange look to the lines of the two contending armies as they loomed up in the rising mist. The attack on the hills on the right was promptly met by the 5th Kansas Cavalry, under Colonel Clayton; the 3d Iowa Battery, under Captain Wright; the 29th Iowa, under Colonel Benton and Lieutenant Colonel Patterson; and the 36th Iowa under Colonel Kittredge and Lieutenant Colonel F. M. Drake. The enemy fell back under the fierce Federal fire on the right. Colonel Rice then directed me to go up to the high point where battery A stood, and observe and report the situation to the south in the center. Riding to a point near the battery I found the sharpshooting too active to go up on horseback to the battery itself; so, leaving my horse with an orderly, I made the remainder of

the ascent on foot, where, just as I reached the battery and spoke to the officer in command, there suddenly appeared one of the most dreadful and splendid spectacles of the war. A deep ravine to the south and west prevented any obstruction to my view, and off to the west the Confederate army in full force with banners flying was just emerging from the woods and coming out into the open where the defenders had cleared the timber from the land, leaving an unobstructed view. I realized the words of the Scripture, "As terrible as an army with banners."

It was a splendid spectacle, those dense and gallant lines of gray, as they rushed forward to meet the lines of blue lying in wait for them in the batteries and trenches. Great masses of Price's bravest soldiers followed their battleflags with a daring that excited the admiration of the foe.

It was a splendid charge. Without a moment's halting, defiantly and bravely they rushed through the rain of bullets and took possession of the batteries and trenches of the Union line. The numbers were overwhelming, and the charge was one of the most daring that was recorded in the entire war. From my point of vantage the combat was all in plain view, as if it had been staged as a special exhibition for the men in Battery A.

The blue lines fell back hurriedly, but with little disorder, over the brow of the next ridge, and then resumed their defense. Suddenly the gray army disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed it up. The guns of Fort Collins roared defiance and pelted the whole front with grape, canister and shells. The gunboat *Tyler* began to get the range and threw its immense shells over the heads of the Union soldiers into the ranks of the Confederates. The gray-clad soldiers took shelter in the deep ravines; they could not go forward, for certain death was in their front. Some of them attempted to fall back, but fell victims to sharpshooters as they came in sight in their retreat. Some flags of truce were raised in the sheltering ravines. I hurried back to Colonel Rice to report what I had seen. He sent me to General Prentiss with the offer of reinforcements from the right, if needed. I rode up to General Prentiss and delivered my message, and was told to return and inform Colonel Rice

that no reinforcements were needed. Just then the disarmed Confederates began to file past General Prentiss. The splendid array of life and bravery that I had seen from Battery A had become a dejected and harmless body of unarmed prisoners. A large steamboat was just landing, bound for Cairo, and in a very brief time these men, under guard, were steaming up the Mississippi as prisoners of war.

The daring and reckless attack upon the defenders of Helena had been repulsed, the bravest of the attacking army were either killed or captured, and around and in the batteries and works that were assaulted and temporarily captured, the dead lay so thick that the ground was literally covered with their bodies.

In nearly four years of active service the view of that splendid, reckless and disastrous charge of Price's gallant troops, sweeping on toward apparent victory, making the air ring with the Rebel yell, their moment of supposed triumph as they placed their battleflags upon the earthworks, and then the rally of the boys in blue behind the natural defenses in the rear, the terrific storm of shot and shell, and the sudden and complete disappearance of the Confederates in the ravines below, and then their surrender and disarmament and almost immediate embarkation for their journey up the river,—all these rapidly occurring events stand out as fresh in my mind's eye as if the Fourth of July, 1863, were only yesterday, and are the incidents that most impressed me. It was a glorious sight to see, "for one who had no friend nor brother there," but as I watched this terrific contest my comrades were in the very center of the fight and many of them fought their last battle on that fatal but glorious day.



## THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, AS I SAW IT

By J. W. BUSH, C. S. A.

THE battle of Fredericksburg ranks as one of the greatest in modern history. General Burnside had lately succeeded General McClellan, who had distinguished himself in his conflict with General Garnett in the mountains of West Virginia, again in his escape from rout and capture by General Lee, in his retreat to Harrison's Landing, and still again in that most terrible of all engagements, the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam. Because his army did not beat and conquer the invincible army of General Lee, he was relieved by President Lincoln and the War Department at Washington, and supplanted by Burnside, who achieved distinction as a courageous fighter at Roanoke Island, and also at Burnside's bridge, on Antietam Creek.

At the latter place he was everywhere, leading and encouraging his men, who were fighting against the small band of Georgians, commanded by the gallant soldier and statesman General Robert Toombs. The timely arrival of that dashing officer, General A. P. Hill, with 3,000 fresh troops, who struck Burnside's corps in flank and rear, hurled back these stubborn fighters, and saved the day.

At one o'clock on December 13, 1862, I was on the battlefield of Fredericksburg. I was on the plain below Marye's Heights, a mounted sharpshooter, near the river on the extreme right of the army, in a position where I could, without much danger, witness the engagement between Jackson's corps, of about 30,000 and Franklin's corps, led by Meade, of 60,000 men. Before that hour, however, there had been desultory cannonading, and also heavy firing of sharpshooters at long range.

Stuart was just to my left, near Major Pelham's battery.

The former ordered the opening shot from this battery which enfiladed Meade's column, and seemed to throw it into the wildest disorder. Immediately, the enemy's batteries of many guns opened upon Pelham. Superior valor or heroism was never displayed by any man than he showed on this occasion. I saw one of his guns dismounted, one of his caissons exploded, his horse killed, his men wounded and dying, but he held his position, fighting like a wounded lion. Recovering from this blow, the persistent Meade advanced again, bearing to the right, until his division confronted the batteries of General Lindsey Walker, the terrific and concentrated fire of which again drove back this division before our infantry fired a shot. In the meantime, over one hundred pieces of the enemy's cannon had crossed over the pontoons at Hamilton's, and were planted near the wheatstraw barn. For an hour and a half the earth trembled from the vibration and roar of cannon.

Franklin and Doubleday's corps charged Marye's Heights, which was like a bastioned fortress. They were hurled back in wildest confusion by Jackson's men. General Thomas R. Cobb, with his valiant Georgians and North Carolinians, with 2000 men fighting from behind the stone wall, drove back Sigel's corps of 12,000 men, which quickly re-formed and charged again and again.

It was here that Pelham received the splendid encomium from General Jackson, "That every army should have a Pelham on its right flank, and a Pelham on its left flank." I had often seen Pelham fight before that, but I had never seen him contend against such fearful odds.

General Lee was not aware of the great victory he had gained, or else he would have demolished Burnside's army. General Lee believed that Burnside would renew the attack the next day.

Had his army pursued at six o'clock that evening, the enemy would have been put to flight. In its passage over the bridges during the night the soldiers could hardly be restrained from riot and panic.

Restricted limit of this article forbids even the enumeration of many impressive and salient features of this most memorable battle.

## A STORY OF PRISON LIFE

BY JOHN F. DIENER, CO. F, 7TH PENNSYLVANIA  
VOLUNTEERS

I WAS wounded at the battle of Dallas Woods, Ga., May 27, 1864, an Austin bullet striking me on the bridge of the nose, going through my head, and coming out under my right ear. When I regained consciousness, I found that my comrades had retreated; that I had been left on the field as dead, and that I was in the hands of the enemy. I was put into an ambulance and taken to a small town about twenty miles distant, where I spent the night. The next morning we were put aboard a freight train and taken to Atlanta.

Our two months of prison life at Atlanta is not a very bitter memory. Our captors recognized us as human beings. We were kept in a frame building, given single wooden beds, clean bedclothes, and such food as the Confederacy afforded. From time to time news reached us that the war was going on apace. Johnston was superseded by Hood, and the capture of Atlanta seemed inevitable.

At the first sound of bombardment, we were removed to Andersonville. Here I spent four of the longest, dreariest and most wretched months that it is possible for the human mind to conceive, or for a human being to endure. Nothing to mark the passing days except the increase in the death roll. Our first move in the morning was to thrust out our heads, anxious, yet afraid to look, lest we should see some comrade lying stark and cold in the street. The men who died during the night were dragged into the street in the morning to await the patrol, or dead wagon, into which the bodies were tossed like logs of wood. They were then hauled outside the stockade and dumped into shallow trenches in the same heartless manner.

Then came the issuing of rations, if such they could be called. A small brick of corn bread about three inches square and two inches thick, made of corn meal, the cob and all being ground together, and made into bread by mixing the meal with water only. Once in a great while a piece of beef was added. This ration was to last for twenty-four hours.

And then came waiting, waiting, waiting. I have often wondered how it was that we were not all driven stark, raving mad. Many a night have I stood by that old prison gate, and watched the sun sink from sight, wondering how many poor fellows were watching its lingering rays for the last time; wondering if I would ever again see it sink behind those dear old Pennsylvania hills. Oh, that rush of homesickness, that seemed to overwhelm us, to plunge us in the darkest abyss of despair! Only those who have stood behind the bars of a Rebel prison can realize this feeling.

How did we feel toward our captors, the fiends who made us suffer? One old Irishman of our company was lying quietly in his tent, when suddenly he jumped up, and looking from one to the other of us, said: "Boys, do you know what I would do if they would let me pronounce sentence upon Wirz? Just this: Give him to me, and let me drive one pin—just one—hourly, into his body, drive it in clear up to the head, and leave it there; and I would not stop until there was no spot to drive another." This was the universal sentiment among us prisoners.

Hunger, when it reaches the starvation point, will drive a man to desperation. We were at this point and were desperate.

But all things must have an end, and at the close of four of the darkest months I have ever known came the news that we were to be paroled. The next morning we were formed in line, and there we stood, eager, anxious, for to some of us it meant freedom, perhaps home, and for others, alas,—but we would not look back, we would be hopeful, we all had an equal chance. The names were called and the fortunate ones stepped a few paces to the front and to my great joy my name was called. At last it was all over, those whose names had not been called were ordered back to their tents, and we were told

to be prepared to leave at a moment's notice. Our joy was a good deal saddened by the thought of those who could not share with us the good fortune that had fallen to us. Many were the tender messages entrusted to our care, many the sad farewells from those who knew it was forever.

A short time after midday came the order to move, and we were really started. We were loaded into box cars and taken to Milan, Ga., where we were unloaded into another stockade. After five days of harrowing suspense, we were again marched out and taken to Savannah. As we marched through the streets, Rebel sentiment was expressed in open manner, the so-called Southern *ladies* spitting upon us from their balconies.

When we reached the wharf we were ordered to board a Rebel boat, and run seven miles up the river; there we drew up to a United States boat, and were again under the dear old Stars and Stripes. Then, and *then only*, did we feel sure of home.

During the trip up the river we took three "scrubs" and received fresh clothing throughout, as many times. Thinking to take some souvenir home, several of us kept the old vests we had worn in prison; but when the inspecting officer came along, pulled open the vests, and disclosed our clean, white flannel shirts, literally covered with graybacks, we were glad enough to consign all souvenirs to the flames.

In due time we reached Annapolis. Here we separated, each one going directly home. *Home*, just think of it! *Going home from a Rebel prison!* Oh, the joy of it! My weight when captured was 140 pounds; when I reached home I weighed 90 pounds. I had intended to rejoin my comrades in the ranks at the end of thirty days, but illness and my wound kept me from them for three times thirty days. At the end of that time, however, I returned to my regiment, arriving in time to participate in the battle of Selma, Ala., where though my stirrup strap and boot top were cut away by Rebel bullets, I was uninjured in the encounter.

This, my friends, is the little experience of one,—only one,—of the many thousands who offered their lives for their country. If it has retained your interest long enough to tell you something from which you have learned, I am satisfied.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE\*

BY H. S. CLAPP, 123D REGIMENT, OHIO INFANTRY

It was in March, 1863, that the 123d regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry came under the command of General Milroy at Winchester.

We put up our Sibley tents on a pleasant grassy spot on the outskirts of Winchester. Our life in this camp was both busy and pleasant. Our time was fully taken up with drill, picket duty, and frequent raids up the valley to Strasburg, Wardensville, New Market and other towns. Early in June there were indications that the comparative quiet of Milroy's little army at Winchester was about to be broken. The cavalry was kept busy scouting the valley to the south, and about the 10th or 11th of the month they began to bring in reports of the approach of a large Confederate force, but there was no thought that we were about to meet as formidable a foe as Lee's army.

On the evening of June 12th our company (B) was sent out on the Front Royal road two or three miles. Returning to camp about noon the next day we found it deserted except for the sick and a few guards left behind. They informed us that the long roll had called the regiment into line that morning and that it had gone out on the valley pike. After eating a hearty dinner we started out to join the regiment, which we found at Kernstown, two miles from Winchester. It was resting at the left of the pike opposite the old stone mill.

\* Mr. Clapp, the author of this article, was promoted to the rank of corporal. He says, "I think my promotion was due to the ability I had shown in several retreats." It is the editor's opinion that the promotion, and that made still afterward to a second lieutenancy, was deserved as well for gallantry in advance fighting as in skillful retreats.

About 2 P. M. the regiment moved across the pike by the right flank, then facing to the left we moved in line of battle up the slope of a long hill, on the crest of which we came to a halt. Before us lay an open field, perhaps forty rods across. Near the farther side of this field was a Rebel skirmish line, and it was the most active and belligerent specimen of its kind I ever met. One glance at them told us they were veterans. They would take deliberate aim at us, fire, and then setting the butts of their guns on the ground, move around them in a circle while loading, doing it all with jaunty, careless indifference to danger which was hard to comprehend by a tenderfoot who had not yet learned the art of war.

Back of the skirmish line was a stone wall, behind which lay their line of battle. We gave them a volley at once and then fired at will. How long we stood in that unprotected spot I cannot tell. It might have been thirty minutes, perhaps more. We were in double rank close order, a human wall stopping every bullet that did not go over our heads. Of the scenes and incidents crowded into the short time we stood there I have but an indistinct recollection. Those which stand out clearest in my memory are the tragic ones. The pained look upon the faces of comrades who fell near me, the horrible picture of one, shot through the face at the base of the jaw, covered with blood, staggering about among us for a moment crazed by his wound, then falling down upon the field to die. These are some of the scenes I gladly would forget. We soon fell back in orderly retreat to a stone wall near the mill, leaving our dead and wounded on the field. After dark we moved back near Winchester, and stood in line of battle in a narrow street through the long wretched night, during a part of which the rain came down in torrents. We were tired, hungry, wet, disheartened over the loss of our comrades and our defeat, and we gladly welcomed the daylight and an order to return to our old camp.

What a feeling of sadness came over us at mess No. 1, as we went into our almost deserted tent! We had left half of our happy military family dead or wounded on yesterday's battlefield. After breakfast we shouldered our knapsacks and, deserting our once pleasant camp, moved into the rifle pits near the fort, where we remained through the day.

Lee's army was tightening its coils around us. Toward night the Rebel batteries on three sides of us began shelling the fort, but did no great damage. At midnight came the order to evacuate Winchester. Not a wheel was to be moved. We were to steal away as silently as possible, without even "folding our tents." Company B was sent to the wagon yard to gather up the ambulance and team horses and ride them out. Getting such horses and trappings as we could find in the dark we mounted and followed the infantry and cavalry out on the Martinsburg pike.

As we rode silently along in the dim, uncertain light of the early morning, we might have been likened to the legendary army of ghosts that had once "beleaguered the walls of Prague." We had gone perhaps four miles. Day was just beginning to break, when a few rifle shots rang out clear and sharp from the front. The column halted. We sat upon our horses listening for some explanation of the trouble. Then came the sound of hurried commands to the infantry forming a line of battle, then the rattling volley of musketry told "that the battle was on once more." The Confederates had planted a force across our line of retreat. Soon word came back to us that our troops were going to surrender, and we should make our escape if possible. We were opposite an orchard with a low stone wall between it and the pike. The cavalry went over the wall and down through the orchard, and we followed them.

The firing had excited my horse and he charged over the wall and under the trees in a way that came near unseating me. Striking into a narrow road which led toward the mountains we followed the cavalry at a wild gallop. I had my knapsack on my back and my gun hung over my shoulder. There did not seem to be concert of action between these articles and my horse. When he was going down they would be going up, and vice versa. I realized that I must throw some of my ballast overboard. My knapsack contained my scanty change of clothing and some useful little articles brought from home. I disliked to part with it, but it would not do to drop my musket. I had enlisted to save the Union, and I could never do it without a gun. If I saved my gun, the knapsack must go, so the next time I felt it trying to lift me off my horse I slipped out of it. I had left my wounded

bunkmate on the field of the first day's battle. With a shamelessness common to our frail human nature I had immediately attached myself to another, and we rode together through the long wearisome day. About 4 P. M. we rode into a little station on the B. & O railroad. A train was about to leave which would take us still farther away from the trouble. The train was not made up of Pullmans or even day coaches, but we were in a condition to welcome anything on wheels. We turned our horses over to the cavalry we had been following through the day, and climbing on a flat car made ourselves as comfortable as possible on the bare floor.

Within a few days we were, with other refugees from Winchester, in camp near the little town of Bath, Pa. On the afternoon of July 3d those of us who were beyond the noise of our camp could hear the roar of the guns that preceded Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

In the latter part of May General Hunter took command of us, and we started out on the famous Lynchburg raid. As a foretaste of things to come, we were ordered to carry scant rations and 140 rounds of ammunition per man. We met a Confederate force at Piedmont, and in a short but bloody battle gained a complete victory; but at Lynchburg it was the old, old story. A force sent out from Richmond was too strong for us and we were driven back.

Then began a retreat which made all of our former ones seem like holiday excursions. We were hundreds of miles from our base of supplies; our rations were nearly gone. Of coffee we had an abundance, of everything else nearly nothing. The country through which we were to march was mostly mountainous and barren. The way out was to be over the Alleghanies through White Sulphur Springs, and the wild, sparsely settled region of West Virginia to the Kanawha River, where supplies would be sent to us. We were nine days and nights getting through, for we marched night and day, stopping only when exhausted, for one or two hours' sleep, then up and on again. It was a march for rations,—a contest between our endurance and starvation or capture. Of order there was very little. It was a go-as-you-please, every man for himself, and the Confederate cavalry hanging at our rear took the hindmost. On about the fifth day out the last



rations of any kind were issued. After that it was coffee, coffee, coffee. Hunger had its firm grip upon us. We were looking continually for something to eat, scanning the bushes we passed for hidden berries, and searching the deserted houses along the way for morsels of food overlooked by the equally hungry hordes that had passed before. We slept as we marched, until awakened by a misstep or the jostling of a comrade. When we felt the need of more coffee we would stop at one of the many little fires burning by the roadside, dash a little coffee into our cups, fill them with water, of which there was an abundance of the best, doze while it was heating over the coals, then gulp it down and go on again. The first solid food, if it could be called solid, that my companion and I had eaten for days was a little fine bran which we wet up with water, adding a little salt, and baked over the coals. We came out at Gualley bridge on the Kanawha River. The scenery about there rivals that in the Yellowstone Park, but the sight that impressed us most was the six-mule teams loaded with provisions, which we found awaiting us. We remained there a week, then marched down to Charleston, where we were loaded on to boats, taken down the Kanawha to the Ohio River, then up to Parkersburg. There we were furnished special trains of elegant box cars finished in natural wood, with the hardest of hard-wood floors without seats, straw or other upholstering, and transported back to Martinsburg, our starting point. The round trip was said to be a thousand miles, and I never doubted it. One-half of it I had marched. Taking advantage of our absence in West Virginia, General Early had come down the valley and was at this time threatening Washington at Monocacy, Md. We were ordered to the rescue. We were tired, ragged and dirty, but we braced up, took another hitch in our belts and drove Early off without much fighting. We followed him up the Loudon valley to Snicker's gap. There somebody blundered again and sent a part of our army across the river to meet a superior force of the enemy. We were driven back, many of our men being killed in the river as we were fording it.

We moved back to Harper's Ferry, where we were allowed a much-needed rest. We exchanged our rags for new clothing and washed off successive layers of dirt in the blue waters



of the Shenandoah. Hunter was relieved and Sheridan placed in command of us. It is a long lane that has no turning. Ours had thus far led us through the valley of defeat and humiliation, but we had reached the turning. Under our fearless commander it was now to lead up from victory to victory until Early's army should be completely wiped out, and campaigning in the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah a thing of the past. Sheridan put his army in the best possible fighting condition, and on September 19th he met Early at Opequon, and before night he had, to quote the words of his dispatch to Grant, "Sent the enemy whirling through Winchester." We followed them up and next found them in a strong position at Fisher's Hill, but the skill and energy of Sheridan soon routed them, and this time they retreated on straight lines; they did not have time to whirl. We followed the *remains* as far as Harrisonburg, then we turned leisurely to Cedar Creek. Early, having new life injected into his army by reinforcements, came back and lay quietly watching us at a safe distance. On the morning of October 18th, having been promoted to a second lieutenancy in the 10th United States Colored Troops, then in front of Richmond, I left for my post. The next morning when I awoke I could hear the roar of the guns up the valley at Cedar Creek. Early was making his famous attack on our sleeping army, and "Sheridan twenty miles away," but history tells us that he "got there."

## THREE BUNKMATES

BY BYRON R. RUSSELL, CO. G, 63D INDIANA VOLUNTEERS

WE were bunkmates, Sergeant James Douglas, Jacob Roller and the writer.

Douglas was a native Hoosier; Private Roller, as his name would indicate, was a German-American who had enlisted to serve under the flag of his adopted country; the writer was a recruit, having enlisted in July, 1863, on his fifteenth birthday. We belonged to the 63d Indiana, Co. G, and were in Sherman's army, General Schofield's Twenty-third Corps and General Jacob D. Cox's Division.

Our trio became fast friends, comrades, indeed, with all that the name means. Sergeant Douglas was a genial, kindly man and a brave and gallant soldier; at home he had left a wife and two small children—a boy and girl. The memory of his little family remained with him sacredly every working hour. Every thirty days he would say to his bunkers, "Only — months more until I will see my wife and babies," and a smile would illumine his countenance in anticipation of that great pleasure.

Comrade Roller also left a family in Indiana; his children were grown, and not being of a demonstrative disposition, his homesickness was not so apparent. The writer had no father, mother, wife, nor sweetheart in his Northern home, so his mind was free from the lonely feeling shared by so many of his comrades. His youthfulness caused his bunkmates to exercise a sort of guardianship over him, and many were the favors he received at their hands. For example, in the little shelter tent, his place at night was always in the middle, when the weather was cold, requiring an effort to make the narrow blankets cover the three. We had the average experience of the enlisted

men, marching, fighting, burying comrades who fell on the battle line, sometimes together suffering hunger when rations failed to reach us; in short, the regular routine of soldiers in active service at the front was our lot.

At length came the memorable Franklin-Nashville campaign. From Pulaski the forces of General Schofield slowly and sullenly retired before the enemy—the army of General Hood. At Columbia, near the outskirts of the city, and just in front of our line, a farmer had butchered some hogs; they were hanging suspended from a pole, as is the custom. Near the noon hour Sergeant Douglas said to Jake and the writer, “I will furnish the money if you will go and buy some fresh pork and anything else the farmer may have to sell that strikes your fancy, and we will have a good dinner.”

Jake and I, being in our usual condition, “dead broke,” promptly accepted the proposition. The result was the purchase of some tenderloins and split peas; these with our hard-tack and coffee furnished a very satisfactory *menu*.

Before finishing our meal orders came to throw up breast-works. The boys began by dismantling a fence constructed of cedar posts set upright side by side, to secure material for the front of the works. Douglas was the first to begin work. As he passed us with his second load, the writer said, “Jake, we must get to work, Jim is ahead of us.” The Sergeant replied, “Never mind, eat all you want; it will be your last opportunity.”

The veterans of the Atlanta campaign were experts in constructing defensive works, and in a little while we had completed a good line. In a short time skirmishing commenced, and then followed an artillery duel; houses were battered and set on fire and pandemonium reigned generally.

A new regiment deployed as skirmishers became demoralized by the awful cannonading and retreated to the rear with more haste than dignity. The 63d was sent from its works to take its place. The men sought such shelter as was afforded by a few trees and stumps on the line, and the duel between the artillerists continued. Within a few moments a cannon ball crashed through the outer edge of a tree and severed the left leg of Sergeant Douglas at the knee; he was taken to the rear and given all possible attention, but no human ministra-

tion could counteract the awful shock, and in a short time he died.

In the National Cemetery at Nashville his remains lie buried. He was as true and perfect a type of the volunteer soldier as was ever mustered. With thousands of others he was called upon to make the crowning sacrifice. His love of family, his future prospects, his life, his *all* was offered to his country. *The offer was accepted.* The little boy he so longed to see is now a merchant prince in the city of Chicago.

In the fullness of time, such incidents as this will pass into oblivion. The long roster of those who fell on the firing line, or gave up their lives in camp, hospital, or prison, will have no historian when friends and family are gone. The details of how these heroes died will fade away. The record will only show that in such and such a battle so many officers and enlisted men were killed.

But few readers will pause to think that each one among them all was a tragedy; that sorrow, heartaches and despair filled some home each time the fatal missile accomplished its deadly work.

Many years after the close of the war, the writer visited Columbia and went to the spot where Sergeant Douglas fell. The city had grown, and on the scene of conflict many dwelling houses had been erected, also a suburban grocery store, owned by an ex-Confederate, a member of Wheeler's Cavalry. He took me to call on an old lady whose home was between the hostile lines. Shells from Union guns had fired her dwelling house, totally destroying it and contents. When General Schofield retired across Duck River and General Hood's forces entered Columbia, his soldiers confiscated the entire clothing and merchant-tailoring stock owned by her husband, and when he protested placed him under arrest. Thus in a day poverty came to abide with them.

The description by the old lady of her experience was graphic, and was doubtless similar to tales that many others might have told.

She concluded her story by saying, "The Yankees burned my home, the Rebels stole all my husband's goods. I had one brother in the Yank's army and one in the Rebel army. I was not on either side. *I hated both sides alike.*"

## FITZHUGH LEE AS A LIEUTENANT COLONEL IN A SKIRMISH

BY F. A. BOND, LIEUTENANT, MARYLAND CO.'S 1ST VIRGINIA  
CAVALRY, CONFEDERATE STATES TROOPS

DURING the winter of 1861-1862 the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia occupied cantonments near Manassas, and their picket line was about fifteen miles in front, one of their advanced posts directly toward Washington being at Fairfax Court House. At the same time the Union army was in winter quarters near Washington, and their picket line was about ten miles nearer us, and in the neighborhood of Falls Church.

The Union army was at this time very deficient in cavalry, as their men had to learn to ride as a preliminary to becoming useful cavalymen, and their picketing was done almost entirely by infantry, while our picketing and scouting were done by mounted men and, in the language of General Jeb Stuart, our cavalry was the "eyes and ears of the army."

I was at this time a lieutenant of a Maryland company in the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and our lieutenant colonel was Fitzhugh Lee. He was a splendid horseman, and, when well mounted, a very conspicuous figure. He had been instructor of cavalry tactics at West Point, and was an ideal soldier, and at that early age the idol of the regiment.

One damp day in February, '62, about 100 men were chosen from our regiment, and, under the command of Colonel Lee, started on a scout. It was rumored that we were to strike the enemy's pickets and capture some prisoners as a means of discovering what their intentions were. The roads were very muddy, and after advancing beyond our lines the command was halted for a more perfect formation. Colonel Lee



selected eight men,—two sections of four,—and placed them under the command of an officer and directed him to advance two hundred yards ahead of the main body and to keep his eyes open. He then chose eight other men, all of whom were strangers to me—not being from my company—and placed them under my command, and gave me strict orders to follow the main body at a distance of two hundred yards. We proceeded in this manner probably for a mile, when an incident occurred that in a very marked manner shows the kindness and courtesy of General Lee's disposition and my own egotism and ignorance of discipline at this time.

I left my rear guard and rode up to Colonel Lee, who was at the head of the main body, and complained of the duty he had assigned me. I told him I did not want to be riding along behind everybody else, and that if we were going to attack the enemy I wanted to be up with the advance. I know now that there was scarcely another officer of his rank in the army—especially a West Pointer—that would not have peremptorily ordered me back to my place with a threat to put me under arrest if I dared again to leave my duty for any cause, and I admit that under the same circumstances, two years later, I should have acted that way myself. Colonel Lee, however, very kindly explained to me that he had given that place as “the post of honor,” that although I was farthest from the enemy during the advance, I would be nearest to them when we returned, and our troubles were not likely to be many until we retreated, and he assured me I would have my full share of all the glory. I returned to my command in better spirits, but it was years afterward before I fully appreciated his great consideration.

After riding silently along the road until within about two miles of Falls Church, we turned to the right through heavy timber and proceeded very cautiously for some distance, when suddenly there were several shots from the front and a rapid advance of the main body. I took the gallop and soon got through the woods and out in a long open valley with quite an extended view. Nearly half a mile to the front, upon a sparsely wooded eminence was a blotch of crimson with a thin blue smoke above, where a company of red-legged zouaves were firing in our direction as fast as they could

load. All order had been lost by our people, but all were galloping as fast as they could directly at the enemy. I kept my squad together with some little difficulty and increased the pace, as Colonel Lee's positive order had been to keep just two hundred yards in the rear. Before we got very near, the red blotch disappeared over the hill, followed by all our people, and Colonel Lee on his splendid bay horse, "Dixie," with heavy black ostrich plume in a broad-brim slouch hat, was well to the front. Going at speed we topped the hill, and before I could draw rein, we were right in among all our people, and as they were in great confusion with much desultory firing, it was impossible for me to tell what was going on. I did remember my orders to keep two hundred yards behind, and wheeled my men about and started to the rear. I had scarcely gone the length of my horse, when from the swamp on my right I heard some loud command given, but not thinking it could be meant for me, continued on my way. Immediately it was repeated, and this time I understood I was the party addressed and that the order was to halt and turn back, but I glanced over my shoulder and saw the speaker was a small man, on foot and covered with mud and unknown to me, so I said, "Mind your own business and I will mine." This seemed to aggravate this small man almost to frenzy, and I never did hear such peremptory orders given in so loud a voice and accompanied by some very bad language. Something about the speaker caused me to look again more carefully, and to my horror I saw it was Colonel Lee. "Dixie" had been killed under him while going at full speed, and he had taken a header in the mud, and it was a small wonder that I had not recognized him. I immediately galloped up to him and explained that I thought I was obeying orders, and was told that "circumstances alter cases." He ordered me to dash down to the swamp, dismount, and capture some half dozen men who had taken refuge there and then to end this fight at once.

This was done promptly. We had several prisoners, two badly wounded and two dead. On our side we had one man killed and Colonel Lee's splendid horse. We mounted our prisoners behind some of our cavalymen. Colonel Lee took one of the men's horses. A cart was procured from a nearby

farmer to carry our dead comrade and we returned without further adventure. I understood, in speaking of the matter to some brother officer the next day, Colonel Lee said, "The only officer he had with him worth a damn was that little Maryland lieutenant."

## "GUS" HOPKINS' BATTLE FOR WATER\*

BY AUGUSTUS HOPKINS, OF THE ELIZABETH, N. J., ZOUAVES

This story was sent to me by General J. Madison Drake, Historian, Army and Navy Medal of Honor Legion. The General has commanded this organization of the zouaves since their return from the war in 1865. In October, 1908, the organization visited the Gettysburg battlefield, which they had helped to make sacred nearly half a century before, and among the interesting reminiscences told by some of the survivors was this one.—EDITOR.

AFTER the zouaves had descended Cemetery Hill, and the automobiles in which they were making a tour of the field had stopped at what is known as "Spangler's Spring," which flows as freely to-day as in those terribly hot days in July, 1863, when the life of the nation was supremely at stake, and two hundred thousand men at that point were locked in deadly embrace, "Gus" sprang from the vehicle, and, after quenching his thirst from a gourd filled with the crystal fluid, told the following story:

"Boys," said he to the zouaves, "to the last breath of my life I shall never forget an adventure I had at this spring at midnight, July 2, 1863. Our corps—the Twelfth,—as you know, occupied the extreme right of our army during the last two days of the battle, and it was along Rock Creek here, after repulsing two fierce attacks of Ewell's Corps, that we had a lively and interesting time with the Johnnies in preventing them from outflanking our corps, thus saving our army from defeat, if not capture.

"It was as hot as Hades, if that place is as warm as some men represent it, in these woods that 2d of July night. Not a breath of air was stirring—all was as still as death. With

\*As told on the field of Gettysburg in 1908, forty-five years after.

others, I was suffering intensely for the want of water; so much so, in fact, that my tongue at times cleaved to the root of my mouth. I couldn't have expectorated had I tried, so terrible and burning was my thirst, so parched was my throat, and I determined to procure water, however difficult and dangerous the undertaking. Collecting half a dozen empty canteens belonging to the dead and dying about me, I started down the steep hill toward this spring, which I had located during the afternoon, and which I had since covetously regarded. For hours it had been my heart's desire to reach the spring.

"Within the deep shadows of the woods surrounding me everything was as dark as Erebus, and the silence of death reigned. Not a star was visible through the dense foliage above me, as I cautiously pursued my way, intensely listening for any Johnny, and I finally succeeded in reaching the object of my fondest desire—this blessed spring of water—without discovery or molestation on the part of the exhausted and heavy-sleeping Confederates who I knew must be in close proximity.

"After filling my canteens and myself with copious draughts of the cool and refreshing God-given beverage until I thought my skin would explode, remembering very well what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina on a certain memorable occasion, and well satisfied with the success that had attended my efforts, I started on my return to our lines, and when about halfway up the long and tiresome hill was suddenly set upon by a powerfully built man, who sprang from behind a tree, and seized me with a vise-like grip at my throat, hissing, 'You're my prisoner.'

"In the life and death struggle which instantly followed, I dropped my rifle and grappled with the fellow, whom I quickly threw to the ground, and as he retained his hold I went down with him. I was no slouch in those days in a rough and tumble scratch, and after a desperate struggle, in which I nearly squeezed the life out of him, I finally put him to sleep by hitting him on the head with a canteen—then deeming discretion the better part of valor, I took to my heels and was soon among my friends in the Twentieth, who rejoiced to get the water I procured.



"Lieutenant Colonel Wooster, learning of the matter a few days afterward, instead of court-martialing me for leaving camp without permission, made me a sergeant. The next afternoon Pickett made his superb charge across those deadly fields in the valley against our living wall of blue on Cemetery Hill, but all I saw or heard of it was the comparatively harmless shot and shell which came bounding over the hill from the right of Seminary Ridge, where Longstreet's corps was posted, and on the fourth we commenced our long chase of Lee to the left bank of the Potomac River, which General Meade gave him ample time to cross with what remained of his gallant but defeated army."

General Drake adds these words: "May not the zouaves, while bivouacing on the sun-lit and ever-glorious field of Gettysburg, have seen phantom charges, with long lines melting away even as the snows of winter under the genial sunshine of springtime.—ghosts in blue and gray grappling at the spring and on the grassy hillsides?"

"May it not be possible that our dead heroes reassemble at Gettysburg and live over again those three momentous July days, when they helped to decide the fate of a continent, and hewed out through the red soil of human flesh a path that is to be followed by all mankind."

## A MODEST REQUEST

BY A MEMBER OF THE 2D MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS

The following funny little story was sent to me by a good soldier and thoroughly reliable gentleman, but was sent without any other authorship than the above. Knowing it to be reliable, I publish the article just as sent.—EDITOR.

BEFORE beginning the march through Maryland in 1862 to head Lee's invading army, the troops were commanded in general orders to observe decorum and show respect to its citizens and their property. Similar orders had been given in Virginia, during Pope's campaign, just ended. Here, however, there was a distinct feeling they carried more weight, and the most predatory "bummer" among us felt he must curb his mischievous propensities, restrain his rapacious appetite, and soften his rude soldier speech and manner.

While the 2d Maryland expected, in the nature of things, to deal kindly with their own, many passing in sight of their homes, the beneficial effects of these orders were very perceptible everywhere among the troops, a condition most amusingly illustrated by "Squibby" Dennis, of Co. D, who had a most matter of fact way of utilizing, and heretofore an unrestrained fancy for, other people's belongings. "Squibby," however, in Maryland was on his good behavior, and his diplomatic request of the good housewife, as she stood smilingly at the well by the roadside, at which the passing soldiers quenched their thirst, was worthy of a Talleyrand, and but for his captain's call to ranks would have met with a rich reward from the loyal woman, as it had already her high appreciation. Those who remember "Squibby" can imagine the sly fellow, and see his keen, sharp, comic phiz as, with cap in hand, he humbly approached the good dame and solemnly begged:

"Please, marm, give me a drink of water; I'm so hungry I don't know where to sleep at."

## GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR AT SPOTTSYLVANIA

By R. D. FUNKHOUSER, COMMANDING CO. D, 49TH VIRGINIA  
INFANTRY, C. S. A.

No other circumstance of the war has attracted more attention than the references to General Lee when, in the crisis between defeat and victory, he rode in front of his soldiers, ready to lead them in the charge. This heroic man, generally so calm and self-possessed, flames like an archangel, and inspires all about him with his own elevated yet steadfast intention. As the following incident so impressed me, I think its narration by one who was there may be of interest to many who prefer fact to fiction. I therefore relate it as I saw it, on that memorable 12th day of May, 1864.

I was first lieutenant of Co. D, 49th Virginia Infantry, Pegram's Brigade and Gordon's Division.

General Grant began his "On to Richmond," by crossing the Rapidan River, May 4, 1864. The terrible battles of the Wilderness and Parker's Store were fought on May 5th and 6th. Grant being worsted, he began his "slide-around" policy, only to find Lee boldly confronting him every time, and especially at Spottsylvania Court House on the eve of Sunday, May 8th, after a tortuous march through the Wilderness, which was on fire, occasioned by shells exploding in the dry leaves, and it burned up to the road on both sides; this, on a scorchingly hot day in May, made it pretty hot weather. It was evident for the three days intervening that preparations were being made for a tremendous conflict, and it came in due time. In the meantime, the famous horseshoe and other earthworks were created for our protection, and a sortie was made by the enemy, on the eve of the 10th, near the Crow house, a little to the left of the horseshoe, and was carried, but was speedily retaken with considerable loss on both sides, the enemy losing

two generals. On that day, and on the 11th, our brigade was used as a support, consequently we occupied a second line. On the morning of the 12th we moved up to the front line, immediately on General Johnston's left, who occupied the toe of the horseshoe, which was mainly a thicket. Our position was in a small open field, and a little to our left and rear was a narrow strip of land like an isthmus. We doubled upon and supported the Louisiana brigade (Mays'). I said to one of the "tigers" (Wheat's battalion formerly), "What's the matter here? You've had us waked up before day, and brought us out of our shelter in the rain." He replied, "We will have the Yankees over here directly to take breakfast with us."

It was hardly dawn, and pouring rain, when General Hancock, with 40,000 men, assailed Johnston's division in the toe of the horseshoe, when his 3600 men, as brave as the world ever saw, were overpowered and captured with their commander, who had won the sobriquet of "Bull Johnston." We being immediately on their left, thought, of course, the triumphant enemy would naturally pay their respects to us next. A gallant Louisiana officer, Colonel Bruce Munger, I think it was, sprang out of the ditch and said, "Men, don't be scared; be steady and follow me; I'll take you out." Almost the next minute he fell dead.

So we moved out, apparently every fellow for himself. Soon we were halted by Colonel A. J. Pendleton, who said to me, "Capain, stay here at all hazards till I return." He started on a gallop for General Ewell's headquarters. My attention was called to a thicket which we would either have to pass through or flank around and, through the little opening already described, and to my horror, the Yankees were going up an old hollow road at trail arms and double quick, to cut us off. I called to Colonel Pendleton, and pointed toward the enemy. With a motion of his hand he indicated to us to flank around the thicket, which we did in a hurry, marching within seventy yards of our adversaries, who seemed to be forming to charge us. And when we got around the thicket into the second field, we came to a halt without orders from anyone, having then but little organization.

On looking around I saw General Lee, alone, I think; he was calmly sitting on his gray horse. I said to Captain J. B.

Updyke, "Here's General Lee." He joined me with others who had just come up, in saying, "General Lee to the rear." General Gordon then rode up and said, addressing General Lee, "General, these are Virginians; they have never failed to do their duty, and they never will, but they don't want you to expose uselessly your valuable life. You go to the rear, and they will follow me, won't you, boys?" All shouted, "Yes, yes!" Then Sergeant William A. Compton, who had volunteered in my company at the age of seventeen, took hold of the bridle of General Lee's horse, and led him back through the ranks of my company and regiment; the men made an opening at my instance, at motion of my sword. General Gordon spurred his horse into the thicket, saying, "Charge, men! Follow me!" Madly the veterans burst on the foe, whose ranks were torn and whose columns were riven. The breast-works were retaken, and the day was ours. General Lee, no doubt, saw the crisis had come. His army was cut in two, and he was willing to risk all on one throw, and *he won!*



STORMING OF FORT STEADMAN, ON HARES HILL,  
FRONT OF PETERSBURG, VA., MARCH 25, 1865

BY R. D. FUNKHOUSER, ACTING LIEUTENANT COLONEL,  
49TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, C. S. A.

I COMMANDED Co. D of the 49th Virginia Infantry ("Extra Billy" Smith's regiment), Pegram's Brigade (Early's first), Walker's Division, Gordon's Corps (formerly Stonewall Jackson's), Army of Northern Virginia, which occupied the trenches in front of Fort Steadman and covering Petersburg. Gentle reader, were you ever in a siege? It is the most dismal work mortal man can undertake, and to withstand starvation, cold, loss of sleep, shot and shell night and day for weary weeks and even months, and notwithstanding that there was in our front one of the most formidable earthworks that military skill and modern science could devise and erect, and manned by many heavy guns, and the best-equipped soldiers in the world, besides two lines of *chevaux-de-frise* to obstruct an assault or night surprise, guarded by continuous chains of pickets to give timely warning of approaching danger—notwithstanding all this, we were aroused at two o'clock on the morning of March 25, 1865, and told by staff officers to form our men and prepare for action at once. I also received orders to turn over my company to the next officer in rank to command it, while I was to take command of the regiment as lieutenant colonel, being the second officer in rank present. All was hurry and confusion, and I realized for the first time in my life that I was a member of a forlorn hope, arrayed to storm the Ciudad Rodrigo of America, and marvelous to say, we won. It was dark, cold and forbidding. Our brigade sharpshooters, under the command of Captain Anderson, who lost his life in the charge, advanced in front with axmen, who

cleared an opening through the *chevaux-de-frise*, which seemed to be done almost instantaneously. When we charged through in four ranks at double quick, filing to the right and left without a moment's pause, we went with their fleeing sentinels right into the fort, which took the Yankees completely by surprise, hundreds of them being asleep in their bomb-proofs. Our chief suffering was afterward occasioned by the enemy's guns to the right of us, to the left of us, and to the front of us, as a narrator said of the charge of the famous six hundred at Balaklava. We were very much elated at first, as we thought we had won a great victory, having captured sixty guns and two or three thousand prisoners. The latter were sent promptly to the rear. But as General Lee's plan failed to work out, on account of his troops ordered to reinforce not arriving in time to support us, and our present position being untenable, the troops became very much demoralized under the merciless shelling, and seemed to have lost their organization, and even the generals almost despaired in their efforts to get the men in the ranks to obey the order just received, to assault the enemy's second line of works. Our brigade commander, Colonel J. G. Kasey, said to me: "Form your men and charge forward." We succeeded in getting a few men in line and I moved forward, jumped a sewer ditch, and was followed by three men, the rest having gone back behind a bomb-proof. At this moment the concussion of a shell knocked me down, senseless and breathless; the men started to carry me back, when another shell exploded and they let me fall, and they ran for shelter. The fall revived me, and I followed them back under cover. After a short pause, we succeeded in forming the men all along the line, and we moved forward at double quick and in good spirits, giving the Rebel yell. I remember charging with Colonel Kasey near me, according to an understanding we had to keep near each other. Reaching the line of works it became necessary to move to the left to give room for the troops to come in on our right, and in so doing we had to pass an opening in the breastworks for artillery and supply wagons to pass through. This was literally piled up with dead and wounded men, and we had to crawl over them. Soon we saw the Yankees flanking on the right front. Colonel Kasey sent Captain R. N. Wilson to advise General Walker of the danger

thus threatening us, he having told us to hold our present position at all hazards. No word ever reached us in reply, although General Walker sent three couriers to order us to retreat. (This I learned since the war.) I finally said, "Colonel, we ought to get out of this place." He replied, "It is too late." Then I said to those of my command, "Boys, you are at liberty to stay here or try to get out; I'm going." I heard of but three men starting after me, and one of them fell sick by the wayside, and Lieutenant Wilson and one man followed on. I was met by an officer in an old hollow road which I had found and was keeping in for shelter; he halted me and demanded my surrender, saying that they (the Yankees) had the works then between us and Lee's army; on seeing Lieutenant Wilson and the man with the gun coming to my rescue, we took the Yankee captain against his protest, and on arriving at their first line of works, sure enough, the Yankees were there; they invited us,—captors and captive,—to take shelter in the ditch from General Lee's guns, which seemed to threaten the destruction of everything within their reach. The firing soon ceased, however, and we three were marched back to join our fellow prisoners. It was dismal indeed. We were all at General Crawford's headquarters, and the spectacle was a sad one; victory had suddenly been turned to defeat and 1900 men and 112 officers were now prisoners of war. These were veterans of all the great battles of the war thus far, and were of Stonewall Jackson's old corps. No wonder, when a dashing-looking young officer of General Crawford's staff,—Lieutenant Cook,—rode up and addressing me, as I was standing nearest him, said, "You took us by surprise this morning. You seem to look used up; here's something refreshing; have a drink?" Drawing his flask from under his cloak, he courteously and kindly said, while handing it to me, and I was respectfully handing it back to him, "There's more. Call a friend." I called two and finally a third person, who finished it up, and we were sorry he did not have a barrel, and I believe he was too, and if Lieutenant Cook is living, and he sees this writing and recognizes the incident, I should be very glad to hear from him.

It was indeed surprising to us Confederate prisoners to see that General Grant, with a fight on hand, was holding a grand

review of the reserves, or portions of his vast army which had not been engaged in the fight that day. President Lincoln was with Grant, and with the General and staff rode by us seemingly not the least concerned and as if nothing had happened. And now we all, of the Confederates, with one accord agreed that our cause was lost. We did this as we saw Grant's vast army, well equipped and well fed, assembled to pay their respects to a skeleton in numbers and personal appearance too.

After being marched about two miles to their military depot, and standing near General Meade's headquarters till after night, we were loaded on their military railway cars and hauled to City Point on the James River, twenty miles distant. On arrival at midnight we were greeted with a tin cup full of sure enough coffee and good rations. This was the first we had had for thirty hours; we then lay down in their barracks and had a good sleep. Indeed so sound was it that someone relieved my friend, Colonel F. M. McMasters, 17th South Carolina Regiment, of his overcoat. In about a week we reached Fort Delaware, where I remained until June 18, 1865, when, upon being released, I went home.

## FROM MANASSAS TO MALVERN HILL—A SERIES OF FIGHTS

BY R. D. FUNKHOUSER, 2D LIEUTENANT, 49TH VIRGINIA  
INFANTRY, C. S. A.

I WAS the son of a plain but well-to-do farmer near Bentonville, Va., and was something of a farmer myself when the war began. I had a little old-time schooling, obtained in an old log schoolhouse, the prevailing college of the rural sections in those days.

Early in 1861 I assisted in organizing an infantry company, with eighty-four men, and I was elected 2d lieutenant therein. The captain was made major and died, another captain was killed, so was a lieutenant; another captain was wounded, and Lieutenant Brown was captured, and was one of the immortal six hundred Confederate prisoners sent to Morris Island under the so-called retaliation act, and I thus became the company's commander. We remained at Front Royal drilling, and having our gray uniforms made, until July 16, 1861, when we reported to Colonel William Smith ("Extra Billy"), at Manassas Junction, fifty miles distant, for duty.

On the morning of July 21st we were bivouacked near the Lewis house, six miles west of Manassas, and within four hundred yards of the Henry house, which was destined to become the key to the great strategic move of that day, although I think it was a surprise to our generals, for they expected the conflict to take place on the line of Bull Run, five or six miles east, or to the right of us. Perhaps, through sympathy occasioned by our awkward appearance, we were sent there to be out of harm's way, having just received our guns (since our arrival at Manassas), without cartridge boxes or bayonet scabbards, and we had to carry the cartridges in our pockets, with bayonets fixed on the ends of the guns.



I have often thought what a ludicrous appearance we must have presented to the famous New York Zouaves, the red-breeched fellows we encountered later that day. They who had been drilled and equipped to perfection by the bloods of New York city, and were considered Uncle Abe's especial pets, but fortunately for us they did not wait long to observe us at that Henry house hill, when we charged into them and took Ricketts' Battery, which they were supporting, which charge on our part gave General Thomas J. Jackson his sobriquet of "Stonewall."

Having been formed, we went immediately in on the left of the 33d Virginia, which was Jackson's left in his brigade formation. We went into the fight with but three companies, which was the nucleus of the 49th Virginia Regiment. Four men were killed and eighteen wounded from our company. This was my first fight, and I cannot describe my feelings; I can only say that the change was a terrible one,—that from a peaceful, happy home of my days of youth when the Sabbath was a day of sweet rest and worship, to this Sabbath, my first in war.

It was a singular coincidence that our company and regiment were thrown into the balance when the crisis had come at the first battle of Manassas, and also on the ever-memorable May 12th, 1864, at Spottsylvania Court House, when General Lee offered to lead the 49th Virginia Regiment (Pegram's, Early's old brigade) to retake the works just lost by the capture of General Johnston's Division of 3600 men. Methinks I can now see General Lee, and hear the famous Rebel yell that was raised when his horse was led back and we charged.

We wintered around Manassas Junction 1861 and 1862, until March 9th, when we left Manassas and went to Yorktown, where we were confronted by General McClellan's grand Army of the Potomac.

General Joe Johnston's army from Manassas having gone down to release General J. B. McGruder's small force, the evacuation of Yorktown by our forces and the famous peninsular retreat began on the night of May 4th, and on reaching Williamsburg, twelve miles distant, we made a stand, where the stubborn battle of Williamsburg took place on May 6th, and that night we were standing in line of battle, in the midst

of a dreadful downpour of rain, and as wet as water could make us. We were in front of some huts which General Magruder's troops had wintered in. The night was very dark and Lieutenant Updyke and I groped into one of the huts, and feeling about, found something soft to lay our heads on, and soon we were fast asleep. A cannon ball crashed through our shanty, and the rattle of shingles and shower of "dobbin" and debris woke us up. We started to decamp in a great hurry, when the lieutenant said, "I've lost my hat, have you a match?" and when I struck one, behold, there was a large Newfoundland dog, lying stark dead, and that had served as our pillow. We did not stop to hold a post mortem to find out the cause of his death, for just then another shell came crashing over our heads, which rather suggested unhealthful conditions for us.

My first really close call was at Seven Pines, May 31st, when we were marching in line of battle through that almost impenetrable swamp, sluiced with water from recent rains. I was following in the wake of Corporal G. W. Fox, a file chosen, it being my position in line of battle. When Fox was stepping around a tree, he stopped to push some limbs to one side, and I stepped with my right foot forward. I withdrew it, and pushed by on the other side of the tree, instead of waiting for him to get out of my way. Just then a shell exploded, and took off one of poor Fox's legs.

We went into the fight with forty-six men, and only twenty-two came out unhurt. We were then in General George B. Anderson's brigade, with two Georgia and one North Carolina regiments, the latter commanded by Colonel Byron Grymes, afterward major general, whose acquaintance I had formed. Among the brush and fallen trees we became mixed and were being badly cut up, but still trying to advance, when I noticed Colonel Grymes riding near me, carrying his regimental flag on his horse, the flag-bearer having been shot down. I called to him to let me carry the flag, as he was likely to be killed; he calmly replied, "Lieutenant, your life is worth as much as mine." I did not think of the awkward looks of a Virginian carrying a North Carolina flag for them. He was a most gallant soldier and a splendid gentleman. He went through the entire war, only to be waylaid and killed

by an assassin, in the 'seventies. General Joe Johnston having been wounded in the Seven Pines fight, General R. E. Lee became our commander, when we settled down to the defense of Richmond in earnest. General McClellan's army was in dangerous proximity, and we confronted each other for twenty-five days, and vigilance was the watchword day and night. When Stonewall Jackson came down from the valley of Virginia and attacked McClellan's flank, his famous retreat began, ending at Harrison's Landing, fighting, *en route*, the battles of Gaines' Mills, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill, besides many heavy skirmishes, such as taking Grape Vine, White Oak, and Chickahominy bridges. I think the heaviest artillery fire we were under was at Frazier's Farm.

The next morning our brigadier general rode up to our colonel and said, "I want to get an officer to volunteer to take command of forty-five sharpshooters to charge the bluecoats out of that barn in sight." It looked like a very forbidding undertaking. As no one offered to go, our colonel said to me, "Lieutenant, will you go?" I put on a bold front and said, "Certainly, if you wish me to." Now I want to say that, while I took command and moved forward at double quick it was with tremendous trepidation, and I was greatly relieved when those fellows in the barn, sixty-two of them, ran up a white flag and surrendered without resistance, they having learned that after daylight the entire army had left the night before for Malvern Hill, without withdrawing their pickets, leaving a half-mile of knapsacks behind them. These looked mighty tempting to us, but we had no time to inspect them, and we hastened to follow on, as my command constituted the advance guard. We went into the fight at Malvern Hill, which ended the seven days around Richmond.

A MARRIAGE IN CHICAGO—THE HONEYMOON IN  
ANDERSONVILLE—A YANKEE BABY BORN IN  
ANDERSONVILLE—KINDNESS OF  
CONFEDERATES

BY J. W. KERR, SURGEON, C. S. A.

DURING the spring of 1863 (I think in June) Captain Harry Hunt of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Jennie Scadden of Chicago were married. Captain Hunt, being a captain of a coasting vessel running out of New York, took a number of his wedding guests and went out to sea for a little pleasure cruise. While out at sea a Federal revenue cutter came up with them and forced Captain Hunt to go down on the coast of North Carolina for a load of corn. Captain Hunt was not allowed to go back to New York to land his guests, but had to take them with him. While loading his vessel in Albemarle Sound, "Johnnie Rebs" ran on them and captured the whole party, but after they were captured, the "Johnnies," finding that the passengers all belonged to a wedding party, turned all loose except Captain Hunt, and sent them through the lines, except Mrs. Hunt, who absolutely refused to leave her husband, as they only had been married about a week, and as he did not belong to the army, she thought he could not be held as a prisoner of war; but "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," and so it was with them, for Captain Hunt was sent to Augusta, Ga., and Mrs. Hunt went with him. From there, both were sent to Andersonville prison, either in June or the first of July, 1863.

On the Fourth of July, 1864, I arrived at Andersonville Prison, having been ordered there to take charge of building of hospitals and the hospital there. I got there just after dark and went to my office, which was located in the star



fort at the southwest corner of the prison. I had been there only a few moments when I heard a little infant crying. I asked one of the guards what that meant and he told me that a prisoner's wife had a baby only three days old. The next morning I went out to see her and found her and the infant in a little Sibley tent in the most abject poverty I ever saw. Some months before this, some of the Federal prisoners had split the back end of the tent where Captain Hunt and she stayed, and stolen their trunk, with all her wedding clothes and all their money, some five or six thousand dollars, leaving only some dirty clothes, the clothing she was wearing, and some few dollars that the captain happened to have on his person. Mrs. Hunt was lying on an old cot and had barely enough clothes to hide her nakedness. She had torn up an old calico wrapper and made three little slips for the baby, and they, with some pieces of an old tent fly for diapers, were all the clothing the baby had. I found Mrs. Hunt a very intelligent, well-reared lady, about twenty-one years old. I immediately drew up a petition to General Winder, the commandant of the post, to allow her and the baby to be sent out in the country and boarded out, and had all the surgeons at the post, sixty in number, to sign it, which took several days, but by the time she was able to be moved, I had gotten all the names signed to the petition. I took it to General Winder and he read it and asked me what it meant; that he thought he had sent her away. I told him no, that I had understood he had sent one lady away, but that this was Captain Hunt's wife and that she was still in prison. He then remarked, "I wish I could send her out as you suggest, but, doctor, it is against the rules of war, and I am not allowed to do it." I then said to him, "General, there are many things that we meet in war that we have to shut our eyes to." He looked at me for a few seconds, closed his eyes and turned to his desk and said, "I don't see anything in the world." I said no more, but understood what he meant, and left the office. I went out in the country about one and a half miles from the prison, to an old farmer named Smith, and asked him to board her, but he was afraid for fear the Confederate soldiers would arrest him for boarding her. I told him that I would give him a certificate that would protect him. He



then said, "Go and talk to my wife." I did, but she at first refused positively to take her. Said I, "Mrs. Smith, have you any daughters?" She said, "Yes, sir." I then said, "Suppose one of your daughters should get married and go off on a little wedding tour, and the Federal soldiers should capture her and her husband, and put them in a Northern prison and keep them there for a year, and she was to become a mother there, and some kind-hearted Northern man was to try to get her boarded out in the country where she and her babe could be cared for, how would you feel if no one would take her because she was a Southern woman?" The big tears were rolling down her cheeks as she spoke, and these tears spoke, louder than words, the feelings of her heart. The next morning I got on the train and went up to Macon, Ga., and called on a friend of mine who had been merchandising when the war broke out and asked if he had any goods or remnants in his store, and told him what I wanted. We went to his storehouse, and found several remnants of flannels, calico, domestics, and several little things needed. He then took me to another place, to a friend of his, and there got quite a little lot of just the things we needed, in all, about six hundred dollars' (Confederate money) worth. This meant about thirty dollars' worth in gold. I returned to Andersonville with the goods and gave them to a negro prisoner that I had paroled to attend to my office, and told him to take them to Mrs. Hunt, and tell her that a man got off the train and gave them to him, after asking him if there was not a Yankee prisoner's wife there with a little baby, and for him to take the things to her; that he did not know him at all, and that he believed he was a Yankee officer, as he had a big duster, but that he had a blue coat under the duster (I had put on a blue blouse on purpose). And I told the negro, Jack, that if he let Mrs. Hunt know that I had sent the goods to her I would put him back in the stockade at once. She told Jack that he was lying, and that she knew it was I, but Jack swore by all that was holy, that he had not seen me at all, and that it was not I. I did not want her or her husband to know that I had sent them. I did not want them to feel under any obligations to me on that account.

The next morning I took Mrs. Hunt out to Mrs. Smith's,

and when we reached there, Mrs. Smith met us at the ambulance, and put her arms around Mrs. Hunt's neck and kissed her, and told her she would be a mother to her, which she was as long as Mrs. Hunt was there.

In the meantime I had made Captain Hunt a hospital wardmaster, with a parole to go to Mr. Smith's and stay with his wife every night. When they had been out there some six weeks, Professor Joseph Jones was ordered to Andersonville to make post-mortem examinations and, if possible, discover the cause of the great mortality among the prisoners. I was compelled to assist him, and had to turn over my office to the head clerk of the post surgeon,—Dr. R. R. Stevenson, who, the first morning, in making out the morning reports, reported Mrs. Hunt as boarded out, while I had had her in prison on my reports. As soon as the report went to headquarters, a telegram was sent General Winder asking by what authority he was boarding prisoners out in the country, and ordering him to bring her in at once. He immediately sent for me and handed me the telegram and told me that I must bring her in at once, which I positively refused to do. He then said, "If you won't, then I shall have to do it." So I told him he could if he wished to, but that I would not. So he ordered me to send my ambulance driver to him to get his orders, which I did, but I also told the driver that after he got General Winder's orders, then to come back to me for mine. So when he came back I told him what was the matter, and to go down into the bottom below the prison and to stay there till I sent for him if it was a week; that I would send for him and his team, if I did not send for him alone, that evening; that I would not allow Mrs. Hunt brought in until I had prepared a place to keep her. I then went to my foreman and told him to go to the quartermaster and get a wall tent; I told him where to put it up, to put two good cots, chairs and table in it, and to go at once to the lumber yard and get lumber and put up another cottage exactly like the five he had just put up for the Confederate wardmaster, and to put it by their side, and to have it done by sun-up the next morning. He said, "Doctor, I can't do it." I told him that he *must*, and told him why. (He was a prisoner on parole.) I said to him, "Take ten men, and if that is not enough, take

twenty; if they couldn't do it, take fifty or a hundred, but a two-room cottage must be there to-morrow at sun-up." He said, with an oath, "It'll be there." In the early morning, just as the sun rose, the last nail was driven.

Mrs. Hunt was brought in as soon as the tent was put up, and had been there but a few minutes, when the negro Jack came by and she hailed him and said, "Jack, I am surprised that you, a prisoner, and I a prisoner, and you could lie to me as you did about those goods." Jack replied, "Miss Jennie, I didn't lie to you." Mrs. Hunt said, "Jack, don't tell me any more lies, for Dr. Kerr has already acknowledged that he sent them; now don't lie any more about them." Jack stood looking perfectly crestfallen and said, "Well, Miss Jennie, if the Doctor has acknowledged it, I needn't deny it any longer." She had completely caught Jack, and had found out that I had sent the goods to her that made her and her babe the underclothes and dresses that lasted until the war closed and they were released the next spring.

The next morning after the house was finished I had her and Captain Hunt moved into it, and a few hours afterward the Captain came into my office and handed me a letter from Mrs. Hunt written in the finest language. It was the most touching letter I ever read in my life, thanking me for the interest I had taken in her and her darling little Harry (the boy), a namesake of his father. In this letter was a splendid diamond breastpin which belonged to Captain Hunt, and begged that I would accept it as a gift, and token of their appreciation of me, and the hope that I would wear it as long as I lived for her sake and the baby's. I immediately sat down and wrote her positively refusing to accept the pin in their impoverished condition, and handed the letter and pin to Captain Hunt, and told him to read it. I had written in the letter that I would buy the pin and give them every cent it was worth and wear it with equal pleasure, under the circumstances, as if it was a gift. Captain Hunt read the letter and said, "Doctor, you need not send that letter to Jennie, for there is not enough Confederate money made to buy that pin, but we want you to wear it for Jennie and the baby." I told him he need not ask me to do so, for I would not. Two days afterward, Captain Hunt came into the office very hurriedly

and said, "Doctor, little Harry is taken sick, and Jennie wants you to come at once and see him." I told him to go on, that I was too old to be caught that way. He said, "I am not trying to fool you, come on." Out he went in almost a run to the house, which was in front of my window, some sixty yards off. In a few moments, I saw him come to the door and look out and turn as if talking to his wife; he then whirled and came back to the office quite rapidly, and came up on the steps and said, "Doctor, please come on, I am not trying to fool you," and then back he went in a hurry. After he left I thought possibly the baby *was* sick, and I should be very sorry if it was, and I not see it, for it was "The Child of the Regiment;" so I picked up my case and went to the house. The door was standing about half open. As I stepped in, Mrs. Hunt was behind the door and stepping out she threw her arms around my neck, and with tears streaming down her cheeks said, "Doctor, I will never turn you loose until you promise me you will wear the pin for me and my baby as long as you live." Before I could answer her, Captain Hunt came up behind me and, grasping my arms, held them fast until Mrs. Hunt placed the breastpin in my shirt bosom, and *I wear it still*, and unless some unforeseen accident happens, I shall wear it as long as I live. I have lost it three times in the forty-six years, (October, 1910), but fortunately found it each time.

I have tried every way I know of to find Captain Hunt and his wife, but have been entirely unable to do so, and I have at last concluded that perhaps he was under an assumed name in the prison. It was three years or more before I could get in communication with Chicago trying to find Mrs. Hunt's father, Thomas L. Scadden, but he had left there shortly after Captain Hunt and Jennie married, and I could get no trace of him. And this too with the assistance of some of the Chicago officers for more than a year. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic have also helped me but, thus far, all in vain. I should be delighted to hear from them, or from little Harry. Of course I do not know whether they are living or dead; I most sincerely wish I did.



## THE FIGHT AT DECATUR, JULY 22, 1864

BY REV. THOMAS HARWOOD, CHAPLAIN OF THE 25TH  
WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS

It was here that the Second Brigade of the Seventeenth Army Corps, including the 25th Wisconsin Volunteers, of which I was chaplain, had to retreat before General Wheeler's cavalry. We were camped south of the railroad of the town, and our regiment and others had been called out to meet the advancing foe. The doctor and I were left with the ambulance corps of fifteen or twenty or more ambulances, with sick and wounded men.

At about ten or eleven, the shells of the enemy's guns began to fly over quite rapidly. The doctor said, "Chaplain, we must get out of this." He ordered the ambulances hitched up, and to follow him as rapidly as possible to the field hospital. I remained until the last ambulance was filled with the sick and wounded, and crossed over the railroad, at the only place in sight where we could cross. Just as the last ambulance was over, and I with it, I heard for the first time in the army, the command, "Retreat." It came from General Sprague of the brigade. As he gave the command, he and his staff whirled and went as rapidly as their horses could carry them. The ambulances also in a fast trot, and sometimes in a gallop, hurried away under the bursting shells. I could not keep up with the General and his staff, and wheeled to the right, under cover of the trees and bushes. The shells were screaming through the woods, cutting off limbs, some of them falling upon the horse and rider. One shell struck a sapling, and knocked the bark off, which struck me on the arm. A shell passed right under the horse's neck and exploded. As I came out of the woods, and reached the main



street of the town, I found the brigade in line of battle, holding the enemy at bay for a while. As I rode up, a poor boy was wounded. I jumped off the horse and drew him up in the saddle on the sidewalk. I had a few handfuls of oats for the horse in a sack, and put in under the boy's head for a pillow. Soon another was wounded, and I put him on my horse and told him to make for the field hospital. He did, and was saved. Soon we were called farther uptown to another wounded man, and we put him in the rear of the courthouse, where we had made a temporary hospital. The colonel saw me, and excitedly asked, "Chaplain, do you know where the major and the other three companies are?" I answered, "Uptown, fighting for all there is in it." He asked, "Can you get there?" "Yes," I replied, "I'm going now to bring out another wounded man." He said, "Tell the major to rally to the flag at the courthouse." Quicker than I am in telling it, they were off on the double quick, a half mile or more for the courthouse, leaving me, stretcher bearers and wounded men. As we were hurrying along up the street, a shell came plowing through the roof of a house and exploded a little beyond. Two women came running out, partially dressed, and cried out, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" We said, "Ladies, rally to the courthouse," at which they inquired, "How shall we get there?" I replied, "We are going there, and I will go with you." They gave their skirts a tight twist, and almost flew, leaving me behind. The boys, including the wounded men, all laughed, to see the Rebel women outrun the chaplain. Just as we reached the flag the order was again given to retreat, which we did in pretty good order. We went to the place we made our stand, which was a mile from town. About eleven o'clock that night we went back with our ambulances, gathering up our wounded, and the ambulances were filled.

The major returned with the ambulances, but I went back to the town, even into the hotels, where I found a number of our wounded men, nicely placed on beds and couches, being kindly cared for by several ladies. At first I was so overcome at the sight of our wounded and dying men, and being so kindly cared for by those Confederate ladies, that I could hardly speak. As I recovered a little from my feelings, I said,

"Ladies, I am glad to see you here caring for our poor boys." One of them said, "What do you take us to be, sir?" If angels ever looked down complacently upon a scene of kindness and merit, it must have been when they looked down upon those Confederate women, at that midnight hour, caring for those who, just before, had been fighting against them.

## A TOUCHING STORY OF THE DEATH OF NINE CONFEDERATES

BY FRANK S. ROBERTS, CO. C, SECOND GEORGIA BATTALION  
SHARPSHOOTERS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE, C. S. A.

IN the spring of 1864, while the Army of the Tennessee, under General Joseph E. Johnston, was in headquarters at Dalton, Ga., the brigade encamped next to ours moved, the vacated camp being occupied by a brigade of General E. C. Walthall's division. The command busied itself in putting the camp in good condition, and, as the weather was still sharp, fires were built to make things more comfortable. A fire was built at the foot of a very large old oak tree, that was dead, and it burned steadily for a day or two. On Saturday night, the camp having been put in order, the men were assembled at prayer meeting near where the oak tree stood, and in the midst of the service, without any warning, the tree, which had burned through, fell with a crash into the midst of the men, its long limbs reaching out among them, and nine men were killed and a number wounded. This terrible occurrence cast a deep gloom over the entire camp as the news of it spread rapidly.

The next day, Sunday, was a lovely day, and in the afternoon just before sundown, the bodies of the nine men, having been placed in plain coffins, were reverently placed in three large army wagons, the men of the brigade formed in column, and, preceded by a band playing a funeral dirge, they escorted the remains to a piece of woods nearby, on a little knoll, and as the sun was setting, the nine coffins were lowered into the graves prepared for them, three volleys were fired, taps were sounded, and nine gallant men were at rest. I never witnessed a sadder sight in my life, nor did music ever

sound sweeter than that beautiful dirge, carrying sorrow to our hearts as it did. These brave men died far from home, with no loving hands of mother, sister nor wife to lay a flower upon them.

It was not very long after this that the army moved out of winter quarters, to meet General Sherman in that great campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga., where many more of General Walthall's brave men fell in battle.

## THE SAD WAR EXPERIENCES OF TWO IOWA BROTHERS\*

BY H. I. SMITH, CAPTAIN 7TH IOWA INFANTRY

THERE were only two of us, Peter and I. Notwithstanding that we were the only sons of a widowed mother, with two younger sisters, living on a farm in Cerro Gordo, then a frontier county in the State, we had both enlisted early in the war, and were among the first who started for the front. I had gone first, early in 1861, with mother's consent and blessing, with the understanding that my brother should remain at home and work the farm. He stayed, apparently contented, until the following winter, when I returned on a furlough from Mound City hospital, where I had been for treatment for a severe gunshot wound in the right shoulder received at the battle of Belmont, Mo., November 7, 1861.

They laid me on mother's bed when I was brought home. My brother was away at the time and did not return until evening. When he came home, mother told him to go into her bedroom and see who was there. The first intimation he had that I had returned was when he saw me there. I shall never forget his looks at that time. I was very much emaciated from the effects of my wound and the exposure and neglect following, having been left on the battlefield in the hands of the Rebels, and receiving no medical attendance until over twenty-four hours after the battle. He was very much affected at seeing me in that condition. He was then about nineteen years of age, with a form and physique the perfection of manhood and health, well rounded out by a life of toil and privation on the frontier of Iowa. His face at first flushed, then every drop of blood seemed to have left it,

\* Permission of Annals of Iowa.



and it was blanched and hard, and the bloodless lips set in straight, cruel lines. It was some time before he could control his feelings so that he dared attempt to speak. He finally calmed down and talked to me about the war, asked where my regiment was, and a few particulars about my route home, when he said: "I shall have revenge for this. I have been chafing to get away to the front ever since you went to the war, and I can stand it no longer." He said: "Say nothing to mother and sisters about it at present," and he was gone.

He went straight to the front, joined my regiment in time to take an active part in the dangerous and arduous campaign with General Grant, in the siege and capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, being assigned to Lauman's Brigade, which led the charge in the capture of Fort Donelson. He endured all the privations of the rain, mud and snow, away from tents and supplies, in the most inclement season of the year, incident to that campaign; from there he went to Shiloh, where he was wounded in the shoulder by a fragment of a shell, the first day of the battle, being in that portion of the field designated by the Rebels as the "Hornet's Nest," on account of the stubborn resistance encountered at that part of our line—they having been unable to break through at that point. Notwithstanding he was wounded and nearly disabled, he refused to go to the rear, but stayed with his company and fought all through both days of the battle.

By this time I had sufficiently recovered from my wound to be able for light duty, and had returned to my regiment. During the night, between the two days' fight, our regiment was ordered not to move from their tracks, and not a man left the ranks. At dark the battle gradually subsided from a continuous roar of artillery and musketry to a desultory firing here and there along the line, and the men were allowed to lie down on their arms and take a much-needed rest. My brother's place in the ranks came in a road, which had been used through the day by the troops, artillery, ammunition wagons and ambulances, passing back and forth, and, being wet, had been churned into a perfect pudding of mud, on which he spread his blanket and lay down. The night set in dark and rainy, and no fires were allowed in the front. Its stillness was broken by occasional musket shots and the

regular firing of 9-inch shells every fifteen minutes from the gunboats *Lexington* and *Tyler*, which went screeching overhead, bursting among the enemy in the woods beyond, and the moaning of the wounded as they were carried through the lines to the hospital tents in the rear. All night long the tramp of the ambulance corps with the stretchers and loads of suffering humanity could be heard, and the pitiless rain poured down incessantly, making both wounded and well uncomfortable. In the morning my brother got up out of his mud wallow, soaking wet, and so stiff and sore he could scarcely move, leaving his blanket where it lay, but could not be induced to go to the hospital or to the rear. He stayed with the company and participated in the battle until the Rebels were routed and driven from the field. Sunday morning, when the battle began, our regiment was away from our camp on inspection, and was ordered from there to the left of the army without going back to quarters. On our return to our tents after the battle, we found they had been occupied by the enemy. They had gone so suddenly that they had left many of their wounded in our camp. From my tent they had taken everything they could carry, including my violin, and left one of their wounded, a mere youth, whom we tenderly nursed and cared for several days, until he was taken to the field hospital.

My brother had a perfect horror of going to the hospital, and insisted on staying in camp when it was apparent that he was failing every day. He remained with the company until the army was ready to move on the campaign to Corinth, and insisted that he was able to march with the regiment. He fell in with the company with his knapsack, gun and accouterments, and started on the march, only to fall behind the first mile. I dropped back with him and encouraged him by first carrying his gun: he went on a little farther and gave out again. After resting a while I took his knapsack and accouterments, and he went a little farther and gave out again. We sat down beside the road until darkness began to overtake us, when an orderly came along, piloting our regimental teams, and told us that the regiment had gone into camp about two miles beyond, pointing the direction they were. The teamster took my brother's gun and knapsack, but

refused to let him ride, as he had such a load, and had strict orders not to let anyone ride. We started through the woods to camp in the direction indicated by the orderly, leaving the traveled road. We were not yet off the battlefield when darkness overtook us; it began to rain and we got lost, stumbled and wandered around until finally we could see the camp fires, toward which we started. My brother fell into a shallow trench or grave where some of those killed in battle had been buried. The bodies had been entombed just long enough to become decomposed and there being scarcely any earth over them, he got nearly up to his knees in putrified humanity. I pulled him out amid such a horrible stench that I could scarcely stand it, and we made our way to camp, where we arrived about twelve o'clock at night. He smelled so badly that the boys could not stay in the tent with him in that condition, so we stripped him of all his clothing, rolled him up in a blanket and laid him in the tent, as he did not have a change of clothing, and I took his clothes to a creek and washed them out and hung them by the camp fire to dry. He had a burning fever all through the night and was not able to sit up the next morning, so the regimental surgeon sent him back to the hospital in an ambulance.

Until after the battle of Shiloh, the discipline in camp and field had been somewhat lax, and the experience of carelessness and surprise at that time had led the officers to see the necessity of being more strict and watchful for a wary foe, until they had gone almost to the other extreme of strictness and discipline, as they saw the stern fact of a long and pitiless war upon us.

We continued our march and approach to Corinth, skirmishing, fighting, entrenching and advancing every day, and I heard nothing of my brother until about May 10th, when word came to me from the rear that he was on the hospital steamer *City of Memphis* at Pittsburg Landing, dying, and wanted to see me. I went to my colonel, E. W. Rice, and asked him for a two days' leave of absence to go to him. He said he would be willing to grant my request, only that he was afraid I might get captured by the Rebel cavalry, or guerrillas, if I went alone, and suggested that I might get detailed as one of the guards to the wagon trains that were

hauling supplies from our base on the Tennessee River. I told him I would undertake to do so if he would give me permission and a pass; he did so and had it approved by General Davies, our division commander. I looked around among the wagon-masters of the different divisions to find one going to the landing, but could not find any going that day, so I made up my mind to go alone and take the night for it. I made my way to the rear of the army and waited for darkness. As soon as it became dusk I started, skirting the roads so as to avoid meeting or being overtaken by guerrillas or bushwhackers. I heard squads of horsemen several times during the night, when I would skulk in the brush or slide behind trees and wait until they passed. It was too dark for me to discern whether they were friends or foes.

I arrived at the outposts at the landing at daylight, having marched over twenty miles by the road, the latter part of the journey being over the battleground of Shiloh, where I had to pick my way through fallen trees, skeletons of horses, unknown graves and the general debris of the late strife. I encountered a few pickets near the landing, who allowed me to pass.

The gunboats *Lexington* and *Tyler* I could dimly see in the dusky fog, anchored in mid-stream, with their black hulls and big guns looking angrily out of the portholes, guarding the supplies on the bluffs, and the hospital steamer whose bow was stuck in the mud of the bank, with her stern swung out in the stream. It was just getting daylight and there was no stir on board as yet. I stepped upon the gangplank to go on board, when I was confronted by two guards with fixed bayonets, and cold, unfeeling looks, who refused to let me pass. I explained my mission and begged them to allow me to go on board, which they refused to do, saying they had positive orders not to pass anyone. I asked to see the surgeon or officer in charge, but they said he had not yet got up, so I sat down on the bank and waited. The first officer I saw was a young doctor who came out of the cabin, and began fishing over the stern of the steamer. I hailed him and explained to him my errand and asked him to be allowed to go on board and see my brother. He said he could not allow me to do so, giving as a reason that men had got on the boats



upon one pretext or another, and had gone North on French furlough or deserted—that the orders were not to allow any soldiers on board but the guards, nurses and wounded. I told him I would pledge my word as a soldier and a gentleman that if he would grant me an interview with my brother, I would go ashore and return to my regiment at the front at once. I held my pass in my hand and asked him to come and read it for himself, stating that it was given by Colonel Rice and approved by General Davies, but he was inexorable and relentless, and no amount of persuasion would induce him to change or modify his decision; so I sat down sorrowfully on the bank to devise some way to circumvent the orders, or, Micawber-like, “wait for something to turn up.”

I realized that whatever was done must be done soon, as my leave of absence would expire on the morrow, and my regiment was over twenty miles away, and advancing. I was tired, hungry, and footsore from my all-night march. As I sat there eating hardtack and raw bacon, and watching the doctor fishing, he would occasionally look at me, and I fancied he was uneasy and that his heart was softening. He finally hailed me and asked me if I could find him some angleworms for bait. I told him pleasantly I would do my best to do so. I thought if I could find them he would allow me to go on board to see my brother. I dug around the bank with my bayonet, but was unsuccessful, so I went back about half a mile to a field and was fortunate in finding some, and returned and called to him that I had some. He told me to come on board and bring them to him, which I very gladly hastened to do. I went again to the gangplank, and was again stopped by the same guards. I again went and called the doctor, and he ordered them to let me pass. I passed to the stern, handed the bait to the doctor and hurried up the after gangway to the cabin. It was a very large steamer; the staterooms were full of sick and wounded, and there was a long row of cots full, on each side of the cabin. I searched for some time among the crowd of suffering humanity before I found my brother, and when I did I scarcely knew him. He was so emaciated, weak and low as to be hardly able to speak. He was entirely overcome when he saw me; we clasped hands, and I waited for him to grow calm and get strength enough



to talk, which seemed a long time. I was so overcome with grief that I dared not trust myself to speak, and we did nothing for some time but look tearfully into each other's eyes. I could see plainly that I should see him no more after this interview, for the mark of death was plainly on his brow.

We finally got calm and talked a little; with tearful eyes, and a weak, nervous, convulsive motion of his lips, he told me he was aware he had not long to live and was so glad I had come to see him. He was about delivering a message for me to send to mother and the folks at home, when an officer and a detail of soldiers came down the aisle, and with a braggart's important air, which broke so harshly on our feelings of grief and affliction, absolutely drove me from the boat at the point of the bayonets, in the face of my dying brother's pleading and imploring helplessness, and my begging to allow him to finish his last message and to bid me good-by; but it was of no avail; I was mercilessly thrust ashore and I never saw him again.

I saw over four years of service in the war, two and a half in the ranks and the remainder of the time as a commissioned officer, always in the very front, but this was the hardest thing I ever had to bear, either in war or peace.

I realize that after the surprise, the confusion and demoralization during the battle of Shiloh, it was necessary to have strict orders and thorough discipline, but in the face of all this, conceding everything, as time has softened many things and explained others, I still think, and always expect to, that for a cowardly, cold-hearted piece of meanness, *that* capped the climax; and I shall always think that nobody but cowardly officers and soldiers who skulked and sought duty in the rear would ever be guilty of such acts. They certainly might have discriminated in their orders enough to allow my dying brother to finish his message to our widowed mother.

He died on May 12, 1863, among strangers, without a friend to comfort him, on the hospital steamer *City of Memphis*, on his way to Keokuk hospital, and was buried on the banks of the Mississippi River, below Quincy.

Could he only have survived to reach home and lay his suffering and weary head on the mother's bosom that had

nourished him to strength and manhood, to go forth to do battle for his country, he would have died satisfied; and what a comfort it would have been to her through all these long years to have had the privilege of ministering unto him in his last moments.

To this day I have never had the courage to tell our mother the circumstances of his death, and I hope she may never know them.

The recollections of that time, and the circumstances, come back fresh to me over the lapse of more than a third of a century, with a vividness as though it were but yesterday—and they were my saddest experiences of the war.

Since the above was written the dear old mother died, and then this brave, broken-hearted soldier joined his soldier brother by the river “up yonder.”—EDITOR.

## A FOURTH OF JULY IN A SOUTHERN PRISON— ESCAPE—PERILOUS JOURNEY NORTH\*

BY J. MADISON DRAKE, CAPTAIN 9TH NEW JERSEY VOL-  
UNTEER INFANTRY

CAPTURED with most of my company in the sanguinary battle of Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864, by a brigade of Alabamians, under General Archibald Gracie, I was a few hours afterward an inmate of Libby Prison in Richmond. I was subsequently removed to Macon, Ga. Soon after my incarceration in this pen, plans to escape were formed. At Macon and Savannah tunneling projects, requiring painful and patient labor, were cheerfully entered upon, but our labors proved futile. If our keepers failed in their vigilance to detect us, some detestable comrade (?), with a greed for Confederate notes or other favor, would convey to them information of our operations.

At Macon 1800 officers celebrated the Fourth of July, our enthusiasm being raised while the Confederate guards were engaged in the usual morning count to ascertain whether all were present. My gallant comrade, Captain Henry H. Todd, of the 8th New Jersey, fortunately possessed a miniature silk American flag, and taking it from his pocketbook, he held it above his head. The cheering following this was the heartiest I ever heard. The display of that tiny flag caused great excitement on the part of the Confederates, and fearing that something unpleasant to themselves might happen, they withdrew from the yard, soon after, however, returning with a largely

\* Captain Drake, afterward General Drake, received a medal from Congress for great gallantry during the war, this being the highest decoration given by the United States Government.—EDITOR.

increased force. Of course they stopped our singing and speechmaking for a time, but we kept them in a stew all day, as they were compelled to stand in a broiling sun, under arms.

When the yellow fever reached its worst stage in September, we were transported from Savannah to Charleston, myself and others being thrown into the jail yard among vile criminals. In the jail yard I was given accommodations at the foot of the rough scaffold, with a spot of earth three feet by six, and here I was compelled to remain during the long and dreary days and nights. The almost constantly bursting shells from the "Swamp Angel," which sent its screaming compliments to us, had some terrors, but they were insignificant when the dangers from yellow fever were considered. The jail yard was a noisome spot,—a fetid place,—a circumscribed world.

My thoughts weighed heavily upon me during my captivity, but never so painfully as at Charleston, where I had no diversion, even tunneling being out of the question. I had no correspondence with my family or friends, and was profoundly ignorant of events transpiring in the outer world.

Early in October rumors prevailed that we were to be removed to some other point, and believing an opportunity for escape would now present itself, I invited three friends—Captains Harry H. Todd, 8th New Jersey; Alfred Grant, 19th Wisconsin, and J. E. Lewis, 11th Connecticut, to join me in an attempt to regain the freedom we ardently coveted, and for which we had repeatedly and arduously toiled. Providentially, we found a portion of an old school map of South Carolina, and after carefully studying it, quickly decided upon a plan of action.

Next morning, October 6th, 600 of our number were marched to the railroad station, where we took passage on dilapidated cars, attached to which was a rickety, wheezing, wood-burning locomotive. As our long train passed slowly along the outskirts of the pestilential city, we saw a camp on the old race course, filled with the most wretched looking beings it ever fell to my lot to look upon. They were Union soldiers—prisoners of war. Although we were greatly distressed, many of us in rags, covered with filth and vermin, and half starved, others unable to stand on account of scurvy, yet our hearts went out to those brave enlisted men, thus hud-

dled together in the open air, with nothing save the ground for a bed and the sky for a covering.

My three companions and I having matured our plans for flight, all that remained was to put them into execution. During the day I had taken the precaution to remove the percussion caps from the muskets of the seven armed Confederate guards who bore us company in the box car. I did this to prevent the guards from firing in the excitement attending our flight. Darkness was rapidly coming on as our train reached the long wooden structure spanning the Congaree River, a short distance above its confluence with the swift-flowing Wateree. The intense excitement into which our minds had been thrown, the resolve to seek home, friends, and liberty, overcame the sense of peril, and the instant Captain Todd gave the long-expected signal, we each sprang from the swiftly moving car, and for the time at least, were free.

We had no time after reaching *terra firma* to reflect upon the terrors of our new situation. But those rifle flashes—we could not hear their reports, so distant was the train—warned us that if we would have perfect freedom, much remained to be done, and done quickly.

In the midst of a most fearful storm,—indeed a veritable tornado,—we plunged into a dark and forbidding-looking cypress swamp. It was a very disagreeable refuge. We could discover no ground on which to tread, no place to rest our bodies, the water and mud becoming quite deep. But the fierce baying of bloodhounds, and the hoarse voice of our excited pursuers, which we heard all through the long night, admonished us to submit to every discomfort rather than endanger our highly prized freedom.

Convinced that the water through which we had waded had destroyed our trail, and that so long as we remained in our present position the dogs would be unable to reach our hiding place, we studiously avoided all conversation during the night and following day, remaining perfectly quiet. At the close of a wearisome day a new moon rose and we cautiously made our way to the edge of the swamp, which we found at this point to be bordered by a plantation. We now emerged from cover and, skirting the river's bank, pushed forward.

Before leaving Charleston we had taken the precaution to



place pieces of raw onions in our boots, having been advised so to do by an old Tennessee captain, who assured us it would effectually destroy the scent of our footsteps, and thus deprive the dogs of their prey. The moon helped us greatly. Toward daybreak, being weary, we halted for a needed rest, and shortly after resuming our tramp, reached a broad highway, where we found a milestone, marked "27 to C." Having no desire to visit Columbia, whither our comrades had gone the day before, we hastily struck off toward the river, and had gone but a few steps when a pack of ferocious dogs came bounding after us. A long run enabled us to escape, and while we were congratulating ourselves, we suddenly ran almost directly upon three men standing near a sawmill. Darting into a neighboring swamp, we eluded our enemies, who had taken up the chase. A deep and swiftly running stream now confronted us, and unless we could cross it, our capture seemed certain. We found a tree which had fallen across the stream, and we got across and plunged immediately into the depths of a dense jungle. Serpents of various kinds finally compelled us to seek safety on the trunk of a huge pine tree. We had considerable difficulty in getting out of the swamp after the sun went down, but that evening we had a fine repast of sweet potatoes, a few of which we found in a patch near by.

Before the lapse of a week, however, we met with a terrible misfortune in the loss of our cooking utensils, knives, forks, spoons, towels, several boxes of matches, etc. The rations with which we had provided ourselves before starting had given out, and we sought sustenance in the cornfields, swamps, and woods, and early one morning were enjoying a feast near a sweet potato patch when a party of horsemen dashed furiously toward us. We sprang intuitively to our feet, and darted in an opposite direction, leaving most of our necessities behind.

While dangers of greater or less magnitude constantly surrounded us, they were as nothing compared to the question of subsistence, which soon began to grow unpleasantly urgent, and at length became so desperate that it looked as if we should be driven to seek food at the houses of planters, a proceeding we had determined not to do, as we knew we should receive from them neither food nor mercy. For several days we wandered along the outskirts of fields, diligently seeking corn, and

occasionally finding a stray ear, which, spurred by a ravenous appetite we managed to masticate. Still, on we pressed for home.

Often and again, when upon the verge of starvation, we were strongly inclined to visit cabins of the negroes, in whom we had almost absolute faith, but despite this, we as often refused to jeopardize our situation until certain we could find some one in whom to put our trust, and, with it, our lives.

We did not make a serious attempt to seek help from the slaves until we reached a point 250 miles from Charleston, where, one afternoon, we found a number at work in a field. We experienced no difficulty in satisfying the negroes that we were Yankee officers, escaping from bondage, and as soon as darkness fell, they hastened to our hiding place, and at once piloted us to their lowly cabins, displaying the utmost delight at our presence. After this experiment we did not hesitate to seek them out.

There was something almost royal in the cheerfully rendered services of these poor creatures, who seemed to look on us as in some way sufferers for their sakes, and they fairly loaded us with kindnesses,—oftentimes insisting on our accepting the last pound of their corn meal. They also gave us information as to the whereabouts of Confederate soldiers, and the best route to the mountains, for which we were aiming. When we parted, they invariably bestowed heartfelt blessings.

One night, when on the verge of despair, being too weak to continue our journey, we determined to risk a visit to some negro shanties, to obtain, if possible, palatable food, of which we so badly stood in need. While sitting near a broad roadway, debating as to the best course to pursue, we saw an object slowly approaching in the moon's clear light, and when directly opposite us, we rose from our hiding place in the bushes, and confronted the visitor, who proved to be a very old negro. On his left arm was suspended a large basket, which we found contained an immense "pone." The old man was naturally surprised when we took the loaf, tore it in pieces and began to devour it. When told that we were Yankee officers escaping from Charleston, the aged midnight stroller, in salutation exercises, gave vent to the joy he felt by constant religious exclamations. Before we bade him farewell, he supplied our

wants with a quantity of corn meal and some salt, of which we had long stood in great need.

We had another remarkable adventure at a late hour one night near Dallas, N. C. Becoming almost breathless from a long chase by some horsemen, we sat down in a dense woods to recover. By and by we heard a man and woman approaching, both singing from the depths of their lungs. Believing them to be negroes, we concluded to invite their assistance, and when the man had nearly reached us, we halted him. The female, with a yell of terror, ran away like a frightened deer, while the man, in a voice that betrayed nervousness, asked who we were and what we wanted. His voice satisfied us that he was a white man, and the click of a pistol gave evidence of his ability to defend himself. Necessarily we resorted to conventional strategy, putting and answering questions with wariness. It required but a brief time, however, to discover the status of the stranger, and probably he had never been embraced before with the vehement warmth we displayed when we learned that he was a loyalist, a firm friend of the Union. He insisted upon our visiting his home, two miles away, which we did by following a path in the woods, thus avoiding mounted patrols which continually scoured the country. His amiable wife, who had awaited his return, speedily prepared an excellent supper,—the first we had had in six months,—to which you may well imagine we each did the fullest justice, the smiles and kindly words of our hostess seasoning the rich repast. That night, sitting before the cheerful blaze of that noble North Carolinian's great hearth, he told us the story of the loyalty of the people in the western part of the State, proving to us that freedom still had brave defenders among the hardy foresters of the "Old North State." When the morning's sun made its appearance, we were several miles beyond Dallas,—our brave and genial host, C. C. Withers, an ex-member of the legislature, having accompanied us some distance, and after directing us to other Unionists, he disappeared in the deep shadows of the woods which surrounded us.

We resumed our journey with lighter hearts and nimbler feet, notwithstanding the fact that our boots were fast giving out. Long before we reached the roaring Catawba River, at the foot of the mountains, I was compelled to walk barefooted,

and much as I suffered then, it was no comparison to what I underwent afterward.

At sunrise one morning, while making our way through a pine woods, and endeavoring to give a wide berth to the town of Morgantown, a rendezvous for Confederate conscripts, we were almost paralyzed to discover, but a few yards away, and directly in our course, a magnificent-looking Confederate officer, in full uniform, mounted upon a fine horse. In his saddle holsters were heavy revolvers, and at his side a glittering saber. A retrograde movement on our part would be useless, and we instinctively halted as the cavalier confronted us, with pity depicted in his every look.

He asked no questions, but directed us to the best point for crossing the Catawba, whose angry roar we could plainly hear, and then, putting spurs to the noble animal he rode, dashed away. He evidently recognized us as escaping prisoners, and had not the heart to bar our way to liberty.

We hastened on, and in two hours stood upon a high bluff overlooking the river, which, with the means at hand, required two days' time to cross. Discovering apple trees in a field, we descended and picked what fruit remained. It was while thus engaged that we were discovered by a number of men at a house on the opposite bank of the river. Seeing them hastening to the river's edge to take a boat we had observed moored there, we took to our heels, and put as much distance as possible between us and them. They found our retreat at midnight, but again we succeeded in evading them.

The country about there seems to have been fully aroused, for early next morning and through the day we saw parties of men in various directions acting in an excited manner. Toward the close of the day, however, we managed to reach the river again by crawling through high dry weeds extending almost from the woods to the water, and were made inexpressibly happy soon after, by discovering a large flatboat, fastened to a tree, lying a few yards up the stream. It required much skill to guide and propel the unwieldy craft across the swiftly running current, but we finally accomplished the task, and shortly afterward had the satisfaction of witnessing its destruction among the rocks a few hundred yards below.

We had scarcely turned our backs upon the river ere the sky



became overcast with dense black clouds, and early in the evening a heavy rain-storm came up, adding greatly to our discomfort. Seeing a light in a small cabin in the wilderness, we sought refuge from the storm. The occupant of the hut, a white woman, surrounded by half a dozen small children, said she had no accommodations, nor any food. The poor friendless creature, however, had one solace—the snuff she continually rubbed on her teeth with a well-worn stick.

While resuming our journey, the storm increased in violence; the thunder broke along the luminous sky, and the lightning seemed to rend it in twain. We were mute and frightened before the terrific grandeur of the warring elements.

In our slow and painful progress we stumbled over fallen trees, ran against obstacles, and fell into water-filled excavations. The woods being illumined by flashes of lightning, we at length discovered a number of small houses. It seemed like a village of the dead, so solemn was the silence which pervaded the place. A reconnoissance satisfied us that it was an old camp-meeting ground, and we immediately entered a cabin, built a fire and held service by drying our apparel. Shortly after a litter of pigs went by, and in half an hour afterward three of them were broiling over our blaze in the chimney. After a hearty meal, we climbed into bunks and slept serenely till morning.

Our route lay through the mountain forests. The precipitous hills rendered traveling difficult and fatiguing. Still, we went on, climbing up and up,—ever climbing,—the prospect growing more and more dreary step by step. There was no road or beaten path to follow.

After flanking the town of Lenoir, we accidentally and providentially fell in with a member of the numerous Estes family, a stalwart Unionist, who escorted us up to a commodious cave in a mountain, where we found a number of deserters from the Confederate army, together with several refugees. These brave men welcomed us with open arms, for there was a sort of kinship between us which made us at once the strongest friends. It was in this section that we became associated with many of these brave and hardy mountaineers, and had from scores of lips the story of their present life, which was full of peril and sublime heroism.



We had but little difficulty in persuading a hundred and more of these loyal North Carolinians to accompany us on our pilgrimage to the Union lines, wherever they might be, reaching which, we promised to use our influence in procuring them arms, clothing, etc., and with but little hesitation they bade their wives and little ones farewell, and started.

They said their wives would pray for them, and if they were fortunate enough to procure arms and ammunition, then they would return and be able to protect their homes, and put an end to the atrocities committed in the name of the Confederacy. How the weather-beaten faces of these men glowed under the inspiration of that thought!

A fatiguing march of two days brought us to the summit of Grandfather Mountain, which holds its head more than 6000 feet above the sea. Here we found the family of a Baptist clergyman named Prickett. These good people, despite their wretchedness, extended a kindly welcome, bidding us make ourselves as comfortable as the limited capacity of the log cabin allowed. Most of our party, however, continued on to what was called the "Rock House," simply a huge boulder, under which Mr. Prickett and his two sons had often found refuge when sought for by Confederate soldiers. Mrs. Prickett regretted she had nothing in the way of meat with which to regale us, but shortly afterward, "Sim" Philyaw, a noted Union scout, arrived with a young black bear he had killed near the old sawmill below. This was a great surprise for us all. Myself and three companions ate heartily of bruin's carcass, the first bear meat I had ever tasted, and then made our way to the place of refuge.

During the night a violent snow-storm set in, and when day appeared, the ground was covered with fleecy flakes to the depth of six or seven inches. My heart almost failed me, as I remembered that I was without covering for my feet, my boots long since having become useless; that I had no hat; that my thin blouse was in tatters; that my red flannel shirt, which I had worn more than six months, without a change, was threadbare, and that my trousers but reached to my knees. I feared that I must now certainly perish, so intense was the cold which had set in in earnest, so biting was the blast which reached us at the altitude of nearly 7000 feet.

Our guides informed us that it would be impossible to start until the storm abated. After the noon hour we started and my suffering increased as no tongue or pen can describe. Just before night we were joined by Major E. A. Davis, of the 3d North Carolina Infantry, who was on the mountain looking for recruits. With his Henry rifle, a sixteen shooter, and a heavy navy revolver, he was a valuable acquisition to our party, and he supplied us with bear, wild hogs and occasionally turkey.

We reached Crab Orchard, East Tennessee, Sunday, November 6th, but owing to the cold and the slippery state of the walking, were compelled to make a stop. A Mr. Buck generously gave us a cow, which, being slaughtered, afforded us a change of food. Most of our party quartered in a cave between two mountains, myself and companions stopping at the comfortable home of Mr. Francis Marion Hampton, formerly a member of the Tennessee legislature. He came down from his covert on the mountain at midnight, and had a long talk with us. He had inhabited a cave for more than a year.

Next day we again started, and feeling refreshed, marched swiftly, despite a heavy rain and the rough condition of roads.

It was midnight when we reached a fordable point in the French Broad River, and much difficulty was experienced in crossing. Here the mule and horse, captured a few days before by our party, proved of great usefulness. We used the animals as ferry boats. Each carried two persons across at a time, and by means of a long rope the animals were guided back for their other passengers. Most of our party had been ferried to the left bank, when the North Carolinians and Tennesseans became embroiled in a fight. Several were badly cut in the encounter. We had much trouble in stopping the fight and bringing about a reconciliation. A few days after they engaged in another combat. The ascent of Higgins ridge was accomplished, but not without great difficulty. From its summit we could see Bull Gap, where a portion of the Union army was said to be encamped. It was our objective point, but it was a long distance away. Oh, what longings I had to be there!

Hastening along in gleeful mood, we were suddenly thrown into a state of terror and demoralization by the sudden and

totally unexpected appearance of a number of horsemen, riding furiously upon an adjoining ridge, hoping thus to intercept our descent into the valley. By dint of great effort we succeeded in reaching the desired point and for the time being evaded our enemies. Down the steep side of the great mountain we went with accelerated pace, despite its roughness, all the while keeping our eyes upon the Gap, as if it would take wings and fly away. A loud reverberation which came up from the hitherto still valley shook the grand old hills about us, causing the instantaneous halt of our party. What could it be that caused the noise? The answer came the next moment in the unmistakable report of artillery and musketry; and looking across the valley toward the Gap, the smoke arising from a battle then and there in progress was plainly visible. Now, indeed, was my position discouraging. With an army of the enemy directly across my path, and with cruel and desperate bushwhackers hovering about us, how should we escape recapture, perhaps death? As the evening shadows fell there came a sudden termination of the conflict. What would the morrow bring forth?

A young woman living at the foot of the mountain volunteered to ride across the valley for information. She had a perilous journey, but returned in safety, and reported that General Breckinridge's Confederate army had defeated General Gillem, the Union commander at Blue Lick Spring, and was advancing through the Gap on Knoxville, a town of no mean importance to the Union cause.

While awaiting the return of the young woman, a mountaineer, breathless with excitement, joined us, declaring the guerrillas were hot on our trail, and that we must seek safety in flight. Accordingly we sought refuge in a ravine between towering mountains, where we laid the flattering unction to our souls that we would be immune from danger. Captains Todd and Grant, with a mountaineer, went down to a hamlet at the foot of the ravine, to procure rations and a pair of shoes, or something to cover my feet, which were naked. I did not again see either of them within the Confederate lines,—in fact, not until after "the cruel war was over." While they were absent, a Tennessean, commiserating my wretchedness, improvised moccasins from a pair of rabbit skins which he found in a

corn-crib, and my pedals, thus enclosed, felt comfortable for the first time in weeks. Besides the guerrillas who surrounded us, our condition was rendered more wretched and pitiable by the long fast we had been compelled to observe,—hard, dry ears of corn being the only food obtainable, and this we munched in bitterness of spirit.

While I was seated upon a log thinking, our camp was suddenly thrown into a state of commotion. For a moment my senses were bewildered, but whizzing bullets and demoniac yells, with the sound of the heavy hoofs of many horses, speedily brought me to a realization of the danger surrounding us. Owing to the intense darkness, I saw nothing save the lurid flashes from the firearms of our enemies, who, having caught us napping, were now carrying on their devilish work, firing and slashing wildly as they rode upon, and among the helpless, sparing neither sex, age nor condition. I must have forgotten my acute bodily ailments, for I found myself running, sometimes falling on the frost-covered ground, intent only on escape. On, on, on, I went, my movements being accelerated by the whizzing of bullets which sped in too close proximity to be pleasant; but by and by, when faint and almost exhausted, and apparently out of immediate danger, I sat down to extricate a piece of stick which had been forced into the fleshy part of my heel.

Alone, in misery, without food, and almost without appetite, barefooted, my heart, fast throbbing in the exciting run for life, had now nearly ceased to beat. As I sat there thinking of my condition, the manifold dangers surrounding me, a terrible fear took possession of me. I had no article of value about me,—no money, no knife nor other weapon, no blanket, no utensil in which to cook, nothing to cook; neither did I know in which direction to turn, which course to pursue. What had been the fate of my companions I knew not, nor had I any means of ascertaining. Daylight came at last, bringing some relief to my anxious mind. I was, however, on the brink of despair, when sounds of an approaching party were borne to my listening ears. Secreting myself, I soon became convinced they were friends, and when near enough I recognized Captain Lewis and a score of the refugees who had followed us from North Carolina. I cannot express the joy I felt as I

bounded like a schoolboy down the mountain's side, to find the firm comrade with whom I had set out on the fateful pilgrimage. I was affectionately greeted, having been given up for dead. We hastened away, keeping along under the heavy shadows of the mountains, into which we could retreat did such a step become necessary, but although we constantly heard desultory firing in the direction of the railroad, and occasionally saw frightened farmers along Pigeon and French Broad Rivers, fleeing from the wrath to come, we managed to escape observation, and march between twenty and thirty miles a day. In less than a week we were safe within the Union lines at Knoxville, whose citizens we found in a high state of excitement, consequent upon the approach of Breckinridge's half-starved army.

Reaching Washington, I reported to the adjutant general, and a day or two after received the kisses of loved ones from whom all through my captivity I had not heard a word, and who long since had made up their minds they would never see me again this side of that river which all must ford at the roll call from above.



## TWO REMARKABLE INCIDENTS IN THE CROCKER BRIGADE

By JOHN LETT, CORPORAL, CO. E, 11TH IOWA INFANTRY

WHILE Crocker's Brigade was lying in front of Kenesaw Mountain, on June 15, 1864, two companies of the 11th Iowa were detailed to go on the skirmish line. I had been detailed early in the morning as corporal with three men to do duty at headquarters. After posting my guard at headquarters, I looked down to the right and noticed a commotion in Co. E, of which I was a member. I strolled down to the company, and companies E and K were falling in line to go to the front; they had an extra supply of cartridges. As I passed through the company, William Alexander called to me and said, "John, I don't know what to do; if I go out with the company, I shall be killed; if I stay, I shall be called cowardly." I offered to change places with him, but his manhood would not allow him to do that. I went to the captain, and got him relieved; but after thinking it over a moment, he put on his cartridge box, got extra cartridges, and went into line in the company. The two companies marched out to the skirmish line, relieved the old guard, and in a very short time were ordered to charge the Rebel skirmish line. The rest of the line had been filled up with new companies the same as those in front of the 11th Iowa.

When they were ordered to charge, the whole line went forward with a rush, and we watched companies E and K charge furiously up to the Confederate line, and saw them at one end of the line capture five Confederates, but Alexander never reached the pits; he fell thirty or forty feet in front. The Confederates were reinforced, and drove our line back to their rifle pits, but poor Alexander was lying between the works, and when the firing ceased, two of our boys went with a flag

of truce and brought him back and buried him. One other boy, named Martin, of Co. E, charged past the Confederate pits and was captured. We watched him as he was captured by two Confederate patrols and saw him break his gun around a tree. As they were taking him to the rear as a prisoner, before they got to the main line a shell from our guns killed the Confederate and our boy Martin. Two weeks afterward Lieutenant John A. White, of our company, went back over the ground and found Martin with his watch, Testament, and some money on his person. These he took, and sent to his mother in Iowa. He buried Martin and the Confederates side by side.

## ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE CROCKER BRIGADE

BY JOHN LETT, CORPORAL CO. E, 11TH IOWA INFANTRY

WHILE the Crocker Brigade was lying at Bolivar, Miss., guarding the railroad, companies E and K of the 11th Iowa Regiment were sent up the railroad seven miles to guard the road there. As we marched up the road about six miles out from camp, a corporal and three men were dropped out and given their orders. At the next post, a half mile farther on, there was a blockhouse. Thirty rods south of this blockhouse was a crossroad. When we came to the blockhouse I was taken out from the ranks, and given three men for duty. Just before night I received instructions to put a man at the crossing, thirty rods away, and to keep a close watch that nobody went up or down the road, and to be very careful at the crossing, and if we heard anything on the track, to shoot without halting. At dusk I had no alternative but to put two men at the crossing, while two of us stayed at the blockhouse, which meant really putting us on double duty.

All went well until about ten o'clock, when I was standing near the blockhouse, so that I had a view of the road both ways. I suddenly imagined I heard advancing footsteps on the ties. I got my old musket ready, but before I fired, someone called my name, gave me his name, with an announcement that he had a message for me. I took the message, woke up the guards, and started to deliver it to the next post. The message was that the Rebel cavalry had crossed the river up the railroad about seven miles, and were coming our way. I delivered my message without being shot or shot at, although I expected to be, as we had a German boy on the next post who always shot at everything. This time he happened to be asleep. As I "hoofed" it back up the railroad track, I imag-

ined I could hear cavalry, and I finally left the track and took a path alongside of a rail fence. I was pushing along in the dark, not thinking of anything save Rebel cavalry, when all at once a sleeping horse, within eight feet of me, snorted, and jumped. I not only jumped, but fled to the railroad track, some two rods away. If I ever touched the ground, I know I could not find the tracks. About the time I got back to the blockhouse I could hear the long roll in camp; that made it seem worse than ever. The long roll had hardly ceased, when I got another message from camp to find out how many, and how fast the enemy were advancing. I started north and met a messenger, giving me the number and the information that they were still advancing. Back I went, on foot and alone, delivered my message and returned, sticking to the railroad track. We settled down to watch, and just before daylight, the same messenger came, delivering me this message, "They are our own cavalry and have gone into camp." This time I carried the message to Colonel Hall, then commanding our brigade. Reaching him and giving the salute, I gave him the message. The brigade was sent to its quarters, and I hunted up a good breakfast among the boys who were in camp.

After I had returned to the blockhouse, and the boys had lain down to sleep, a handcar came up the track from camp. I stepped to the side of the track, saluted him whom I thought to be Colonel Hall. He asked me very sharply where my men were. I answered equally firmly, "Sir, they are asleep." After guarding two points all night with three men and carrying messages, I did not propose to call them if it was General Grant before me. "All right," said he, "I will fix you," and about two o'clock eight men (instead of three) were sent there to take our places, while we were excused from further duty.

## THE FRIENDS OF YESTERDAY

BY MRS. LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT, WIDOW OF GENERAL  
PICKETT, C. S. A.

On a recent visit to Washington, D. C., I had the very great pleasure of meeting the widow of the famous Confederate General Pickett, the general whose marvelous charge at Gettysburg will go down into history as one of the most brilliant and courageous in the annals of war.

"Where ebb'd the tide and left the slain  
Like wreckage from the hurricane—  
That awful spot which soldiers call  
'The bloody angle of the wall,'  
There Pickett stopped, turned back again  
Alone, with just a thousand men:  
And not another shot was fired—  
So much is bravery admired:  
Pickett had charged at Gettysburg."

I listened several times to this splendid woman—gifted with rare elocutionary powers and with a charm of diction seldom heard—relate most thrilling stories of the war and of the Confederate leaders. Those hours possessed for me a fascination I shall always delight to recall. Following her husband through the war, shrinking from no danger he could face, brought into contact with the soldiers of Lee's army and all its generals, she has a fund of historic interest which is almost priceless. The loyal devotion she showed to *her* "soldier" when living, was no greater than her loving memory of him, as he sleeps under the sod. With all her admiration of the South, her close connections with the Confederacy and her Southern "soldier" husband, she is glad now to live under the old flag and to realize the blessedness of a peaceful, united nation. To her the reader and the Editor are indebted for the following contribution to this volume.—EDITOR.

THE friends of yesterday are bound to us by ties that can never be broken. The first friendship which I consciously



formed is back at the very beginning of my childhood, and resulted in my marriage. Among those who came to my wedding reception, Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were almost the only men who wore civilian's clothes. For even then the South was robbing the cradle and the grave to make of every man a soldier. The food supply, too, had been reduced to narrow limits, and among my bridal gifts the little boxes of sugar, coffee and salt vied in value with those of jewels. Salt was reclaimed from the earth under the smokehouses. Dried sweet potatoes were substituted for coffee, but friends and relatives vied with each other in preparing our wedding supper, and the result was such as had not been seen in the Confederacy for many a day. I had previously met Mr. Davis, and had formed my mental picture of him. He was tall and extremely thin, and his dignity and grace were inexpressible. He was a type of the old South, cultured, refined, and a brilliant conversationalist. Mrs. Davis, handsome and gracious, as always, accompanied her husband. Mr. Davis' voice, like himself, was unique, possessing a charm difficult to put in words.

Mr. Davis loved children. The delegation who escorted him to the Capital of the Confederacy to take the presidential oath, found him mending a toy for a lame child, whom he held on his knee. He finished his work and said, "Here is your toy, my child, as good as new." He then arose, received the delegation, saying, "This is my last day of freedom. Tomorrow I belong to the people."

After the war a Union soldier came to Richmond to live. His little children had some toy soldiers with which they and my little boys would fight great battles, the Federals and Confederates by courtesy being permitted to win alternately. Mr. Davis came in one day when the star of victory shone on the Southern side. "Hurrah, boys," he said, "I'm glad I came in to-day. I like to see the Confederates win." "Wait," said one of the boys, "and see the Federals win." Mr. Davis patted the child on the head and said, "Ah, my little man, your father and I have seen the Federals win."

He had four children of his own; Little Joe was his favorite, a grave, earnest boy who felt the responsibility of his position as a balance wheel for the frivolities of the others. One

evening when the President was holding a cabinet meeting in the library and Mrs. Davis was receiving in the drawing room, the children were behaving in a way quite beyond the control of the nurse, and Little Joe did what many a hero had done before, knelt down and prayed: "Good Lord, do take hold and help me manage these children, for their father has got the Confederacy on his hands and he doesn't know a thing about it, and their mother has got society, and if you don't help me I don't know what will become of them."

Four days after this Mr. Davis was called from church to receive the sad tidings that Little Joe had fallen from the veranda of the presidential mansion and been killed.

At the grave Mrs. Davis was weeping bitterly, but Mr. Davis was the personification of grief and agony without one outward sign, not even the quivering of a muscle or the shedding of a tear. All around him mourners were sobbing. There were thousands of little children all dressed in white bearing flowers, and one little girl with her apron full of white violets went directly to the broken-hearted man standing so erect by the grave, and said, "Last week, Mr. Davis, Little Joe and I watched these violets bloom, and we would not pick one of them for ourselves, though we wanted to, so we could bring them all to you."

Mr. Davis lifted Little Joe's little playmate in his arms and held her over the grave and whispered to her. She opened her apron and let the violets fall there. As he put her down and stepped back, Mr. Davis drew his hands across his eyes. A little child had found the way to the fountain of tears.

The first time I saw "Stonewall" Jackson was when my soldier lay wounded in Richmond after the battle of Gaines Mills. While they were discussing the battle, mint juleps were brought in. Jackson almost rudely declined, saying, "I never touch strong drink. I like it too well to fool with it, and no man's strength is enough to touch liquor with impunity." "'Scuse me, Marse Jackson," said the waitress, "but dese here drams ain't got no impunity in 'em. No, suh, dem's meked out'n we alls *bery bes'* old peach and apple-jack, dey is, suh." "Do you own all these niggers, Pickett?" said Jackson. "No," said my soldier, "I don't own any

slaves, General, but there are two who own me and they won't let me have my freedom." "That's just my case," said Jackson, "I have an old man and woman that I can neither give away nor lose."

The career of Jackson was the greatest marvel of the war. His methods are best indicated by his famous request of the War Department, "Send me 20,000 men and no orders." I heard him say he was afraid of nothing but his own men, and that was prophetic, for, strange to say, he was afterward killed by one of his own men. Riding on his chestnut sorrel, his tall, powerful form bent forward, his long, solemn face, high cheek bones half lost in his heavy reddish-brown beard, his gray eyes cast down, if he came unexpectedly upon his men he would straighten up, throw his shoulders back, doff the old felt hat that concealed his receding forehead, put spurs to his horse and dash off at full speed. Any expression of devotion seemed to strike him with dread.

In Martinsburg, when beset by admirers demanding photographs, and locks of hair, etc., he told the most persistent that she had a great deal more hair than he had, and finally retreated in confusion, saying, "Really, this is the first time I have been surrounded by the enemy."

After the battle of Manassas it was rumored in church that the pastor had received a letter from Jackson, and all crowded about him in great excitement to hear the news of the battle. The pastor opened the letter and read (it was dated the day after the battle):

"In my tent last night after a rather fatiguing day's service, I suddenly remembered that I failed to send my contribution for our colored Sabbath School. Enclosed find my check for that object.

"Faithfully yours,

"T. J. JACKSON."

Jackson could keep his own counsel as well as a line of battle. He told me that once when General Pendleton asked him his plans, he had asked, "Well, General, can you keep a secret?" "Ah," said Pendleton, "trust me." "So can I," replied Jackson.

He appreciated soldierly qualities in an enemy as highly as in a friend. In the battle of Antietam, Jackson saw one of his men aiming at a Federal soldier. He cried, "Stop, lower that gun! I have been watching that boy, and he is too brave to be killed." Thus did Stonewall Jackson save the life of William McKinley, to be twice President of the United States.

It was while on this station, too, that I first saw General Grant. My soldier and I were riding along looking at the Federal gunboats and monitors not more than 600 yards away. Suddenly a puff of smoke darted up. "Look," I cried, "isn't that beautiful?" "Yes, dangerously beautiful; it is from a shell. Come, whip up your horse and let me get you out of this." Just then Captain Smith came across the field, and to my soldier's inquiries as to the cause of the firing replied, "They are testing some guns over there for the benefit of visitors. I hear that Mrs. Grant and some friends are down from Washington. Mrs. Grant is standing between those two stout gentlemen," said he, handing us his field glasses. "The one to the left with the cigar in his mouth is Grant, and the one to the right is Rufus Ingalls, the quartermaster general, and they say he is one of the brainiest men in the army. Excuse me, General, but would it not be better for you to take Mrs. Pickett away?" "Unfortunately, Captain, Mrs. Pickett outranks me, and she will not go." "If you will let me get down and try our own guns too, I will go," said I. "No, not for the world," replied my soldier. "In the first place we can't afford to waste a single shot; again, they are not firing at us."

As cadets at West Point, Ulysses S. Grant and George E. Pickett first met, though not as classmates. Grant belonged to the class a year ahead of Cadet Pickett. They served together in the Mexican War, and formed a friendship that was not broken by the later and more bitter conflict, in which they fought on opposite sides. A softening amenity of that tragic period was the loyal affection of the men who had served together in the old army and had stood side by side on many a battlefield under the Star-Spangled Banner. Sometimes when the guns were silent, and the winds of heaven had scattered the smoke of the conflict, some token of loving re-



membrane would cross the lines, like a fragrant blossom nodding graciously over the sternest and highest of stone walls.

When General Pickett was riding into Richmond to welcome his first baby boy, the loving and loyal men of his division lighted bonfires all along the line in honor of the event. This excited anxious curiosity in the army across the river, for there had been no battle, and the only plausible explanation of the bonfires was foreign acknowledgment of the Confederacy. The scouts reported the cause of the celebration to General Grant; he turned to his quartermaster general, Ingalls, and said, "Rufus, haven't we some kindling wood on our side?" Ingalls nodded. "Yes? Then why can't we strike a light for the young Pickett?" said Grant. So the bonfires of welcome burned along the Federal lines.

The next day a letter marked "Unofficial" mysteriously came through the lines. It read: "July 18, 1864. To George E. Pickett. We are sending congratulations to you, the young mother, and the young recruit," and was signed,— "Grant, Ingalls, Suckley," all three being my soldier's comrades in the old army, and his friends through all his remaining years.

After the war, when my soldier was in Canada, he received a letter from Grant, saying: "I am sorry, Pickett, that your ill-advised advisers in Washington should have forced upon you the necessity of leaving your country. It was not at all necessary, for had it required another war, the cartel between Lee and myself would have been carried out, and you should have known it." Later, when Grant was President, we received an invitation to visit him. The Southern train, which was usually late, was for once on time, and we came out of the station just as the President's carriage was driving up. "Halloa, Pickett," Grant exclaimed, "up to your old tricks! Coming in ahead of the train." Mrs. Grant was a beautiful hostess, and all went well except that I was afraid my baby would make a noise and disturb them. When my soldier told this to the President, he put his hat on the boy's head and his stick between his legs and said, "There, ride your horse, little man, and tell them you will make as much



noise as you please." It is needless to say that this gracious act was an open sesame to my mother heart.

The memory of Grant nearest my heart was as I saw him standing face to face with my soldier in the President's office, just before the close of our visit. The President, always true to his friends, was urging upon my soldier, whom the war had left poor, the marshalship of the State of Virginia. Knowing the demands upon the President, my soldier refused, saying, "You cannot afford to do this thing, Grant," "I can afford to do anything I please," said Grant, emphasizing the assertion with some pretty strong words. I shall never forget the look that came into my soldier's eyes and Grant's look in return, as they silently shook hands, walked off in different directions, and looked out of separate windows; and I stole away.

The bitterness of the surrendered army, unconquered in soul though exhausted by starvation and crushed by overwhelming defeat, was softened by the tender chivalry of the rugged soldier and great-hearted man whom destiny had led to the dominant place in that impressive scene.

"But," said General Grant, "the story that Lee offered me his sword and I refused it is pure fiction. The thought of side arms never once entered my mind until I was writing out the terms of surrender, when, providentially chancing to glance up, I saw General Lee looking down at the magnificent sword given him by the State of Virginia. It flashed upon me what an added heart-break it would be to the great soldier to part from a weapon so endeared to him by sacred memories, and I immediately inserted the clause which reserved to the Confederate officers the right to retain their side arms."

At Appomattox there was silence in the Federal camp. Not a drum beat, not a shout broke the stillness that fell over the Army of the Potomac. A stranger looking on might have wondered which army was keeping the sullen silence of defeat. After long and weary years, peace had come. The roar of guns had died away among the hills. The sweep of the sword no longer flashed lightning across the vales. But there was not a murmur of joy nor a note of triumph. Grant had issued an order that there should be no cheering. The

victorious army was encamped on the ground that witnessed the triumph of four years of agonizing effort, and yet not a sound broke the silence save the tread of martial feet and the tone of low-spoken command. In solemn stillness the great army kept watch beside the grave of a dead nation and a mourning people's hopes.

## THE ENLISTMENT—THE FAREWELL—THE SCOUT—THE FIGHT

BY GUSTAVE B. LAMME, CO. D, 3D OHIO VOLUNTEER  
INFANTRY

ON the morning of April 17, 1861, I was assisting my father with his farm work, when a young friend of mine came across the fields to where we were at work, and told us that the President had called for volunteers. He said he and other friends were on their way to the city to enlist, and asked if I would go with them.

After a short consultation with my father, I consented to go with them. Going to the house I took leave of my mother, and I remember how I looked back as far as I could see, as I walked toward the city, and there was the old home and my dear mother standing just where I had kissed her good-by; there she stood looking as long as possible, at her boy, going to the war.

Arriving in Springfield, we were not long in locating a recruiting officer, and we were soon enrolled as volunteers in Uncle Sam's service. When the company had recruited the requisite number we were taken to Columbus. Here we went into camp at Goodale Park. The camp was afterward named Camp Jackson, and here the regiment was organized.

Our first active service was in West Virginia, first at Grafton, then Clarksburg, and then we went into camp at Buckhannon. General McClellan organized a command to operate against the Rebel force at Rich Mountain, and it was while camping at this place that the expedition I now tell about was sent out. It was on or about July 8, 1861, that the orderly came through the quarters calling for volunteers for a scouting party along the enemy's front. Like all other

boys of nineteen years of age, I was tired of camp life and its necessary restraint, so I quickly responded to the call, as did four others. Five was the number required from each company. Up to this time I felt that there was not likely to be any fighting, and I thought, here was my opportunity for a fight.\*

I was afraid that if I did not go on this expedition I should never have another opportunity to use that old Harper's Ferry musket, with made-over lock, that Uncle Sam had presented to me. We fell in and were marched to the parade ground, where we joined the details from the other companies—fifty in all. We were commanded by Captain O. A. Lawson of Co. A (afterward colonel of the regiment). Leaving camp, we marched east on the Beverly Road. This was directly over the summit of Rich Mountain. A few miles west of the mountain is a small deep stream known as The Middle Fork. At this time the stream was spanned by a covered bridge, and here the Confederates had placed outpost pickets. As it was late when we started from camp, we had not gone far when we were overtaken by darkness. We moved a short distance from the road, and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Our guide, who had been visiting with some friends, returned and told us that Confederate soldiers were at his friend's house. The captain ordered us into line, and we moved up a path on the mountain side. I cannot conceive of a darker night. I could not see the man in front of me. After marching a short distance we came to a clearing in the wood. There we were deployed and we closed in around the house. But the birds had flown, though there was plenty of evidence that they had been there. The house was in great confusion; ashes and coals

\* How vividly this same thought comes to every young soldier of that day, on both sides too, the same one that filled his own heart in the early part of the war. The idea that maybe there would be no fighting, and that after all we would never see a real battle. God help us! how many we saw! And then how we young soldiers thought that if *our* regiment got into the fight, the war would soon end. Even now, after more than half a century, some who were then boys talk as if it really was *their* regiment that "put down the rebellion."—EDITOR.

were scattered over the floor. The mother and children, who had been hiding, were brought in. We posted pickets and remained in the house till morning, when we marched back to the road. The captain and guide held a consultation, and as we were not far from the bridge, they decided to divide the little company, a part of us to move close to the bridge and await developments, while the rest should march down the stream, cross over, and surprise the post from the rear. Leaving about twenty men commanded by Sergeant Benedict of Co. I, we marched down a path until we came to a ford, crossed over, took another path, and proceeded up the stream. We had not gone far when from sounds of merriment and the splashing of water, we knew we were very near the enemy. Captain Lawson raised his sword and motioned to us to lie down. Then he called for a couple of men to press cautiously through the brush, and learn the number of the enemy, and report. The men scarcely had time to get through the brush, when to our amazement, coming around a turn in the path, a file of Confederate soldiers appeared. No sooner did they discover us than they took to the brush, more than "double quick." The captain ordered us forward, and as fast as we could run we made for the bridge. We had not gone far when we came out of the woods into an open meadow. Here we were greeted with a sharp volley of musketry. We began firing, but there were only a few of the enemy to be seen. They were concealed in the bridge with loopholes to fire through. Our men were falling fast around us and the captain ordered us to fall back out of range of the enemy's guns. Then we took an inventory of our casualties. One killed and six wounded. Now I want to say that while standing under fire, looking down into the face of that dying boy, and seeing the blood running down the face of young Black, and hearing Joe High appealing for help (he was shot through the ankle), and Darling of Co., H, who had an arm shattered, it was the most terrible shock I ever felt, although I afterward witnessed terrible scenes on the battlefields and among the wounded in the rear, and was myself one of the number. Yet, with all this I never afterward felt the awful terror of that day at Middle Fork Bridge. The men we left on the other side of the bridge did nothing,



and said they never heard any firing at all. We passed down the stream to the ford, and returned to Buckhannon. After that I never thought the Confederates would not fight, neither was I anxious to experiment on them with that old Harper's Ferry musket.

General McClellan, in his book, says that this expedition was never authorized.

## THE "BLOODY FIFTH" CAVALRY

BY P. J. WHITE, 5TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, C. S. A.

AMID the ruin and destruction that followed the capture of their home and the city of their birth, Virgil in his immortal epic tells us of an interview between "the shade of the mighty Hector" and the future founder of the Roman line, in which the immortal hero uses these words:

"Think not of home or country's claims,  
Country and homes, alas, are names;  
Could Troy be saved by hands of men,  
This hand had saved her then, e'en then;  
The gods of her domestic shrines  
That country to your care consigns;  
Receive them now to share your fate,  
Provide them mansions strong and great."

With a slight paraphrase, this language might have been used by that greatest of all leaders, who, as brave as Ulysses and as faithful as Achates, was Caesar without his ambition, Napoleon without his cruelty and Washington without his reward. Returning from fateful Appomattox and beholding the blackened walls and desolated homes of our modern Troy, he was still the wise leader and counsellor in restoring the fallen fortunes of our common country.

Of the men who followed his lead, shared his fortunes, and suffered his defeat, history has taken and will continue to take due account in the years to come.

The 5th Virginia Cavalry was first organized at Green's Farm, near Richmond, in May 1862. Two of the companies, however, belonged to a military organization before the war, and were in the battle of Bethel.

The regiment moved down on the Nine Mile Road before the battle of Seven Pines. T. L. Rosser, a graduate of West Point, was made its colonel. The regiment was fully officered, but only one of them all reached Appomattox, and he only

after being several times wounded and promoted to another command. All of the others save three were killed, and those three left the regiment, to which fact they probably owe their lives, though wounded.

The regiment, numbering probably 700 men, was placed on the Confederate left, near the York River Railroad. During the Seven Days' battles around Richmond we did scouting and picket duty, and saw much hard service, among other things, acting as advance guard for General Stonewall Jackson in his advance to attack McClellan's right at Gaines's Mills, and so on to Malvern Hill. We marched with the army to the Second Manassas, at which battle we were placed on the right and lost several men. Thence to Maryland, and in the several cavalry fights preceding Sharpsburg we took part.

In this battle the regiment was on the Confederate left, and, with others, supported a battery of artillery, losing several men. On the retirement of General Lee's army on the second night after the battle, the regiment was placed in the position occupied by the infantry, and in so doing, owing to the darkness, rode over many dead and wounded men who had not been removed from the field of battle.

When with the morning dawn the Yankees saw the trick played upon them, they advanced in heavy columns and forced the cavalry back, driving them through the village of Sharpsburg and down to the Potomac River, at which the army was crossing. Here they were with much difficulty held in check until the river had been crossed over.

By easy stages the army marched to Winchester, whence, after resting, it marched to Fredericksburg to oppose General Burnside, the new commander of the Federal Army. Early on the morning of March 17, 1862, the regiment, with the balance of Fitz Lee's men, was hurried to Kelley's Ford, on the Rappahannock River, to drive back a large force of Yankee cavalry who were crossing there. Here, after a very savage fight, the enemy were driven back across the river again, but in so doing the regiment lost several men killed, among them Lieutenant Colonel Puller. Here, too, Major Pelham, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, was killed while leading a cavalry charge.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, which occurred soon

after, the 5th Regiment accompanied General Jackson on his famous flank movement against General Hooker's right and was very near General Jackson when he was wounded, and took an active part in that fight and those that followed.

From Chancellorsville the regiment accompanied the army to Pennsylvania. At Aldie, in Loudoun County, Va., the 5th had a very disastrous fight, losing many men.

Advancing with General Lee's army into the Wilderness on May 5, 1864, the regiment came first into contact with the Yankees on the plank road on our right, near Todd's Tavern, and while General Lee awaited the arrival of General Longstreet's men before bringing on a general engagement, to General Stuart was given the task of holding the heavy force of General Sheridan at bay. On the morning of May 6th, Longstreet having just arrived when he was sorely needed, the battle was joined, and from plank road to pike, and pike to plank road, the contending legions wrestled in a fierce death grapple. Longstreet, in the midst of a successful flank movement, was shot down, thus checking his men.

Gordon on the pike had made a successful flank movement, capturing many prisoners, until darkness put an end to the conflict. The next day neither side seemed to care to renew the fight.

The cavalry were interposed on the Brock road to check the Yankee advance toward Spottsylvania Court House. This they successfully did, though opposed by heavy masses of infantry and Sheridan's cavalry, fighting which, our losses were severe.

On May 9th Sheridan's men having passed our flank on their raid toward Richmond, the cavalry under General Stuart started in pursuit, and had many combats with his rear guard, until overtaken near Yellow Tavern, about eight miles from Richmond, on May 11th, where may be said to have occurred the severest and probably the most disastrous fight, so far as our regiment was concerned, that took place during the war.

Sheridan, finding that he would be unable to enter Richmond on account of several brigades of infantry guarding the city, turned back upon our cavalry, and advanced upon them in overwhelming force.

In the hasty arrangement of our lines to meet them, the 5th Regiment occupied the left, and after changing positions once or twice, was finally somewhat massed in a cut in the road about a mile or so beyond Yellow Tavern, with orders to hold the same at all hazards against the enemy advancing upon them from the direction of Richmond in overwhelming force. Here were killed Colonel Pate, Captains Wilson, Fox and Clay, and I know not how many others. General Stuart, when he saw from a long distance the gallant defense that the regiment was making, sent Colonel Garnett, of his staff, to Colonel Pate and renewed his request to hold the position, not more than one or two minutes before he was killed, so I have been told by Colonel Garnett himself. When Colonel Pate fell, shot through the head, General Stuart, seeing his fall, said to those about him, "Pate has died the death of a hero."

Were they not all heroes—facing that fiery ordeal, whether they went down to a cruel death in sight of the city they had so gallantly defended, or whether they escaped to tell the story? Unable to hold the position, and with so many officers killed or wounded, the balance of the regiment retreated in disorder across a wide field in the rear of their position.

General Stuart's left, being thus turned, and pressed heavily in front also, fell back a short distance, when he was again charged upon by a mounted force of Yankees, who, successful for a while, were finally driven back. But in this charge General Stuart was mortally wounded, and died the next day, May 12, 1864. Our regiment had now lost about half our original number.

Sheridan moved eastward with his command, and after fighting at Meadow Bridges, he crossed the Chickahominy River lower down at Bottom's Bridge and marched to Haxall's Landing, on the James River, our command following him some ten or twelve miles east of Richmond on the Darbytown road. Our regiment was engaged in the fight at Cold Harbor and again met with heavy loss. At Trevilian Station, on June 11th and 12th, after severe fighting and heavy losses on both sides, Sheridan was driven back or retreated across the North Anna River at Carpenter's Ford,



and fell back to the White House, marching from there to cross the James River on the pontoon bridge at Bermuda Hundred. Sending a portion of his force under Gregg to St. Mary's Church, in Charles City County, to protect his trains during the crossing of the river, they met there General Fitz Lee and General Hampton, and after a stubborn fight, retreated in confusion, and were pursued nearly to Charles City Court House.

Sheridan's men disappeared from our front, and having crossed the James River, our command crossed also at Drewry's Bluff, and marched through Petersburg to Reams's Station, and there met and utterly defeated a large force of Yankee cavalry under Wilson, who, having been on a raid against the railroads on the south side, were returning with a great many negroes, men, women, and children, whom they were carrying off, together with much stolen loot, most of which was retaken, and nearly one thousand negroes, many with babies in their arms.

I was told by a member of my company, one of their guards, though I did not see it myself, that some of the Yankee officers, when marched as prisoners to Petersburg with the negro women, were made to carry their babies in their arms as a punishment for stealing "niggers."

To those who had been campaigning in the swamps of the Chickahominy and James rivers, and along the fearfully dusty roads about Richmond, Petersburg, and elsewhere, the translation from Nassau bacon and unbolted corn meal for men, pine tags and bullrushes for horses, and muddy swamp water for both, was most agreeable. Such was our transfer.

After a long march to Winchester to join Early, and an advance to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry and a return, during which occurred some sharp cavalry fighting, we came to the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864. Placed on the Martinsburg road, on the Confederate left, the regiment was severely engaged all day, and lost many men. It was a terrible fight, and my company lost heavily.

As the sun was slowly approaching the horizon the last Confederate army ever in Winchester passed out, never to return. Retreating in good order before overwhelming odds of four to one, our division marched up the Page Valley. At

Luray, on September 24th, five days after the battle of Winchester, our little brigade was turned about and marched back several miles to meet the enemy, who were pushing on behind. In this combat our regiment suffered severely, losing many men, one of my own company being killed and another left for dead behind a pile of rails we had made. Many were taken prisoners, one escaping by taking refuge up a chimney. Our adjutant was also killed, and but few were left.

At Bridgewater we received some reinforcements and advanced again, and Sheridan began to retreat, burning mills, barns, grain, and in many instances dwelling houses, creating a scene of desolation and distress which I hope never to see again.

Passing on, we had many combats with the rear guard, and saw many houses in flames, and homeless women and children in tears. Stopping on the banks of Linnville Creek to rest for a few minutes, we saw White's battalion of Rosser's brigade engaged in the pleasant diversion of shooting prisoners caught in the act of burning houses. In a running fight with Custer's rear guard we pressed them so closely that they dropped many chickens which some of them had stolen from the farmers along the road.

Still pursuing them the next day, we drove them across Tom's Creek, beyond their infantry supports on another road. Sleeping on the field that night, the next day they turned on us in overwhelming odds and drove us in confusion from the field with severe loss.

About ten days after this we found ourselves at Strasburg on picket, and then advancing in front of Gordon in his memorable night attack at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, where we drove the enemy from their camp down to and below Middletown, capturing many prisoners, and much camp equipage, including General Sheridan's servant and milch cows; also General Emory's horses; but owing to our failure to push the pursuit, when it ceased the Yankees rallied, and coming against us with great odds, we were driven from the field.

Retiring from the field of battle, we marched to New Market, some thirty miles distant, where we rested and re-

cruited for some days, and on November 10th we returned to face Sheridan at New Town, six miles below the battlefield at Cedar Creek, and to offer him battle again, which was not accepted. In a cavalry charge in the streets of this town one of our men was killed, if not more, and some scores or more wounded or captured of the other regiments of cavalry. The Yankees declining a general engagement, the next day we returned to our camp near New Market. This last mentioned movement of the army of the Shenandoah may be said to have terminated the Valley campaign, so far as the infantry was concerned, it now being the middle of November and extremely cold.

For us, however, it was not so. In the language of General Payne, our brigadier, in a letter to me, he said: "The cavalry was always under fire. Their life was a battle and a march never ending. I have a memorandum showing that from the battle of Winchester, Fitz Lee's division was for twenty-seven consecutive days engaged with the Yankees, and at *every roll-call there were some missing*. When we were lucky enough to capture some sort of spirits, we would sing:

"Stand to your glass, steady,  
'Tis all we've left to prize;  
Here's to the dead already,  
Hurrah for the next man who dies!"

"We sang to brighten our hearts before bowing and walking beyond the stars."

Brave, thrice-wounded old hero! May the clods rest lightly and the grass be ever green upon your grave! What member of the 5th Cavalry can ever forget the severe winter of 1864!

Passing over an advance of Yankee cavalry to Mount Jackson, which was driven back, General Rosser, with his own and our brigade, crossed over the mountains into Hardy County, and, aided by the blue overcoats taken from the enemy, rode into the post of New Creek and captured 800 prisoners, many horses, four pieces of artillery and large quantities of supplies, and safely brought them off.

The Yankee cavalry advancing under Custer again, our two little brigades left camp and rode through snow and

biting cold to meet them, which was done at Lacy Springs, after a march of forty miles rudely breaking in upon their slumbers in the hours of early dawn and starting them upon their hasty retreat without so much as a hasty P. P. C.

Passing by a trip to Beverly and the capture of 500 prisoners, a hasty summons started us on a march through drifting snows across the Blue Ridge to meet a force of raiders on Gordonsville. These were driven off before we arrived.

Near Charlottesville we were turned back to the Valley. Stopping near Waynesboro long enough to eat a Christmas dinner in the woods, we marched again through deeper snow to Lexington and camped some miles out, spending the month of January in nightly raids among the bleak mountains, arresting deserters from Lee's army. On February 1st we started on a march of 200 miles to join General Lee at Richmond, who was sadly in need of troops. Arriving at Richmond, we camped near New Bridge Church. Here our lonely vigils were kept amid hooting owls, whose performances were surprising. Sagacious birds! how wise to choose such labyrinthine shades, amid gnomes and sprites and disembodied ghosts, to run the gamut of your horrid screech! For blood-curling, hair-raising proclivities, commend me to the midnight orgies of a Chickahominy owl in wintry weather.

After another short scout we were ordered to march in haste to General Lee's right beyond Petersburg. Placed on the left of the infantry at Five Forks, the regiment suffered severely, and had many men captured in this disastrous battle, from which began the sad retreat to Appomattox.

At the High Bridge we lost our second colonel, killed on the field of battle, the gallant R. B. Boston, a soldier without fear and without reproach. The end was now evidently near at hand, yet the faithful few held on, and finally reaching Appomattox, the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, surrounded by countless foes, unable to pierce the living walls of blue confronting them, on April 9, 1865, ceased to exist, surrendering to overwhelming numbers and resources.

Little remains to be said. Wrenching their battle-marked



flag from its staff, the survivors of the 5th Virginia Cavalry and those of that grand army whose blood had been mingled with their own on many fields, with heavy hearts turned their faces toward their desolated homes,—to bind up bleeding wounds, to hush the orphan's wail, the widow's moan, and to resume again the peaceful vocations of life.

So ends this "strange, eventful story," in briefest outline told. A theme worthy the pen of a Gibbon or the brush of a Raphael; an o'er true tale, beside which pales into insignificance the legend of the Trojan Horse or the fable of the Golden Fleece; an immortal epic attuned to the harp of a Homer or to the glowing numbers of the Mantuan Bard.

Sons of the South, they battled fiercely and long for the land of their birth. They marched through heat and cold, through storm and shine, to prison, wounds and death, till scarcely a corporal's guard was left. They sleep on a hundred fields of mortal strife—in the bosom of Mother Earth, from the summit of the everlasting hills to the spreading sands of ocean; some amid scenes they loved so well, some in unknown graves, some in far-away prisons found a yawning sepulcher, and there sleep the sleep that knows no waking; some in graves kept green by loving women's hands and watered by their tears. They did not achieve success. They did more; they deserved it. Unpensioned heroes all, Virginia owes you a debt of gratitude she can ne'er repay.

Last surviving remnant of an immortal band, they ask but an honorable grave in the land of their choice and a niche in the halls of memory.

"But whether on the mountain top or on the flowery plain,  
The valiant keep their last long sleep, how grandly sleep the slain,  
Above their graves the sweet winds sing a tender lullaby,  
And o'er the soul throws sweet control that hushes every sigh.

"The murmuring waters woo to sleep and still each troubled breast,  
And e'en the sun shines brighter on the couch whereon they rest,  
Fame sets her sentries at their graves and there with noiseless tread  
Bright Glory's guard keeps watch and ward above Virginia's dead."



## SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE, TENN., AND GENERAL AVERILL'S RAID.

BY JACOB G. MATLICK, PRIVATE, CO. B, 5TH WEST VIRGINIA  
CAVALRY

DURING the time, November 17th to December 4, 1863, the Army of Ohio, commanded by Major General Ambrose Burnside, was besieged at Knoxville, the Secretary of War ordered General Averill to take his command, and destroy the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad in Southwestern Virginia, in order to cut off the supplies for the besieging Confederates, if it cost the government the whole command.

General Averill's command consisted of the 2d, 3d and 8th West Virginia Mounted Infantry, the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Captain Ewing's Battery G, 1st West Virginia Artillery, and Major Gibson's Battalion of 1st West Virginia Cavalry, and was under the command of Major General B. F. Kelly, commanding the Mountain Department of West Virginia. General Averill's forces were designated as the Fourth Separate Brigade. The command had left Beverly, Randolph County, W. Va., on November 1st to drive from West Virginia a force of Confederates commanded by Colonel W. L. Jackson, which was raiding Greenbrier County. The command of General Averill struck Colonel Jackson's forces at Droop Mountain on the morning of the 6th, and after a bold and spirited attack, the Confederate forces fled in haste with General Averill's troopers in hot pursuit. Averill's command, in pursuing the enemy, passed on through Greenbrier County, eastward into Highland County, and then continued their eastward course down the south branch of the Potomac to New Creek, now Keyser, W. Va., on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where they went into camp on the

17th, after seventeen days' hard marching, in all, 296 miles, a part of the time suffering intensely from cold in those high mountains, constantly subject to the hidden attacks of bush-whackers, and fought one of the most triumphant battles of the war. The loss of the brigade was 31 killed, 94 wounded. The Confederate loss was 50 killed, 250 wounded, 100 missing. General Averill's command captured 150 horses, 27 prisoners, and several hundred cattle.

The morning of December 8th was bright and warm for the time of the year in those mountains, when the Fourth Separate Brigade was again called out in line of march, clad in full military paraphernalia, and started for Monterey, via Petersburg and Franklin, arriving at the former town on the 11th, where they met other regiments of infantry making feints to deceive the enemy as to their real intentions and the objective point. At Monterey, Averill's men drew what rations and forage they could carry and divested themselves of all encumbrances, sending their wagon-train, with what few prisoners they had, back to the railroad.

The command, consisting of four mounted regiments, one battalion of cavalry, and four six-pound guns, all in light marching orders, started on one of the most perilous raids made during the war.

With the whole Confederate force, east and west, watching every road leading into their territory, General Averill's forces evaded the enemy and struck the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad at Salem on the 16th, about two hundred miles from the base of their supplies, in the very heart of the enemy's country, on the line of one of the great railways of the Confederacy, with Generals Imboden, Jones, Fitzhugh Lee, Echols, McCausland and Jackson searching for them, and they had, all told, not more than 1500 men and four guns.

The brigade entered Salem about noon, and their arrival filled the citizens with consternation. The column at once moved to the right and left, and began the destruction of public property. The following is General Averill's report:

"We approached Salem unheralded, and the whistling of locomotives could be heard from that point long before it

was reached by us. Four miles from Salem a party of Rebels from town, in quest of information concerning the Yankees, met us. From some of these it was learned that a division of General Fitzhugh Lee's command had left Charlottesville on the 14th to intercept my command, and that a train loaded with troops was momentarily expected at Salem to guard the stores at that point. I hastened with my advance, consisting of about 350 men and two three-inch guns, through the town to the depot. The telegraph wires were first cut,—the operator was not to be found,—the railroad track was torn up in the vicinity of the depot, one gun was placed in battery, and the advance dismounted and placed in readiness for the expected train of troops.

"An inspection and estimate of the stores contained in the depot and two large buildings adjacent were made, and upon a subsequent comparison of notes taken, was found to be as follows: 2000 barrels of flour, 10,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000 bushels of shelled corn, 50,000 bushels of oats, 2000 barrels of meat, several cords of leather, 1000 sacks of salt, 31 boxes of clothing, 20 bales of cotton, a large amount of harness, shoes, saddles, equipments, tools, oil, tar, and various other stores and wagons. A train from Lynchburg soon approached loaded with troops. My main body of troops was not yet in sight, and as it was necessary to stop the train, a shot was fired at it from one of the guns, which caused it to retire, and a third and last shot hastened its movements.

"My main body of troops arrived, and parties were sent four miles to the eastward and twelve miles to the westward to destroy the road. The depots with their contents were burned, three cars standing upon the track, the water station, turn-table, and a large pile of bridge timber and repairing material destroyed. Five bridges were burned and the track torn up and destroyed as much as possible in six hours. The 'Yanks' with which we had provided ourselves proved too weak to twist the U rails, and efforts were made to bend them, by heating the centers, with but partial success. A few small storehouses, containing leather and other valuable articles, were destroyed in the vicinity. The telegraph wires were cut, coiled and burned for over half a mile. The private property

was untouched by my command, and the citizens received us with politeness.

"The Confederates had just moved a large amount of property from Lynchburg to Salem a day or two before for safe keeping, as they were expecting Averill's force to strike the railroad at some other point. After getting their dinners in the city, the command began their return about 4 o'clock P. M., little knowing the perils that awaited them on their homeward march. They camped for the night at Mason's Creek, about six miles from Salem."

I have at hand many official orders and reports from which I might quote or give in full to show the various movements of troops in connection with those of which I am writing, which would make this narrative much more extensive, but I shall confine myself chiefly to personal reminiscences.

It rained and snowed incessantly during the night, but the weary and overworked soldiers slept soundly until daylight, when the shrill notes of the bugle called them from their slumbers to renew the march. The men were wet as if they had been immersed, and covered with heavy melting snow, lying in the mud, while the horses were standing knee-deep in the mud, and neither man nor beast had anything to eat.

That morning I rolled myself out from under a blanket covered with snow, wet, cold, and hungry, dug my saddle out of the snow, and with the remainder of the men, mounted my already jaded horse and resumed the march. There was no time to lose, and we moved on over the mountain to Craig's Creek, which was so swollen by the recent rains that the command could not cross. However, we managed to cross the creek three times that evening, when we had to wait its abatement; and with ropes the men dragged the artillery through the creek, and we proceeded on to New Castle, as the enemy were following us in force, endeavoring to cut us off at that town.

In order to evade the enemy and throw him off his guard, General Averill let it be known that we purposed starting from Salem on a different road from that we came on, which, by aid of some captured dispatches revealing the movements of



the enemy, enabled us to retrace our march on the same road we had gone back to New Castle.

On the 18th men and horses forded cold, icy streams so often that they were covered with a coating of ice, and almost numb with the cold, for part of the time the cold was so intense it must have been below zero. Most of the streams crossed were deep enough for the water to come up about middle of the horses, and the current was so swift that in order to get them across they had to be kept with their breasts up the stream and thus make their way across obliquely. Many who undertook to go straight across were overthrown by the strong current, and horse and rider would go tumbling down the stream. In that way several were drowned.

While resting a few hours at New Castle, trying to find a way of escape from there, for the enemy supposed they had the "invading" Yankee forces surrounded, and would compel them to surrender, there was a detail made of three privates and one sergeant,—J. N. Shahan, E. B. Creel, W. E. Stafford, and myself, from Co. B, to help guard prisoners, as we had about one hundred. The general soon learned of an old trail that led through a gap in the mountain, over which he determined to pass out of there on to Jackson's River. He took two regiments, the 2d and 3d, and moved out rapidly to reach a bridge across the river five miles below Covington, which he approached about dusk on the 19th. As the command reached the Covington pike about a mile below the bridge, the advance guard encountered a small force of about one thousand men under command of Colonel "Mudwall" Jackson, which, by a vigorous move of the whole force of Union troops, quickly brushed them aside, and passed on to Covington to hold another bridge there. The remainder of the brigade was left with the ambulance corps and what few wagons they had and the prisoners. The way was so rough and narrow and icy through that mountain pass that it was almost impossible to get through, and our progress was so impeded that we were at nightfall of the 19th several miles in the rear. Moreover, we could not march the prisoners as fast as the advance of the column moved, hence the provost



guard with the prisoners and ambulance corps did not reach the pike until nearly 9 o'clock P. M. The trail we followed led down the mountain's side through a gorge to the pike, and Jackson's forces were massed behind and below a railroad embankment where it crossed the gorge over a large culvert immediately below where the Union forces entered the pike. And when the ambulances and all the stragglers of the command following the provost guard had gotten leisurely strung out on that stretch of pike, not knowing, or even supposing, there were any Rebel soldiers near, the enemy suddenly emerged from their retreat and made a dash along the pike for the bridge as fast as they could, spurring their horses along, and captured all from there down.

The Staunton and Covington pike follows the river for several miles, and it and the railroad parallel the river up to the bridge. The pike runs between the river and the railroad as far as the gorge spoken of, where it passes through the culvert under the railroad, and from there to near the bridge the railroad is between the river and the pike. Colonel Jackson had about one hundred of his most daring men mounted and secreted behind the railroad embankment below the culvert.

Observing the straggling condition of our line of march, he took advantage of our weak center and sent the force charging up the pike to the bridge just as we four of Co. B, who happened to be together in the rear of the prisoners, were halting near, or rather in the mouth of the long covered bridge, to see that in the darkness of the night none escaped us, and all entered the bridge. The enemy came charging up the pike as fast as they could ride, yelling "the Rebels are after us," and we supposed them to be our own men trying to scare us, or perhaps a few who had been fired upon by the "Johnnies."

While I and my comrades were halted at the approach of the bridge, we were each simultaneously assaulted by Confederate soldiers, thrusting pistols in our faces, demanding that we at once dismount. Under the prevailing conditions and excitement, we were very slow to comprehend our situation, for we still thought them our own men, and at any rate were disposed to argue the case with them, until they made

the third and last imperative demand, emphasized by a closer presentation of their weapons, when, as it dawned upon us that perhaps "discretion was the better part of valor," we very reluctantly obeyed orders, and were hastily driven nearly two miles to the rear. As those Johnny rebs charged us at the bridge, they passed us and turned on our front, demanding our surrender. When the man confronting Sergeant Shahan demanded his surrender, he at once took in the situation, and being a little in advance of myself and the other two Co. B men, sharply spurred his horse, telling his assailant to "go to hell," and was, ere his would-be captor could about face, hidden in the dense darkness of the long, covered bridge. Moreover, by that time, those intruders on our liberty and personal rights had all they were able to attend to in the *mêlée* they had so unceremoniously raised. In a conversation with our captors that night, I learned that I had the honor of being captured by a captain by the name of Powell, who had made up a company on the Kanawha River. I also heard Colonel Jackson's acting adjutant general tell him he had reported him captured in the first assault made upon the enemy by General Averill's advance guard. The colonel said he evaded the Union advance by making a wide detour through the dense woods, which made him late getting back to headquarters, hence causing apprehension.

The Confederates burned the bridge, and believing they had the remainder as good as captured, they retired to a camp below the culvert for the night. On the morning of the 20th, Colonel Jackson demanded a capitulation of the whole force, but they emphatically refused to obey the Colonel's order. The 14th Pennsylvania and 8th West Virginia mounted Infantry were not the kind to surrender until they were absolutely forced to do so. They then concentrated their force on the mountainside and burned the wagons, and on an old trail proceeded up the river about five miles, where they found a ford and crossed over, but not without the loss of a few men drowned. They caught up with the advance forces the next day, only to find themselves apparently with **every** avenue of escape blocked by the enemy more than equal their own number. All forage had to be gathered on the march and fed as opportunity offered, and food for the men had

to be obtained in the same way, which was often beef without salt; this having to be done, their progress was materially **retarded**, when in order to make good their escape from the enemy it behooved them to hasten as fast as possible. However, the General was equal to the emergency, and again slipped out of their cordon through a narrow pass in a mountain on another old trail, a feat the Confederates thought impossible. Thus they once more evaded the enemy and forwarded couriers to Beverly to order out supplies which met them on the 24th. General Averill concludes his report thus:

"The road thence to Beverly was a glacier, which was traversed with great difficulty and peril. The artillery was drawn almost entirely by dismounted men during the 23d and 24th. The officers and men undertook all that was required of them, and endured the suffering from fatigue, hunger and cold, with extraordinary fortitude, even with cheerfulness. The march of four hundred miles, which was concluded at Beverly, was the most difficult I have ever seen performed. The endurance of horses and men was taxed to the utmost; yet there was no rest for them."

Such a march, such arduous work, and the continuous apprehensive strain for seventeen days in midwinter, through cold rains, snow and chilling, icy streams would be hard enough for man or beast to endure in warm weather over icy mountain roads. On Christmas Day the command, weary, worn, and exhausted, wended its way into Beverly, where it rested but two days. "Thus unaided, with a weary command of 1500 men," says General Averill, "I had marched through a difficult country, while not less than 12,000 Rebels were maneuvering to effect my capture."

The brigade sustained a loss on the Salem raid of eight killed and drowned, eight wounded, five officers and nineteen men captured; a total loss of 140. And yet there are those to-day who wonder at the Union soldiers growing old and feeble, when those seventeen days of peril, exposure, hunger and exhaustion were only that much of the 1095 days or 1460 days during which they served their country.

The forces of Colonel Jackson remained in camp at Jackson's River depot until the 23d awaiting further orders, and

guarding us Union prisoners. On the 23d they sent a detachment with the prisoners, marched until night, camped in a heavily timbered woods, each prisoner receiving one cracker; next day marched us to Goshen Station, and in the afternoon put us on board some rickety old cars, and we started for Staunton, arriving there about sundown, where we disembarked and were marched to a high bleak knoll southwest of town, and a strong guard placed around the prisoners. The wind blew hard all night and the ground froze hard. They issued to us a few sticks of cord-wood which were soon consumed, and without shelter or covering we lay down on the frozen ground and slept until about four o'clock next morning.

That morning, without anything to eat, we were driven on board a passenger train and started for Richmond, where we arrived about eight o'clock that evening and were marched to the Scott building and locked in. The next day they issued a small piece of corn bread for our day's rations. We were kept in that building until that notable cold New Year's Day, January 1, 1864, when we were transferred to a camp—a prison pen—on the lower end of Belle Isle. That night the James River froze over, so they crossed it on the ice. There was the most intense suffering on that island, from hunger and cold that *I* or *anybody* else ever saw on earth. I saw a man with his feet frozen solid, and men dying of starvation. I thought I had been hungry before, but never knew till then what it was to be famishing for something to eat. They kept us there until they began sending prisoners away on March 6th and 7th, and on the 8th, when the third lot was called for, my comrade chums and I slipped out. We were taken over to the city and incarcerated in the Cruse & Pemberton building, opposite Libby Prison.

On March 10th, the 500 counted out at Belle Isle were called out and marched to the south side of the river, where we clambered into some old box cars until we were packed like sardines, and started for somewhere south, but they landed us in the Andersonville stockade prison about nine o'clock of the evening of the 15th. We were in the third lot put in there, making in all 1500. There was plenty of room then, and, at first, we felt quite free in so large a pen—eighteen acres.



But the Confederates kept forwarding prisoners from their various prisons, and capturing more, until the pen was crowded so during July and August the fresh arrivals could scarcely find room to lie down. Our only shelter was a crude dog tent or a blanket somebody might chance to have. There was the most suffering there, in point of numbers, from hunger and disease, of any place recorded in the annals of history. Thousands of helpless prisoners died there from hunger and diseases, incident to the cruel treatment forced upon them by the heartless men superintending the prisons.

The following order will show the inhumanity of the superintendent of all their prisons :

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY PRISONS,  
"ANDERSONVILLE, GA., July 28, 1864.

"Order No. 13.

"To the officers on duty and in charge of the Battery of Florida Artillery at the time; upon receiving notice that the enemy has approached within seven miles of the post, open fire upon the stockade with grape shot, without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defense.

"J. H. WINDER,  
"Brigadier General, Commanding."

Sooner than see General Stoneman, then raiding near Macon, rescue the starving prisoners, he would rather kill them all. We did not receive one-fourth enough of the coarse corn bread to sustain life, much less the intense suffering we endured for the need of vegetables to ward off scurvy and chronic diarrhœa.

I sat there during July and August, an emaciated, helpless prisoner, famishing for want of sufficient food to sustain a healthy state of body. The total number of prisoners received there was 45,613. Total number of deaths, 13,714, over thirty per cent.

After the fall of Atlanta the Confederates were at a loss where to send their prisoners next, out of reach of the "Yankee raiders."

On September 6th they commenced sending them to Savannah, "to be exchanged" (?). On the 8th it came my turn, with



my comrades, to be called out for exchange. We were forwarded by way of Macon to Savannah, arriving there on the evening of the 9th, and as several of us could not walk, we were hauled out in freight wagons to a former United States parade ground, where we were put in a so-called hospital, lying on the bare ground, without any covering, or anything to eat from Friday to Monday. We were then put in little "A" tents.

About October 1st, nearly 300 of us were put in a little stockade in which were tents with boards for us to lie on. The last four weeks we were in that hospital, by order of the commander of the post, we had a sufficiency issued to us to make us feel good. The rations were all kinds of vegetables, meat, soft bread, sugar, tea and coffee. About 100 of us who were kept there up to that time, were paroled on November 17th and exchanged on the 18th, between Forts Jackson and Pulaski on the Savannah River. We were taken off the mouth of the Savannah River on a United States transport, and put aboard the hospital steamer *Atlantic*, and on that taken to Annapolis, Md., where I remained in the St. John's College hospital for four weeks. After passing through the regular routine incident to exchanged prisoners, we were each given a thirty days' furlough, and escorted on a boat to Baltimore, where each took a train for his respective home, where I arrived on Sunday evening, December 18, 1864.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

By H. HEATON, COMMANDING CO. E, 2D IOWA INFANTRY

I SERVED in Co. E, 2d Iowa Infantry; First Brigade, General Rice; Fourth Division, commanded by General John M. Corse; Fifteenth Corps, General J. P. Osterhaus, and right wing, commanded by General O. O. Howard.

In the four years of its service the 2d Iowa had over 2000 names on its rolls, and on this march was a full regiment with almost a thousand muskets. The 3d Iowa had been consolidated with it, and every company had been filled with drafted men. Our start was made from Rome, Ga. When we reached the Ogechee we found the bridge wrecked, and while a foot-bridge was being thrown across the water by the engineer corps, our company sat on the bank and waited. As soon as possible we crossed,—one company. We deployed at once as skirmishers. I was one of the “six-foot-tall men,” and was near the lead of the company, which deployed to the left, or north side of the road. As soon as we deployed we began advancing, and at once drew the enemy’s fire, but we could see nothing of them until we reached the edge of a large field, when we saw them on the other side, perhaps an eighth of a mile or more distant. A man on a white horse was seen riding back and forth along their line, and we gave him particular attention, but he appeared oblivious to our efforts.

Corporal John Horton told us to raise the 500-yard sights; which we did, but seemingly with no better results. While firing at this long distance we were ordered forward into the field, and obliquely toward the right of the road. When fairly in the field we received the fire from a regiment behind a barricade of rails, which I, for one, had not before observed, not one-fourth as far away as the men we had been shooting at.

There must have been several hundred of them, and they had reserved their fire until we were so close it seemed a miracle we were not all killed. As it was, two of our number were killed and one was severely wounded. When the volley came, every man in my sight dropped to the ground, and I verily believed them all killed. I dropped too, behind a little stump that covered my head, possibly. While hugging the ground and wishing for a bigger stump, I saw Sergeant Efner running frantically, and calling at the top of his voice in language not printable, to hurry up before they had time to reload.

Of course it seemed an unreasonable thing for one man to do, but when I started, I saw almost all the other men start too. They were not any more dead than myself.

We made quick time to the barricade, but its defenders had not waited for us, but had hurried to get back to where the man on the white horse had been.

The barricade was made by piling fence rails on the ground, and then laying other rails on this pile, one end on the ground and the other in the air, making the best place in the world to shoot from.

Hardly had we come to what had been the enemy's line, when General Howard, commanding the right wing of Sherman's army, with Major General J. P. Osterhaus, commanding the Fifteenth Army Corps, and Major General John M. Corse, commanding the Fourth Division, came up the road together, without horses or body guard. Osterhaus was clapping his hands like one urging on a dog to worry a skunk, saying: "Prave poys, I nefer saw such prave poys!"

The left of the company, not having been delayed by the enemy's fire, had advanced much faster, and had caught a number of the enemy and were bringing them in. Corporal Dan Leppo, a little boy, brought in three, and there were soon nineteen of them. They were North Carolina men, home guards, who had been hurried down to head off Sherman.

General Howard said the prisoners must be taken to division headquarters, and he personally detailed Leppo and myself to take them. We went back with the prisoners to the bridge, which had been repaired, and a steady column of troops was passing over with artillery, and thousands waiting to cross. Thousands of men, thousands of horses, acres of wagons, tents

innumerable going up; I never saw the like. It was indeed a lively place. We had trouble in finding Corse's headquarters; everybody wanted to learn about the fight.

That night in camp I heard of the battle of Franklin through a captured Confederate paper, the first news outside of Sherman's army we had had since starting on the march.

On the march the next day some of Co. A raided a lot of beehives, and made things almost as unpleasant for us as the enemy had done.

Resuming our march, we came to a swamp a good deal like a lake, and here the enemy, entirely out of sight, opened on us with a battery. We were marching in column. The first shot struck the water a quarter of a mile short of us. The boys laughed and yelled, "Elevate, elevate, you ———. The second shot also struck in the water, about half way between us and where the first had fallen. Each shot threw the water fifty feet high, it seemed to me. The boys did not yell so loud at the second, for though it was as impossible to hear them as for the people in Iowa, yet it looked as if the battery had our range.

I shall always believe that I saw the third missile coming. It looked an angry black terror. The entire company must have seen it, too, for every man scattered to right and left, and fell to the ground, like a shock of wheat in a whirlwind. However, the missile struck the ground a rod or two short of us, and plowed under, ricochetting on at a terrible speed. The shot passed under two of our men (both of them drafted men). Neither was touched, but the concussion disabled them so that they were sent to the hospital, and neither of them ever returned to the company, one of them dying.

While camped by the above swamp, several days, I lived on "nigger" beans. The Rebel cavalry had occupied some slave quarters near us and had bedded their horses with the beans, which I picked out of the dirt.

In passing a poor shack of a house one day, a woman and several little boys came out to look at us, and someone asked her if she did not think we would soon end the war. She said, "Our men will fight you as long as they live, and these boys will fight you when they grow up."

## A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE IN THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER

BY J. H. RAY, CAPTAIN CO. F, 60TH REGIMENT, NORTH  
CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, C. S. A.

AT the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. (called by the Federals Stone River) December 31, 1862, and January 24, 1863, a thing happened that I am sure is unparalleled in all history.

On the morning of December 31st, amid the rolling of drums and the bugle calls to battle all along the lines of both armies, an officer, followed a few paces in rear by his staff, was seen riding down the Confederate lines, seemingly looking over the situation. This officer presented a magnificent spectacle. The man a fine figure and a superb rider; the horse one of the finest, noticeable by his majestic bearing and peculiar and conspicuous marking,—a large black, with white points, i. e., white face and white legs to knee joints. This officer was at once recognized as General James E. Rains, at one time colonel of the famous 11th Tennessee Regiment. Soon an advance was ordered, and General Rains again became conspicuous, he and the black horse leading the charge. The advance at quick time was soon a charge at double-quick time, and under the inspiration of the Rebel yell. The Federals were driven back, but stubbornly yielding ground; volley after volley they poured into the charging Confederates from point to point as they retreated. One of these volleys brought to the ground the gallant leader, General Rains, fatally shot, but his horse, unscathed, broke through their lines and was lost to sight for a time. A little later, possibly not over an hour, the Federals rallied, and made a counter charge on the Confederates, and as they approached, it was seen that the



general leading the charge was mounted on General Rains' famous black horse, and very soon met the fate of the Confederate leader, and fell between the two lines, the horse, as before, unhurt and unchecked, dashed through the Confederate lines and into the possession of his original friends. Thus were two leading officers belonging to opposing forces—Confederate and Union—killed on the same day in the same battle and from the same horse.

## FIGHTING GUERRILLAS ON THE LA FOURCHE, LOUISIANA

BY CAPTAIN FRED W. MITCHELL, 12TH ILLINOIS CAVALRY,  
U. S. VOLUNTEERS

This is another paper furnished me by Captain Mitchell. It was read by him at a meeting of the Commandery of the Loyal Legion in Washington, December 7, 1904.—EDITOR.

It was a lovely night in August, 1864, with a full harvest moon shining as only a Southern moon can shine. For weeks the darkies had been reporting to us that a mysterious force was preparing to swoop down upon our advanced posts, at Thibadeaux and along the Bayou, eighty miles above New Orleans; having captured which, they would attack the city itself. With a dozen or so men of our companies, Captain Houk of Co. L, and I, Captain Co. I, Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, decided to make a little raid on our own responsibility and penetrate far enough northward to verify or disprove these rumors. Our colonel commanding told us we could have his verbal permission, but that he did not sanction the venture nor approve the movement, as the country was said to be full of Texan guerrillas. The captain and I only knew that we were going somewhere to the north and west, where or how far we ourselves had not even a remote idea. The whole outlying country to all of us was *terra incognita*. And yet from the hour we set out until our return, ten days later, our movements were generally well known and our coming oftener than not anticipated at the plantations we visited. Nearly every plantation throughout the South had a house darkey, as he was called, generally bright and sharp and quite well educated, and always loyal to his mistress. By some, to us unknown, means their method of intercommunication was most excellent.

We were splendidly mounted on picked horses, were armed with Spencer repeating carbines, unknown in that country, and carried a single blanket and an abundance of coffee. We intended to live on the country, as the extra rations of coffee were almost like coin as a means of exchange. Avoiding the most traveled roads, we first visited a plantation about ten miles from our camp, surprising a midnight entertainment which was being given to some Rebel raiders. The men abandoned their horses and equipments and escaped into the cane-brake, but the wife of one of them, who ran between us and them to distract our attention and assist their escape, had her braid of hair cut from her head by one of our bullets, as if by a razor, though she herself was uninjured. After some unimportant skirmishing we were informed by one of the darkies that a Rebel captain was visiting his family at an adjoining plantation. We rode up to the house indicated, and quietly dismounted, stationed a guard at each lower window and door to prevent any escape. After but a few moments waiting the front door was opened in answer to our knocking, and a very handsome young woman scarcely out of her teens, almost a girl, appeared with lighted candle in her hand. She did not seem at all surprised, but said calmly, "Please make as little noise as possible, gentlemen," using the word "gentlemen" with the most scornful emphasis, "for my old mother is upstairs, very sick."

Our hasty search through the lower-floor rooms revealed only empty apartments, but in the front one on the second floor a very old lady was sitting in a large easy chair before a log fire with her head bandaged and evidently in great pain. We did not remain long in the house or find anything to reward our search, and as the lady bade us good-by at the door and sarcastically said, "Only a Yankee trick to frighten unprotected women," I stopped long enough to say to her, "Madam, we are after larger game than guerrilla captains, and have no men to spare to send back a prisoner to our camp, but tell your husband when he next visits you and desires to escape capture, not only to cover up his uniform, but his spurs as well."

She impulsively held out her hand and said, "God bless you, Yankee captain though you are! Whatever your mo-

tives, God bless you! We have been married but a month, and he is grievously wounded and he swore he would never be taken alive."

The following day, after riding about twenty miles, toward noon we charged into a plantation from a back road where the darkies told us a body of Rebels were camping. Too late, as usual. We found everything comparatively quiet. A fine-looking young man, perhaps twenty-two, dressed in white duck and wearing a sombrero, dark enough for a Cuban or a Spaniard, was, from the back of a beautiful blooded mare, overseeing a lot of plantation darkies at work. He at once rode toward us, and courteously removing his hat, said with a foreign accent, "I see from your uniforms that you are Yankees. I wish that you could have been here yesterday, for I might have been spared the loss of several horses which the guerrillas took away. My Kitty," stroking her glossy neck, "was saved only by spending a night in the swamp." Inviting us to his house, he ordered an excellent dinner for the men, and taking Captain Houk and myself to his own private rooms in the second story of an adjoining building, ushered us into his cosy and finely furnished apartments. The handsome piano, well-selected pictures, and foreign bric-à-brac looked strangely out of place, miles and miles away as the plantation was from even the smaller towns. While waiting for our dinner to be announced, he entertained us most charmingly upon the piano and later on his guitar. He said, as we were bidding him good-by: "You would not think, perhaps, that I am a negro; my father's plantation is but four miles north of here, and I hope you will visit him if going in that direction. He is the well-known Dr. C. I am his son and have spent three years in Paris; but he is getting on in years and wanted me nearer him in these troublous times. No, the Rebels do not molest him nor me personally; but they run off with our stock, steal our horses, and trample our fields, but so far have only threatened us. Father and I are both Masons." He had already found out that I was one.

A few hours later we visited his father and found him a most courteous host, in appearance something like our own Fred Douglass. The sideboard, filled with several different kinds of wines and excellent old whisky, was placed at our

disposal. With evident pride he showed us his library, a large room filled on three sides from floor to ceiling with hundreds of books, ancient and modern, foreign and home. Dr. C. said he would be anxious to have us remain all night, but that it would be extremely hazardous. The Rebels were quite numerous, and were liable to visit his plantation any night in fairly large numbers. The spies always seemed to keep them well informed of any movements of our soldiers. He would not send a written message, but told us to ride about ten miles northwest if we were going in that direction, and spend the night with his brother-in-law, a white man (Dr. C.'s first wife was a white woman), who was also a Mason and privately a Union man.

Dr. C. introduced his wife, a large, intensely black negress, not especially bright and not even good-looking. We felt confident that we had not yet met the mother of the young man from whom we had recently parted. About six years ago I read that Dr. C., full of years and greatly respected, and known far and wide as one of the best-read men, either white or black of the State, or perhaps the entire South, was dead.

Reaching the plantation mentioned toward sundown, we were cordially received and the negro servants were directed to get a good supper for the men, while the captain and myself were as usual invited up to the big house. After washing and brushing up as well as we could, the captain and I entered the sitting room, darkened to keep out the flies and mosquitoes. A lady about thirty years of age, elegantly dressed, immediately rose and extending her hand to me said, in the most cordial tones, "Why, Captain, this is a most unexpected pleasure. How are your brother and the Colonel?"

I replied, "The Colonel was well when I saw him a week or so ago and my brothers were, when I heard from them several months ago. Have you not mistaken me for someone else?"

She withdrew her hand, and reseating herself said, rather haughtily, "I do not forget old friends as easily as you seem to."

"Excuse me, madam, but unless I have met you elsewhere, there must be some mistake, for this is the first time I have ever been within many miles of this plantation."



As I made this remark I happened to glance at the old gentleman, a white-mustached, military looking man, and noticed he was standing in quite a threatening attitude, his eyes fairly blazing with excitement, if not anger. Advancing a step toward me and placing his arm around the lady's waist, he said, "Daughter, as our New York friend forgets so easily, we must beg to be excused from dining with strangers. Gentlemen," said he, to both of us (poor Captain Houk had not even been introduced and was evidently greatly surprised), "dinner is ready. Permit me and my daughter to retire."

"One moment, sir," I said, standing directly in his path, "I shall not permit either of you to go while laboring under so ridiculous a delusion. My name is Captain Fred W. Mitchell of Company I, 12th Illinois Cavalry, and this is my friend, Captain Houk of Company I. Neither of us has ever been within a hundred miles of this plantation, and a year ago, at the time you say I was a recipient of your hospitality, I was serving with my regiment in the Army of the Potomac."

"Have you a brother or brothers in the Union Army?" faltered the lady.

"I have two, one a captain and the other a lieutenant in the 128th New York Infantry."

"We beg most sincerely that you will pardon us," said both at once. "You certainly must forgive us, and your remarkable likeness to your younger brother must be our excuse. The 128th New York was encamped with us for many months, and when your brother and the Colonel were ordered away, they certainly showed their regret at leaving. You can imagine how we felt when, in less than a year, it seemed as if for some reason, you were determined to ignore our pleasant former relations."

After a most toothsome dinner we enjoyed some really excellent music by our hostess, while our men were summoned to the lawn and the darkies sang some of their old-time melodies and weird hymns until we almost forgot that we were in a land of war and rumors of wars.

The guerrillas crowded our pickets pretty close that night, and some shots were exchanged, but our very boldness in penetrating so far inside their lines made them pretty cautious. They did not know whether we had twenty men or two hun-

dred, or even represented the advance of Banks' army, as by keeping the back roads we had traveled over a hundred miles from our headquarters. We broke camp about 4 A. M. and after penetrating twenty-five miles into the Teche country, stopped for a lunch and to breathe our horses. Our last host had supplied the captain and myself with a couple of bottles of most excellent whisky, and with our horses unbridled, our men were taking a morning nip. Whenever we halted, our sergeant, without waiting for orders, always rode a hundred yards or so ahead and posted a couple of the men on guard. Suddenly a shot rang out and we knew it came from them, else the Rebels were upon us. Almost instantly, as it seemed to me, we had bridled our horses and were charging down the road, no one knowing what the next moment might bring forth. Our sergeant suddenly appeared from the swamp to the right of the road, hatless and muddy, on foot, and grabbing a carbine from one of our men dashed back into the woods. Rapid firing was soon heard and when, after floundering with our horses through the swamp, I reached the stream with five of my men, we found that the sergeant had killed one of the Rebels and wounded another. The one killed proved to be the leader of the guerrilla party, which we later learned numbered nearly 100 men. The leader's old Confederate jacket lay on the bank at our feet, no one caring to touch it; but in it there was a roll of \$70,000 in United States greenbacks. We were reliably informed the next day that this party had been going through the country, by orders, for over three weeks, confiscating all greenbacks as contraband articles of war, and the above amount was actually taken from the jacket. When with five of the captured ponies I returned to the road, I found that Captain Houk with the balance of the command had pushed ahead after the main body. Falling back to an old dismantled fortification, within an hour I was holding a dozen citizens under duress, all of whom, if not actually taken in arms, were openly hostile, and it kept my small force very busy preventing their escape. Toward evening Captain Houk returned, having pursued the party many miles, wounding several of them and scattering their force in the swamps and byways where our heavier horses dared not follow.

Our sergeant informed us that when he posted his pickets about the usual distance in advance, he rode beyond the next bend of the road. There sat two men in blue uniforms. Knowing that he was the advance of *our* party and that these must be Rebels, he had just raised his carbine when dozens of men rushed out from either side of the road and demanded his surrender. Of course there was no alternative. The captain disarmed him and asked him how many men there were with him. The sergeant was an Irishman and answered quick as a flash, "Hundreds, and Banks' whole army is behind them."

Just then he heard the click of a revolver close to his left cheek and as he involuntarily threw his head back a bullet from the treacherous foe grazed his forehead. That was the shot we heard, and the sergeant said that though minutes seem long at such times, it appeared as if we came to his rescue before the echo of the shot had ceased. Hearing our charge, and believing that the army was indeed coming, the guerrilla captain cried out for each to save himself. It was this captain whom the sergeant killed a few moments later, wounding, as he was swimming the stream, the one who had fired at him after his surrender.

Nothing of especial note occurred until, a few evenings later, we reached the town of Plaquemine on the Mississippi, where an artillery regiment was stationed, composed of Northern colored men. My men were very tired, had just unsaddled and were engaged in making coffee, calculating on their well-earned rest and a good night's sleep, free from picket duty. A man rode into camp and announced in great excitement that the four couriers who carried the mail from Plaquemine to Donaldsonville, a distance of about twenty-five miles (a detail from our own regiment), and who were always unarmed and considered non-combatants, as they delivered the mail or matter not contraband to those living along the line, had been ambushed by the guerrillas and cruelly murdered. Without orders and without a murmur our men instantly saddled and we dashed down the river road, our hearts full of vengeance. But it was the same old story. At the house of an old Frenchman, however, we found one of our murdered soldiers. The Frenchman gave me a Masonic sign and upon

my responding told me with tears in his eyes how the poor fellow, after being shot from his horse, had dragged himself to his house. Three of the guerrillas had followed him and wanted to finish their work, but he, seeing a Masonic badge upon the soldier's shirt, had rushed into his house and, returning with a revolver, had stood over the soldier's body and sworn that no further violence would be allowed unless they first killed him. His daughter told me that her father had called them cowards and assassins to their faces and ordered them to leave his house and, like cowards as they were, they slunk away.

After a few days of further scouting, without special adventure, and having disproved the rumors that had originally induced our raid, we reached our home camp. And now occurred the curious sequel.

Presumably the same reports that had given us reason for our trip had reached the commanding general at Thibadeaux, and the day following our return, Captain Lawson of an Indian cavalry regiment, suddenly rode into our camp followed by at least a hundred mounted men. He and his lieutenant inquired for me and showed me their orders from the general to make almost the identical trip from which I had just returned. I stated to them very earnestly that it would be a foolish and useless expedition; that Captain Houk and I had just reached camp after penetrating the Rebel lines and scouring the country for over a hundred and fifty miles with about a dozen men, and had used every means in our power to provoke a fight with the Rebels whom we met; only a few bands of guerrillas were encountered who proved to be a cowardly, murdering set, and that we would be perfectly willing to take ten picked men and camp almost anywhere within that radius, for an indefinite time. Of course, this report could not but impress him, but he said his orders were imperative, particularly as to learning if there was a Rebel camp at Lake Natchez.

"Why, that is but ten miles distant," I answered, "and we ride down there every few days. We camped there night before last and there isn't a Rebel force within a hundred miles."

He decided, however, to go there and camp, and if he could



learn nothing himself, then to send the result of *our* trip to the general, and await further instructions.

At midnight of the following day we were awakened by the sudden entrance of a soldier into the house we used as headquarters, where the door stood always wide open. Upon striking a light, we found that he was in a sorry plight, covered with mud and brambles and almost exhausted. Two of his comrades came in shortly afterward in the same condition. They said their camp at Lake Natchez had been attacked by several hundred Rebels the night of the day they left us, that all their officers had been killed, and that so far as they knew, they were the only survivors of the entire force. They themselves had been on picket duty, and in some way had not been attacked, so had concealed themselves in the swamp, and after the Rebels had left, had made the best of their way to our camp, all the other pickets and men being either killed or captured. During the day, however, twenty additional men straggled in, all telling about the same story, though ignorant of many of the details. Immediately upon learning the story of the first arrivals, the camp was aroused, boots and saddles were sounded and Captain Steele, commandant of our post, with eighty of our own men, all armed with the Spencer carbine, rode rapidly to Lake Natchez and without any difficulty scattered the Rebel force, driving some into the scows across the lake and the rest into swamps. The second day Captain Lawson came in, reaching us in a most wretched condition, half starved and completely heartbroken at his great loss of both men and material. We learned from him that his camp had been completely surrounded by the Rebels, and that when the attack was made, all but the pickets were sound asleep, and the surprise was complete. The captain had rallied a few of his men and had fought desperately, but was quickly overpowered, though he and a few of his followers had escaped to the swamps. To this day I believe not one of the captured has ever been heard from. Lawson said that he knew this was the end of his military career, for while he believed he had taken every military precaution, no officer could explain away such a disgrace. I tried to console him as best I could and told him that I considered myself in a measure responsible for his surprise on account of the statement I had



made to him, and hoped he would make use of me to his best advantage. About a week later I received a letter from him stating that he had been placed under arrest, and that his trial would take place at once. He wished me to come to Thibadeaux and act as his counsel. I obtained leave of absence and rode to his headquarters, but when I met him informed him that while I was perfectly willing to be his principal witness and take my full share of the blame for advising him that there was no danger, and that he would meet no hostile force on his trip, that I was in no sense of the word a lawyer and wholly ignorant of what my duties as such might be; that it was too serious a matter for him to take any chances. But he was very stubborn and said that I knew all the circumstances and that it should be by me or no one. Of course, I consented, determined to do all in my power in his behalf. I found that the captain was exceedingly popular with his men and that none of those who escaped blamed him in the least for their surprise and defeat. Among them, there were in all six who had been on picket. On the court-martial they testified that the captain had posted in all fifteen men and had presumably given each the same orders he had to themselves; which were, to act as if an attack was liable to be made at any time and to let no one approach near them from the outside, without promptly challenging him. His expression had been: "It will be pretty safe to shoot first and inquire afterward." During the progress of the trial, one of the Rebels, who had been brought in a prisoner by Captain Steele, sent for me, stating that he had something of importance to communicate. He said that he had heard that the officer in command of the party lately defeated was being tried by court-martial and he wanted me to summon him as a witness. While he was a Rebel, his folks had formerly lived in the North and he didn't believe in any man being disgraced without cause. On the witness stand he stated that their own camp consisted of about 500 men stationed many miles beyond this lake, and that their scouts had brought them notice that a small party was raiding through the Teche country. So they organized an expedition, not only to capture that particular party, but also to surprise our main camp and get possession of our splendid horses, of which they had often heard, and which by Banks' orders we

had during the early summer confiscated while acting as provost guard. Captain Houk and myself had moved too rapidly and boldly to be taken, and their command was lying quietly in camp, by Lake Natchez, waiting for night to attack our own camp, when their scouts reported the approach of Captain Lawson and his company. The Rebel leader at once ordered a dozen of his men to climb trees in the vicinity and watch, and later report all the movements of Lawson's command, who had arranged his camp almost within speaking distance of theirs. They saw each picket posted and marked each man's post and the arrangement of the camp itself. A Rebel officer and ten men were detailed to capture the Federal officers. Lawson, though undoubtedly wholly surprised, acted so promptly and fought so desperately that this was not accomplished and he, the captain, and most of those with him cut their way out, using only their naked sabers. Later I found two or three others of the captured Rebels who corroborated the first witness and showed plainly that Lawson had used every reasonable precaution. My own lieutenant and Captain Houk testified in the strongest manner possible how we had all told Lawson that there were no Rebels in the country and that he was going on a fool's errand. I finally rested the case with the full conviction that acquittal was almost certain or at the utmost would warrant only a formal reprimand. I was personally intimate with the president of the court, had served with him on previous court martials and knew him and several of the members to be high-toned, liberal-minded officers. What was my surprise when I later learned that the sentence of the court, approved by the commanding general, was dismissal from the service, a forfeiture of all pay and allowance, and that Lawson should never again hold a commission in any army during the war.

My own duties fully occupied me for several weeks following, when one day an orderly brought me a letter from Captain Lawson. It was filled with thanks and thanksgiving, and contained a very handsome *douceur* for me, with a wish that it were much larger. The findings of the court had been sent to General Banks, commanding the department, who had returned them with the most scathing reprimand to the president and members of the court as well as to the commanding gen-

eral ; had ordered Captain Lawson to be returned to full duty at once, and the proceedings of the court to be set aside. He added that a slight reprimand might have been admissible and approved ; but in view of the unjust and outrageous disgrace that a brave and honorable officer had been made to suffer, no sentence at all would be tolerated. And to-day, along the banks of this same Bayou La Fourche, and through that same wild country of the Teche, where the long drooping folds of the Spanish moss swing lazily in the warm breeze, men and women pass and repass, with none to molest nor make afraid, and the little children listen to these wartime stories as to an unsubstantiated tale of long ago.

## THE STRAY CONTRABAND, LOST AND FOUND

BY GEORGE H. TAYLOR, 6TH MARYLAND VOLUNTEER  
INFANTRY

AUTHENTIC data of real incidents of the old war of the 'Sixties, tersely and graphically told, will prove of vast interest and value to the generation present and to that to come. Our grandchildren delight to learn of the stories of heroism of both the Blue and the Gray, and their children in turn will be made better to learn of the brave soldiers of the North and South in those days that "tried men's souls."

The battle of Seven Pines, Virginia, May 31 and June 1, 1861, teems with interest in deductions from the historic past.

Behold the Williamsburg pike as the Indian trail to Powhatan's lodge, and over which Smith the captive was led; Bacon's last march against the same power as Washington, one hundred years after Cornwallis went to his doom on the same route. Anglo-Saxon sires and their sons have sought their adventures strangely coincident indeed.

What the significance of the wounding of General Joe E. Johnston, and the assignment of Robert E. Lee as the commander-in-chief of the Army of Northern Virginia. As the leader of that valiant host, Lee will always remain the one figure in arms' achievement, to beam in brilliancy adown the ages.

The U. S. National Cemetery lies at the intersection of the Williamsburg pike and Darlington road, where in their "palaces of rest" seven sentinel pines cast their shadows over the windowless abodes of the "blue, at rest."

I have had the honor to keep tryst with those dead and to meet with "my contraband astray" on these grounds.

General Butler's lines, extending to that environment on

General Grant's investment of Petersburg, and the ordnance that marked the advance of the long line extending thence to Hatcher's Run through the haze of that April morn, also rang the death knell to the Confederacy.

Besieged at every point on the route, it came for my command to lead through Buckingham County to the 6th Army Corps to bivouac for the night.

Here my contraband stray appeared in guise of soldier, blue trailing coat tails and trousers legs after. His seven summers on a nearby plantation had left him lean and slim visaged, and the rasher of ham on the coals sent off a Smithfield flavor to induce him to "jine," and jine he did under the name of Alexander Brown, colored.

The mixed orders of Grant, Sheridan and Meade, at Sailor's Creek, eventuating the next day, found the 6th Army Corps in a whirlwind dash into the fray to baptize our stray. Void of extraneous sartorial appendages, he trailed after our charging columns, with great glee. He was seen on the Appomattox firing line, but became entirely lost thereafter.

Forty-two years afterward it became the duty of the Superintendent of the Seven Pines Cemetery to introduce me to my help, on taking charge as his successor. Walking among the help and meeting each one, he came to one, and said, "This man, for thirty years, has faithfully performed his duties over these dead."

The name, Alexander Brown, came humming down through the cells of memory for recognition. Brown, sickling grass from about a headstone, replied to the query, "Are you a Virginian?" "Yes, sir," "What county?" "Buckingham," he replied.

The scene shifted back, back to details voiced of the long ago, scenes of campfire and field. Dropping his blade, he arose and exclaimed, "The good Lord has sent you."

To-day, 'neath those sentinel pines, my stray contraband holds pact with our loyal dead as of yore, and the lost has been found on an old battlefield.



## AN INCIDENT OF HATCHER'S RUN

BY WILLIAM H. STEWART, LIEUTENANT COLONEL 61ST VIRGINIA INFANTRY REGIMENT, MAHONE'S BRIGADE, ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, C. S. A.

AN incident of the starving days of the Army of Northern Virginia vividly comes back to me. The sixth day of February, 1865, was murky, cold, and rainy. We were ordered from our so-called winter camp on the Boydton plank road near Petersburg, Va., to a forced march to reinforce General John Pegram. When we reached the battlefield Pegram had been killed, and his men were in full retreat. General Finnegan was our acting division commander, Mahone's Division. We were hurriedly thrown in line, charged the oncoming victors and turned the tide, driving them back to their fortifications, and then we moved back a short distance to straighten and adjust our line of battle. The men hastily threw up scant breastworks, and as night was fast approaching, made brush shelters to protect themselves as much as possible from the rain and snow, hail and sleet, but no fires could be allowed in such close proximity to the enemy.

During the evening, the cooks brought to the men in line of battle a small pone of bread each, the first morsel since early morning. Then these hungry soldiers wrapped their shivering frames in wet blankets and slept as best they could under the bush shelters on the frozen ground, while the pickets paced their beats in front to watch the enemy.

The morning broke clear, with long icicles hanging from the tree limbs and bushes, and the cold north wind was terrible and chilling to withstand. After daylight the soldiers were permitted to cut the sapling trees and build log fires, for they were almost to the point of freezing on their posts. There

was no activity in front of us until late in the afternoon, when the enemy opened fire on us with artillery.

Four men of Co. A, 61st Regiment, were standing in a line in front of one of these log fires; and I suppose the enemy aimed his fieldpiece at the smoke, as he was not in sight; the shell passed so near the first man's head that the wind knocked him down, wounded the next on his hip, crushed the knee of the third one, who fell forward in the fire, which severely burned his hands and face before he could be pulled out, and he died from loss of blood on the litter before the bearers could reach the field hospital, and the fourth was seriously wounded in the ankle. Sergeant Cincinnatus A. Nash, Captain J. T. West, Privates James E. Fulford, and Abner G. Duncan were the unfortunates. Fulford went into the battle with a thirty-days' furlough in his pocket.

These were the times that tried men's souls, and the most desperate in my experience. General Lee, under date of February 8, 1865, reported to the Secretary of War that "All the disposable force of the right wing of the army has been operating against the enemy beyond Hatcher's Run since Sunday. Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, they had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet. I have directed Colonel Cole, chief commissary, who reports that he has not a pound of meat at his disposal, to visit Richmond and see what can be done. If some change is not made and the commissary department reorganized, I apprehend dire results. The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under such treatment." Then, after telling of the condition of his cavalry concludes: "Taking these facts in connection with the paucity of numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us." Thus our great commander most graphically describes the desperate condition of his troops owing to the neglect and incapacity of the commissary department.

At the termination of this expedition we were marched back to the tents which we had vacated to fight in the Hatcher's Run campaign. Notwithstanding General Lee's admonition, little meat came for our haversacks, but the fighting and fasting continued until the surrender. If the commissary department had been true and vigilant, the Army of Northern Virginia would not have stacked arms at Appomattox.

## THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHT AT SHILOH, APRIL 6, 1862

By C. V. THOMPSON, ADJUTANT 13TH TENNESSEE INFANTRY, C. S. A.

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, commanding the Department of Tennessee, Confederate States Army, moved his command from Corinth, Miss., to meet the advancing army of the Union forces under General U. S. Grant, which had arrived at Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee. Our part of the army moved on Thursday, and I, being detailed for service in the quartermaster's department, was ordered to follow with the supply train on the following Saturday, April 5, 1862. About 4 P. M. I overtook the command just as a very unpleasant affair had been settled, and found the regiment to which I belonged very much excited. While encamped at Corinth, the 11th Louisiana Regiment, commanded by Colonel Marks, had seriously objected to being brigaded with Tennesseans, because that State had not seceded as soon as Louisiana and some other States.

The brigade was composed of the 12th, 13th, and 45th Tennessee Regiments, and the 11th Louisiana, and was commanded by General Charles Clark of Mississippi. I was a private of Co. H, of the 13th Tennessee Regiment, and of course much interested in the disturbance which had just been quelled on my arrival. The awful condition of the water-soaked roads had made marching very hard, and many hard speeches had been made by the Louisianians when our boys got mixed up with them, but only retorts were made until their colonel was heard to call out to his men, "Fall into line! You are straggling like damned Tennesseans!" This was just too much, and the 13th Regiment resented, and demanded of their colonel,—A. J. Vaughn, Jr.,—that it be stopped, or Louisiana would be shown a test of Tennessee bravery on the spot. The

matter was quieted, but resentment was still festering in the hearts of the Tennesseans.

When the army went into bivouac the wagons were unloaded and parked. I then requested permission to take my place in line with Co. H, secured a gun and accouterments, and reported to my captain, Robert W. Pitman. I slept that night under the same blanket with the only kinsman I had in the regiment, James K. Young.

It was understood by us that we were in the supporting line, but would be called to march at daylight. Our corps was commanded by General Leonidas Polk, known as the "fighting bishop." Ere it was light, we were marched by right oblique toward the left of our line. Shortly after sunrise we came in sight of an extensive camp of the enemy, but no foe in sight. The battle had already begun on our right, and the glory of that Sabbath morning was tarnished by awful sounds of roaring artillery and the rattle of musketry, and we knew that the sun was looking down upon scenes of carnage and death. Louder and nearer came the roll, when suddenly in our front burst the flash and roar of cannon, though we could not see the guns. This battery was not more than 500 yards from us, but evidently we were not seen by its gunners. Amid this crashing of shells and thunderbursts of the enemy's guns, not at all hurting us, General Polk rode up, and inquired, "Who is in command of this brigade?" "I am," said General Clark. "Ah, that's it," said General Polk. "I want you to send a regiment to capture that battery. I can't place my line till it's silenced." Turning to the Louisiana regiment, General Clark said, "Colonel Marks, can you take it?" "I can try," was the reply. "All right, I will lead you," said General Clark. "Attention, forward, double quick, march!" was the command. Up the slope with a yell they rushed, for a short distance hidden by the enemy's tents. As soon as they were in view, a round of four guns greeted them, but the aim was too high, so on they went; a second round and whole platoons were swept from their line, and the bullets from the supporting infantry hailed upon them. They reeled, they faltered, they broke; rushing to the rear, leaving General Clark with many of their officers and companions stretched upon the field. Many guns and other equipments were thrown away in



their rush backward. One fellow threw a nice canteen full of water at my feet, which I used and prized for many months afterward. On seeing the panic, General Polk again appeared on our line, and asked, "Who is in command?" Colonel Russell of the 12th Tennessee replied, "I am, General." "Send a regiment to take that battery. It must be silenced," said General Polk. I stop here to affirm that these Louisianians were not cowards, but grape, canister and Minié balls raining upon them, as if from the very mouth of hell, swept their line so that no mortal could withstand it. The carnage was dreadful; not a mounted officer left, no one to command; what could they do but fly? The Tennesseans taunted not at all; but went with a rush to their aid, and fell back with them to the cover of the little hill.

Taking up the story with General Polk's last command, Colonel Russell said to our colonel, "Vaughn, can you take it?" "Yes, if you will let me do it my way," said he. "Do it any way you can," said General Polk. Colonel Vaughn had observed a dense hedge-row on the right of the old field, so by marching us to the right we could be hidden from view until we would be very much nearer the battery when we made the charge, and would strike them in flank rather than in front.

While we made this silent and hidden march, the enemy were pounding the woods in rear of where we had stood. And when we had reached the nearest point under cover, Vaughn's clarion voice rang out, "On the right, company forward into line, double quick, march, *charge!*" Here the surprise was reversed, and it was a close hand-to-hand fight, our rapid movement bringing us so near the guns that our chief grapple was with the infantry support, for the cannon were quickly in our possession and although our loss in officers and men was terrible, we had the battery and held the ground. It was here that the grand old 13th Tennessee won for her flag the first cross cannons.

With this, the battle was now all along the line—charge and counter-charge. General Polk succeeded in doubling the Federal line back on itself, then charging front, drove it back toward the river, but every foot of ground was disputed. The report of the death of our loved commander, General Albert

Sidney Johnston, did not reach us on the left until the middle of the afternoon. This did not depress us, but rather spurred to revenge, and our lines surged against the foe until we could see the bluecoats taking shelter under the fire of the gunboats and the river banks. We felt that victory was ours.

I have told what I saw. What would have been the result had General Beauregard pressed on until night,—or as to what was the condition of General Grant's army when General Buell arrived, and other questions as to the battle of Shiloh, I need not say. Every man will have his own opinion. I have conversed with many officers and men who took part in that great battle,—both Union and Confederate,—and I am confident that my account is correct. I am also confident that General Grant's army was routed, demoralized, and in the condition to surrender had our commander, General Beauregard, pressed on. But he made the fatal mistake, and before the light of the morning of the 7th, General Buell's forces had arrived. Thus, so largely reinforced, the Union army took up the fight with determined energy, and from early morn until middle afternoon, the battle raged. Ground was gained, then retaken again and again. *Americans met Americans, and then came the tug of war!* General Beauregard retired from the field in as good order as possible with the water-soaked earth and the thousands of dead and wounded men, dead horses, broken cannon, wagons, and fallen trees. We brought off most of our wounded, largely in captured ambulances and wagons, many fine fieldpieces, thousands of small arms, ordnance and hospital stores, together with crowds of prisoners, including General Prentiss' entire brigade.

## THE NEWSBOY IN WAR TIMES—ONE WHO WAS HIT BY A STRAY BULLET

BY C. E. GOLDSBOROUGH, SURGEON, PENNSYLVANIA  
VOLUNTEERS

OF all the many interesting characters associated with the army during the Civil War, there was none more interesting than the newsboy, and yet his praises have remained unwritten in verse or prose. The reader—or many of them—will be surprised to hear that the soldiers sought in the Northern papers for information of the movements of the army of which he was a part. The soldier knew but little of what took place outside his brigade, and often nothing that went on outside of his own regiment. He would hear heavy firing off on the right or left, and wait patiently until he received the papers the next day, or the day after, to learn through the dispatches that the 2nd or some other corps had been assaulted or had made an assault upon the enemy.

Of course while on the march we rarely ever saw a paper, but while in front of Petersburg during the summer of 1864, a little newsboy would gallop along in the rear of our line among the camps with a bundle of papers nearly as large as himself. He hailed from New York, rode a good horse, and did a lucrative business. He was a bright lad and smart at repartee, and knowing no fear himself, smiled at the fear of others. He would place his thumb to his chubby little nose and twirl his fingers as he sat upon his horse, at a shell hissing over his head, and, watching until it struck and sent clouds of dust high in air, calmly remark, "That was a little buster."

He knew a shell from a solid shot and could even distinguish one kind of shell from another by the noise it made in its flight through the air. As the Minié balls whistled over

him he would start up and sing a parody on the song of "The Nightingale," as he galloped away:

"Listen to the bumble bees, listen to the bumble bees,  
A-singing all the day,  
Oh, don't you hear them bumble bees,  
A-singing far away!"

His cheery ways and childish banter with the men always made him an interesting visitor to the camps.

The boys of my regiment had constructed a "dugout" in the side of a hill, close to a small stream of water, for our headquarters and hospital stores. The outside and one gable were of logs and the top also of logs covered with about a foot of earth. It was proof against flying pieces of shell, but would not protect us from a shell that struck it fairly. An Irishman had pitched his dog-tent up against the gable end of our quarters, and when not in the trenches with his command, he occupied it. The newsboy was in the habit of selling the Irishman a paper as well as supplying us. One night the Johnnies opened an enfilading fire upon our works, and our quarters were directly in line. The Irishman happened to be in the trenches that night when a shot struck the end of our shack and scattered the logs in every direction. Of course, there was not a vestige of the Irishman's tent left.

The next day when the newsboy made his rounds, our house presented quite a dilapidated appearance, and while surveying the ruins, the newsboy suddenly remembered the Irishman and hurriedly asked, "An' what became of the Mick?" and we all laughed heartily at his fear of having lost a customer.

Generals Martindale and Ames had their tent pitched in an open space just below where we were. They each had a cot on opposite sides of the tent, and one day were resting on their cots when the newsboy galloped up with his papers. General Ames being the younger, it was said, went out to get some papers, and while outside, a Whitworth shot passed through the tent and, striking the cot, twisted it into scrap-iron; the newsboy enjoyed telling, in his quaint way, how he had saved the life of a general.

There came a day when our newsboy did not put in an

appearance, and for several days we received no papers, when at last a man rode around distributing them; when asked about the little fellow, he said that he had been stung by one of "them there stray bumble bees," off on the left of the line and had been sent to the hospital, and we never heard anything more from him.

I have often thought a book of reminiscences written by one of them describing his army experience during the war would make very interesting reading, but the field has been monopolized by "war correspondents" attached to some headquarters and as they were "literary fellers" they have told all they knew, and very much that was not true, while the news-boy, being thoroughly cosmopolitan, was simply a "rustler."



## THE SHIRT THIEF

By B. A. SPRING, PRIVATE, CO. K, 34TH INDIANA INFANTRY

I WAS on guard at the colonel's headquarters. It was a beautiful summer morning. The colonel was seated on a campstool in front of his tent, airing his 240 avoirdupois.

There was commotion and boisterous talking in the third company on the left. Soon a guard armed with an Enfield rifle brought a soldier under arrest from the scene to the colonel. After the customary salute, the guard handed the colonel an instrument in writing. After scanning it closely, he said to the arrested man, "I see from this, you are accused of stealing a shirt from one of your regimental comrades. Are you guilty or not guilty?" The man said, "I am guilty, colonel." "Well, that is too bad," said the colonel. "Had I known you were that hard up, I would have loaned you one till you drew your pay." "I didn't need it so bad as that, colonel." "So much the worse," retorted the colonel. "Perhaps you took it from one who needed it for a change. Well, according to military law I'll have to punish you. I guess I'll leave it to you what the punishment shall be." The culprit, assuming a bold front, said, "Well, colonel, I reckon you'll have to shoot me, or buck and gag me." "Oh, well," said the colonel, "it would be too bad to shoot a man, or even to buck and gag a man for so small an offense as stealing a shirt; I'll tell you what you do; go with the guard, and stick your head into each and every tent in the regiment, beginning at Company A, and tell them you stole a shirt." "Oh, colonel," he stammered, "I can't do that; the man I took the shirt from would be sure to find out who stole his shirt. I believe I'd about as lief be shot as do that." "By doing the way I tell you," said the colonel, "you'll live longer, and maybe the Rebels will have a chance to kill you, and then you can die an

honorable death. Go and do as I tell you. Guard, go with him, and see that he carries out my orders, then return him to me." The orders were fully obeyed, amid the uproar, jeers and laughter of the regiment. The guard returned the man to the colonel. Then the colonel said, "You go to your tent, get that shirt, and take it to the tent where you got it. Call for the owner, give it to him, and ask his forgiveness." The task was performed. The guard took him back to the colonel. By that time, the colonel had entered his tent, and was seated at his desk busily writing. The man thrust his head into the door of the tent and said, "Colonel, I stole a shirt." The colonel smilingly glanced back over his shoulder and said, "All right, go to your quarters."

Sufficient to say, that method of punishment as effectually cured that man of stealing from his comrades (which he had been in the habit of doing) as if the colonel had had him shot. But he received and bore the title from his comrades, "The Shirt Thief."

## THRILLING INCIDENTS WITH BUSHWHACKERS

BY A PRIVATE IN THE 3D NEW JERSEY CAVALRY

The letter accompanying the following has been lost, if one was sent with the article; hence I am unable to give the author's name.—EDITOR.

DURING July, 1864, under the command of William M. Robeson, major of the regiment, a battalion of the regiment was ordered out to a position on the left of our lines, about fifteen miles southeast of Petersburg; we were on the extreme left of our line picketing and patrolling. Our mail post was on a road called Lee's Mill road.

For three consecutive nights before we relieved the cavalry that preceded us there had been a vidette killed. We were cautioned to be on the alert, so we changed our post to the west side of the road.

George Baker was on the post about midnight. His good steed gave him warning that there was "something doing."

I have forgotten whether George fired, or the other fellow fired, or both did, but I remember the commotion, as I was eighty rods below them on the road.

The woods had been burned over, and it was no task for us to trace the footsteps of the marauder. It was done, and there followed one of the never-told tales. Suffice it to say *he was punished*.

On the following day, six of us went out on patrol. We picked up six men that we proved beyond the shadow of a doubt were not there for our benefit. We took them to General Patrick's headquarters, and never inquired what became of them. All I know is that *they were punished*.

We satisfied ourselves before returning, July 4th, that the country was full of these marauding bushwhackers; they were hovering around our outskirts, killing and plundering any of

our men who were unfortunate enough to stray beyond our lines, themselves probably in search of plunder, but not to murder.

Our report that night caused some anxiety, and Major Robeson deemed it expedient to send out a scouting party and find out who and what these men were—Captain McClung of Co. G, with a part of the men, and Lieutenant Birdsall of Co. H, with the balance,—in all, thirty men.

When about five miles south of our camp, the captain and lieutenant rode on ahead of us, and when about forty rods ahead, they were fired on by a hidden foe. Poor Birdsall fell dead from his horse, a ball passing through his body. At the same time we men were having troubles of our own. Most of us were between two brigades, bridging two swamp streams, and the planks began to disappear, and we were caught in a trap, as mice are. But we all got away. Those of us who had time to look, saw men rush out at McClung; the captain made a dash through them, striking right and left with his saber,—or perhaps it was a light, single-shot carbine; he dashed his little sorrel horse into the swamp, followed by lots of lead. That was the last we saw of the captain for an hour or two.

But what of the men? We had all gotten out of the trap, and were on the north side of the stream. We did not want to go away and leave our lieutenant's body, yet we feared to go after it. Sergeant Murphy was commanding the squad; he threw out some pickets. In about an hour, perhaps two, I saw some dust arising half a mile north of us and I gave the alarm, feeling sure it was a body of cavalry. Minot, Crozier and I lay in wait for them to get near enough for a sure shot. I remember joking with Minot about shooting over the head of a Reb at Weldon Station; he excused himself by saying, "I could have killed him, of course, but that would have done me no good, and would not have ended the war." I said to him in reply, "Don't be so merciful this time."

The cavalcade had come within two hundred yards, and I had a sight on the head man, when, all at once, I thought I recognized Lieutenant Tomlin or another lieutenant of Co. F of my regiment. They came to us with a dash and at the head was Captain McClung with thirty men.

Now, three men, headed by Robert Bell, one of the bravest boys that wore the blue, dashed up the hill, picked up Bird-sall's body and ran down to the bridge with it. After wrapping it in a piece of a shelter tent, we carried it up to a small schoolhouse, and reverently and tenderly laid it on the grass under the trees. Then we each laid our hands upon the body and then raised them to heaven and followed Captain McClung in a solemn oath that retaliation for this death should be faithfully carried out. Shortly after this, followed another of "*the never-told tales*" of the Civil War.

There are but two of those who took that oath alive to-day, and neither of us will ever tell how faithfully that oath was carried out.

Poor Birdsall's body was taken to City Point, embalmed, and sent to his home, and buried in the graveyard at the little church, where he as a boy attended the Sunday-school at Shiloh, N. J.



## REVOLT OF PRISONERS AT SALISBURY, N. C.

BY HENRY C. SHARP, 2D SERGEANT CO. D, 68TH REGIMENT  
NORTH CAROLINA STATE TROOPS, C. S. A.

ABOUT the first of October, 1864, there were confined in the stockade at Salisbury several hundred officers, and ten or eleven thousand soldiers, separated only by a rope across the yard containing about four acres.

During the month the officers were removed, but before removal, one of them was shot while sitting down on the root of a large tree, by a guard. (This guard was hanged for murder eight years after the war, when he confessed to having killed several persons.) About the last of October the soldiers revolted, believing that our regiment (the 68th North Carolina State Troops) had left on a railroad train, leaving a less efficient guard. In reality, our regiment was still at the depot, only two or three hundred yards distant, although the whistle had signaled several times for the train to leave.

Unexpectedly, rifle and cannon firing was heard, and the 68th, consisting of about 400 men, ran back promiscuously, in two or three minutes. The prisoners had first overpowered the six or eight guards stationed inside the stockade, taken their rifles and killed or wounded them; then they used the captured rifles to fire on the guards stationed on the platform outside of the stockade. The two pieces of small artillery at the corners of the northwestern end of the stockade enfiladed with grape shot the prison yard, while most of the guards on the outside fired down into the prison.

It seems that the prisoners had soon become discouraged, got down into their holes, or lay flat on the ground, and very soon surrendered, as they heard the 68th cheering on their return. When I arrived, three or four minutes later, the firing had practically ceased, and I persuaded our men not to shoot.

Three of the guard were killed, and eight were wounded. Of the prisoners, 16 were killed and 60 wounded. The commandant of the guard, Major John H. Gee (of Florida), had two or three of the prisoners tied up by their thumbs, but they refused to disclose the names of the ringleaders.

Many prisoners escaped dark nights, by tunneling under the walls, especially the one coming up under the guard hospital, which was nearly on the outside. One dark, drizzly, rainy night, one of the guards on duty discovered three of the prisoners crawling along a deep, open, privy sewer on the outside. The one who first discovered him, and some others of the guard who hastened up, proposed to kill the three, but I was sergeant of the guard that night on duty, and I prevailed on these guards to allow these men to crawl back, remarking, "They will probably die soon anyhow." Recently, one of the guards on duty next day, informed me that he saw two of them in an extremely filthy condition, as they had no other clothes to put on. The prisoners detailed to bury their dead, who were put into a big ditch, their clothes having been saved by the burial party, cut some fuel and bought some provision from poor white women.

The fare of the prisoners was very deficient. While stationing a guard inside the kitchen of the prisoners, I tried to eat some of their corn bread, but I could swallow but little, owing to corncobs being ground in it. Of course Commandant Gee may not have known of this. He was very strict and rigid, however, and even the guards were afraid of him. Shortly after the war he was tried for cruelty to prisoners, but was not convicted.

The inside sentinels would often exchange five or six Confederate dollars for one of U. S. money. I accumulated some fifty or sixty greenbacks this way, and had the pleasure of loaning them to my brother, who had been taken prisoner by the Union soldiers, was paroled, and was through Salisbury on his way home.

Early in October fifteen or twenty of the prisoners died daily; early in December thirty or forty; while about February 15th some forty or fifty. They were in a distressing condition when paroled and released, the latter part of February. The Confederate resources were then nearly exhausted.

## A SCENE OF INTEREST IN FRONT OF "FORT HELL"

By JOHN TREADGILL, CO. C, 14TH REGIMENT, NORTH  
CAROLINA INFANTRY, C. S. A.

I DID not go into the service until the latter part of the war, but I saw some thrilling scenes in the Valley campaign in 1864, but the grandest sight,—a sight that spoke volumes for the American people,—I witnessed in front of Petersburg, Va., on the morning of March 25, 1865.

Our forces between midnight and day had worked their way through the Federal lines at Fort Stedman, vulgarly called "Fort Hell." While we were going through the obstructions, the Federal picket said, "Come ahead, Johnny." They mistook us for deserters. Enough of our forces crossed over to capture nearly a mile of line. We held it until after daylight. The Federal forces recaptured the line from us after sunrise of the same morning, and crowded us to our own works, but we repulsed them. The dead and wounded belonging to both sides between the two lines of works were many. The lines of works were so close together at this point, there were not any rifle pits or pickets between the two main lines. After we had driven the enemy back from our line of works and they were secure behind their own line, a flag of truce was raised and recognized, and it was agreed that each army should take its own dead and wounded lying between the two lines. A detail was made for this purpose, but it was only a short while until the entire commands of each side were on the field, trading tobacco for coffee, and as agreeable and sociable as if there were no war, and the wounded and dead were neglected until the officers called their attention to them.

And in the midst of this mingling of both armies, I saw a Federal general salute a Confederate general, and he acknowledged the salute. This was after the desperate fighting of a few minutes before.

This could not possibly have occurred with other than American people, and I have frequently referred to it as one of the grandest incidents that I saw during the war in keeping with our citizenship. I have seen, time and again on the line, pickets meeting under a flag of truce to exchange papers and tobacco for coffee, but this incident surpassed anything I ever saw, coming from two generals of the respective armies.

## WAR REMINISCENCES FROM 1862 TO 1865

BY THOMAS A. STINSON, CO. C, 41ST ALABAMA REGIMENT,  
C. S. A.

I am indebted for the following story of the war to the widow of the author of it, Mrs. Stinson. Her husband was a Confederate soldier from 1862 to the end of the war, and was one of the few who kept a diary. In answer to my communication to the soldier, Mrs. Stinson quickly responded, but gave me the information that her husband was one of the many to answer the final roll call. But she said he had kept a diary, and that she would permit me to take it and select from it whatever I wished. The kind courtesy is very deeply appreciated.—EDITOR.

I WAS mustered into the service of the Confederate States as a member of the Pickens County Greys, at Pickensville, Ala., on March 23, 1862. I had just passed my seventeenth birthday. . . .

On December 28th we received orders to cook three days' rations and be ready to move at a moment's notice. The next morning we moved and took our position about one mile from town (Murfreesboro) to the right of the Nashville pike. Our position was just in the edge of an oak grove, and in our front was a large field. We learned that the enemy was advancing on us from Nashville. During the day we could hear distant firing as the cavalry fell back slowly in front of the Federal army. Toward night the noise of battle came nearer, and cavalymen passed going to the rear. Late in the afternoon we were advanced about half a mile to the place of battle. Just at dark our skirmishers were run in by the Federals, who soon retreated. Tuesday morning we threw up breastworks and lay just behind Cobb's Battery, giving it support during the day. During the morning it began to rain and then turn cold, so that we suffered greatly from exposure the next few



days. Early Wednesday morning our attention was called to heavy firing on our left, which continued all the morning and part of the evening. Our left had attacked the enemy's right, and after a hard fight, had driven them back and captured their entire line, both sides losing heavily. Just at night the Federals made an attempt against our position, which was now the center of Bragg's army line, but they were driven back. During the next day we lay quiet in our lines until just before night, when we moved out in front of our works and lay down in line of battle. We remained here some time exposed to the heavy fire of the enemy's artillery, when we were ordered back into our own lines. This movement cost us the lives of several of the men, as well as a number wounded. On Friday about three o'clock we were moved to the right some distance, and formed in line of battle. Breckinridge's division was ordered to attack the left of the enemy's line, which was very strongly entrenched on the north side of the Stone River. Here they had massed sixty pieces of artillery to resist the attack they were expecting. Besides this, they had a strong line of infantry on the south side of the river that we had to encounter, before we could reach their main line of battle. The division was formed in columns by brigades, ours being in front. We formed under a hill out of view of the enemy, and laid aside our knapsacks and blankets, so as to be unencumbered with weight. The command to "load at will," a command that always causes tremor to the soldier, soon passed down the line. General Hanson came to our color bearer and gave directions as to the course he was to take. Soon the bugle sounded the advance and forward we went through an old sage field and to the west of the hill, where we encountered their lines of infantry, and soon had them on the run for the north side of the river to the protection of their batteries. We charged down the hill through a grove of large timber, and so severe was their artillery firing that large limbs were cut off, and falling, hurt a great many of our men. About this time I received a slight wound on my head, but continued to press forward with the colors, as about three months before this I had been promoted to color corporal, which position I held through the war. I had reached a point near the river, and but a short distance from the enemy's lines when I was

wounded in the arm and had to go to the rear, where my wound was dressed. In this attack our men met with a bloody repulse and our loss was heavy. General Roger Hanson, commanding the brigade (1st Kentucky), and several of his staff officers, were killed. Wright's Battery, that was attached to our division, was torn to pieces, and nearly all the officers and men killed or wounded. The 41st suffered dreadfully, five in my company being killed besides those wounded and taken prisoners. Our color guard went into the charge with a sergeant and eight corporals and came out with the sergeant and one corporal, the others being killed or wounded. It was the hottest place we got into during the war.

I remained in the field hospital during Saturday and that night, in company with Captain Dick Dose, who furnished me with a horse. I rode all night and all day Sunday, reaching Manchester late that evening. On Monday we found the regiment at Alascondia, on the Chattanooga road, and remained with it one night, and then I was sent to the hospital at Chattanooga. I remained there one night and was then sent to Ringgold, Ga. Here I was placed in a church that was used as a hospital. After a stay of a week here I was sent home on a sick furlough. Aside from the pleasure of getting home I was glad to bid adieu to this place, as the treatment of inmates was very bad. On my way home, gangrene had set in in my arm, and for a long time my life was despaired of. After a spell of seven months, through the loving treatment of my dear mother, I rejoined my command at Morton, Miss., on the Meridian and Vicksburg railroad.

About July 1, 1864, we were moved to the left of Norfolk railroad. The distance between the lines was so short that conversation could be carried on between the pickets of the two armies. Frequently a truce would be declared between them and they would exchange sugar and coffee for tobacco. The Federals had erected several mortar batteries on our front and kept them going constantly, doing us much damage. To protect ourselves from them, we dug pits in the ground and, placing logs over the mouth of them, would then throw the dirt back on the logs; into these caves we could run when in danger. One morning just at daylight, while we were in line, the Federals opened with their mortars. We saw one

shell coming directly toward us and we ran into our caves for safety. It struck the top, came through and exploded. A fragment struck me on the head and knocked me senseless, and wounded a comrade in the knee. I was sent back to the brigade hospital and had my wound dressed. The next day the comrade who was wounded at the same time as I, and myself, were sent to the hospital at Richmond. He had his leg amputated and died in a few days. I soon returned to my command. The day after my return to the trenches I was standing in the rear, issuing rations to the mess, when a mortar shell burst so near that it burned my hair and reopened the wound on my head, which had not entirely healed. All the time there was incessant cannonading going on, and the sharpshooters were on the alert, so that scarcely an hour passed that did not send someone into eternity or maim him for life. I had several narrow escapes. Once I was standing up, holding the colors in my hand, when a fragment of a shell cut the staff off just above my hand. Another time I was coming down cemetery hill when a Federal sharpshooter, at a distance of half a mile, fired at me, and the bullet went through my left sleeve and slightly wounded my arm.

During the month of December the Federals had advanced their picket line too near for our comfort, and arrangement was made to undermine and blow them up. The mines were duly dug and powder placed in position. One evening we were ordered to man the works and when the mine exploded, to raise a yell and pour a volley into their lines. We took our position and in a short while we saw some trees in front begin to tremble and waver, and then the ground was torn up, throwing trees, rocks, and dirt high in the air. We raised the Rebel yell, and poured volley after volley into their lines, and at the same time all of our batteries opened on them. It created a good deal of stir in their lines, but they still held on to the picket line. This affair cost us the lives of a number of our men. Failing in this, a few nights after, our company, and Co. A and Co. F of the regiment, were ordered to take the line. I asked, and obtained, permission to go with the company. About twelve o'clock that night we moved out to our picket line and deployed as skirmishers. Our order was to take the line at the point of the bayonet, and not to

fire a gun. The line we were to attack was at the distance of about one hundred yards, and to reach it, we had to pass over an open piece of ground. There really was nothing to prevent the enemy from discovering us. After a few minutes delay the sign of advance was given,—a low whistle,—when we, clambering out of our lines, moved on theirs, expecting every moment to receive their fire. To our great surprise we reached their lines without being seen, and found only two of them awake, and they hovering over a little fire, and not on the lookout. We jumped into their lines and secured thirty-five prisoners. We also captured a lot of plunder, which was divided among the men. An officer's overcoat fell to my lot, and proved to be of great service during the winter. We had but two men injured in this attack. They mistook each other for Yankees and grabbed, and in the struggle both were slightly injured.

Just before Christmas we were moved to the right of the railroad and just east of the Blanchard Cemetery. Near our position was the old Blanchard church that was used by Cornwallis as headquarters during the Revolutionary War. In digging a covered way through a marsh, from our lines to the rear, we dug up some cedar coffins; an old negro said that they were those of British soldiers.

Our brigade suffered a keen loss in the death of General Gracie, who was killed on our lines by a shell, the same shot killing four other officers. General Gracie was a brave and gallant officer, and was greatly beloved by his men.

On March 21st we received orders and left the lines we had held for nine months. On the morning of the 25th we were aroused before daylight and were hurried out to the entrenchments, where we found the enemy making demonstrations for an attack. Shortly after our arrival on the line, Co. C was ordered forward to hold the picket line. It was during this fight that I shot at a Yankee officer, standing by an old house looking at our lines through his field glass.

On the morning of the 29th we moved to the right on the Quaker road, and occupied the trenches all the morning. The undergrowth in the woods through which we moved was so dense that we could not see ten steps ahead of us, and our



lines encountered those of the enemy unexpectedly. The enemy fired first, killing several of our men, and then fell back. We returned the fire, and followed them to the clearing. We continued to follow them until they reached a little rise in the ground, when they opened out, and we found ourselves facing a battery of six guns and a line of infantry; they poured a destructive fire into our ranks, and it seemed as if none could escape, so terrific was their fire. Our loss was dreadful, all caused by mismanagement on the part of *somebody*.

On the morning of April 2d, we began our retreat in the direction of Lynchburg, Va. We crossed the railroad at Southerland Station, and *drew our last rations from the Confederate Government*, six crackers and a small piece of meat to each man. Although we had endured hardships before, all were nothing in comparison with what we had to undergo these six days. The enemy pressed us so hard that we had to move all night, and could only get such sleep as we had by dropping by the wayside, simply from exhaustion; and our horses were dying from starvation.

On the evening of the 8th we arrived at Appomattox Court House, and as the Yankees had been quiet all day, we had hopes of reaching Lynchburg, when the sound of a cannon destroyed these hopes. The morning of the 9th found General Sheridan, with a large force, directly across our path, and General Gordon, to whose division ours had been attached, received orders to attack him and open the way. In this charge a battery of six guns was captured from the enemy. We soon learned that General Lee had proposed, and General Grant had accepted, the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

In the evening General Lee passed us to meet General Grant, and arranged the terms of surrender. On his return the men broke ranks, and crowded around him, bidding him good-by. It was an affecting scene, never to be forgotten. The next three days were spent in making out paroles of the men, and on the morning of the 13th we formed for the last time by regiment and brigade, and marching in front of Gibbon's Corps, stacked our arms and laid down our dear old



colors. I started for home, and after a few days, I reached there, and, thank God, the country was united again. The following is a copy of my parole:

"PAROLED PRISONER'S PASS.

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA,

"April 10, 1865.

"The Bearer, Thos. A. Stinson, of Company C, 41st Ala. Reg., of Moody Brigade, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home, and there remain undisturbed.

"J. V. WILSON, 2d Lieut., Co. C,

"41st Alabama Reg."

## PIEDMONT, VA., JUNE 5, 1864

BY WILLIAM W. STRINGFIELD, LIEUTENANT COLONEL, 69TH  
NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS

AT Piedmont, or New Hope, Va., near Staunton, on June 5, 1864, our troops met with a sad and almost disastrous defeat under Major General William E. Jones by Major General Hunter of the Union army. Jones had only 5000 to 6000 troops; Hunter had 18,000 or more. Hunter had almost a triumphant march up the valley, with only four or five skeleton regiments to oppose him. These regiments had but 400 or 500 men each. General Jones had been for six months in the successful defense of Southwest Virginia, when he was moved to the valley of Virginia to confront General Hunter in his triumphal march toward Lynchburg. Jones did all that mortal man could do to head off Hunter, and, but for his untimely death, in the terrific assault upon our lines, front and flank, at about 3:30 or 4 P. M. with reinforcements of 6000 men, we would have defeated the 12,000, already four times repulsed in our front, in the forenoon.

Jones practically threw his life away by madly riding between our lines and a now victorious enemy. He and his horse were both killed in a futile effort to check Averill and Crook's fresh troops, 6000 or 7000 strong, with only about 1000 of our men at that point against them.

The Federals, seeing their advantage, rushed forward impetuously and took our works, *only a thin rail fence*. A sharpshooter rushed upon me, demanding my surrender and shooting at the same time. His shot cut off a lock of my hair, burning my ear and cutting away the cape to my overcoat. I at once ordered the retreat of my men, back toward the Shenandoah River, and was aiding in the escape of Captain Jule

Welch, who, two or three minutes later, was killed in my arms.

The enemy gave us a respite for a few moments, and under orders from Colonel James R. Lorer, of my regiment, I gathered twenty-three men as a rear guard and rapidly followed our retreating army into, and out of, the valley turnpike road. In half an hour or less, the New York cavalry came headlong out the lane, the front troopers dashing on toward our wagon train and artillery, the latter limbering and whirling into action at once. Soon, with grape and canister, with deadly effect, the lane was blocked up with dead and wounded men and horses. In the meanwhile the troopers in the lane opposite me singled me out and emptied their carbines at me, also their Colt's revolvers. I returned all their compliments in kind, killing one and the horse of another, shooting the man through the leg. He was slow and sullen in obeying my orders after his comrades had fallen back and I had to knock him down with my sword to make him obey. After that they made no further pursuit of us.

This was the beginning of Early's valley campaign, leading us up and down the valley and around by Washington, D. C., Shepherdstown, Martinsburg, Winchester, etc.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUMMER\*

BY CHARLES E. BELKNAP, U. S. VOLUNTEERS

WHEN Sherman's army moved out of the city at Atlanta, Ga., November 16, 1864, the term "Bummer" had not been coined; and a few days later, when it came into existence as a term or name, was applied only to those details from regiments and brigades whose duty it was to gather in the "forage" of the country passed through, for the subsistence of the men and animals that made up the army. There was a limited supply of food in the trains of each corps and in the haversacks of the men, but we were to take no chances on its holding out until another "base of supplies" could be reached.

The writer that fall was eighteen years of age, with more than two years of active service to his credit, from the rank of private to that of captain. During the preceding years there had been some opportunities to forage from the plantations of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. In a sort of mild and genteel way, pigs and chickens had been chased about the farms and surreptitiously inveigled into camp, to the great scandal of regimental, brigade, and division commanders; but now had come the time when the men were commanded not only to chase the chickens and pigs, but the cows and sheep as well. Everything on foot and wing, all things of the earth and air, were "contraband of war."

The first day out, details of men were made out of each regiment "to go out foraging," each under command of a lieutenant or captain, each acting independently of the other.

\*Kindly loaned by Colonel Tweedale, U. S. A., Recorder of the District of Columbia Commandery, Loyal Legion.

There was but little left to forage in the country about Atlanta. Many of these men were physically and morally unfit for the duty. Two, three, and often more of these small independent parties came together about the cabin of a poverty-stricken "cracker," and the combats that ensued for the possession of the live stock, mostly "mountain shad," threatened for the time being to destroy the brotherly love said to exist between the various regiments of the army. If a rich find was made, the men were loaded with all they could carry, and the torch did away with the balance, to the great distress of those who got in a few moments later. Then again these small parties were not made up to fight, and when half a dozen of "Wheeler's Critterbacks" got after them, all the foragers of the corps took to the woods for safety; in their wild flight chickens were left orphans by the wayside. Hams, pickles, preserves and honey were cast aside with reckless prodigality, and the detailed forager found the way to his command two or three days later with harrowing tales of hairbreadth escapes. He usually brought in his gun and cartridges, but was minus the good hardtack and coffee that filled his haversack when he went out with the squad.

The writer's detail had just this experience the second day out of Atlanta. That night a conference was held at brigade headquarters and orders went out for a brigade detail the next day. Thirty men volunteered from each of the three regiments of the brigade, each under command of a lieutenant, all under command of a captain. To this command I was assigned and held until the surrender of Johnston's army in 1865.

The brigade detail was made up that night, and left camp before daylight the next morning, nearly every man well mounted. It was well that they got away so early, as very few of them could show good title to the animal he rode, but as there was a great deal of swapping and trading horses and mules that day, about every man came back to the command with a clear conscience. This was the first brigade of organized foragers, and their success in many lines soon led to other organizations throughout the army.

I do not remember hearing the term "Bummer" applied to these men until just before the capture of Savannah, and



then as a "Boomer," from the almost constant booming of the enemy's guns as they were harassed on all sides, either by the foragers of Kilpatrick's cavalry—but pardon the digression.

The ninety men and their lieutenants that made up the command were tried and true. If one was killed or wounded, which was often the case, another volunteer was called from the regiments, and in all cases the details were kept full.

After the first day there was but little trouble in keeping the command well mounted, and forage being plenty a return was made to the command each night; but in many of the sparsely settled sections of the country it was two or three days before a load could be gathered up, the detail often going fifty miles away upon the flanks. Skirmishing with parties of cavalry and "Home guards" was of hourly occurrence, and the word went out from Wheeler's command, "Death to all foragers." Eleven of the foragers were captured one day and all shot, their bodies being placed in a row by the roadside, that all passing that way might see them and take warning. This did not stop the foraging, but had the effect of weeding out of the commands the less courageous men, and the filling of their places with a more determined lot.

The space of this article will permit only a few of the many interesting adventures of the detail which I commanded; to write them all would make a book of comedy and tragedy—a book, alternate pages, mirth and sorrow; to-day a feast, yesterday a famine; to dine on broiled chicken and turkey, to sup on soup of nigger peas; to-day with victorious shouts driving the enemy away from mill or roadway bridges, to-night gathered about a shallow grave in the piney woods where, with his blanket for his coffin, we fill in the place with moss and drop the parting tear to a comrade brave and true.

Out upon the flanks one day a party of Wheeler's men were found; they, too, were foraging—had their animals well loaded with all sorts of plunder, useful and ornamental. "We rushed them," to use a modern term, capturing the outfit, taking a rich prize to camp that night.

One day, we were well out in front of the army, when from around a bend in the road came the sounds of a

man's voice in prayer. The advance guard moved quietly forward until he came in sight of a black man kneeling by the roots of a pine tree with uplifted hands and face. He was asking God for freedom from his bondage, praying to be guided to the Union army, and the voice of his devotion filled our hearts with a strange emotion, for his tones by turns were sad, then sweetly solemn, then wildly glad, as he prayed for the white folks, his master and mistress, to whom all things were bright and fair, to whom all things were pure and free; then for his race, upon whom the "curse of Cain had fallen like a flail on garnered grain," and struck them to the earth. Then echoed through the woods prayers that God might guide the Union army safely through all dangers, and "on dis berry road, Lord." The advancing tramp of horses' feet caused him to open his eyes when they were almost upon him. His surprise was so great that for a moment he was speechless. Then he fairly yelled with delight, his prayers were answered. The Lord had sent us specially for his deliverance. In reply to my questions, he said, "I'se only a runaway nigger, an' days an' nights in de dark woods an' dismal swamps I've skulked and hidden away, and I've seen de fires ob de midnight camps, an' heard many times de patrol's tramp, an' de bloodhound's savage bay; but now I'se free; I dun gib ole massa de slip, an' I'se gwine wid you-alls."

In the years before the war nearly every plantation had its pack of hounds for tracking runaway slaves. During the war these hounds were often used to track the Union soldiers who were lucky enough to escape from Rebel prisons. Many a luckless fellow has been freed and re-captured by the use of these dogs. The foragers never spared any of them, but killed them at sight.

One day we passed a lot of cabins; in the doorway of one of them, some distance from the road, stood an aged negro, so old his hair was white as snow. Between his legs there crowded a large dog; probably neither dog nor man had ever set eyes on a blue-coated soldier before, and both seemed dumb with surprise. A soldier, quick to see the dog, raised his gun and fired. The dog yelped once, the man dropped upon the animal in the doorway and yelled a dozen times.

Hearing the noise, I hurried to the spot, and asked, "Who fired that gun?" No one could tell. Going to the cabin I helped the colored brother up and found the dead dog. "Who killed the dog?" I inquired. "Don't know," said one of the soldiers, "but I guess the nigger fell on him."

That same day the "Bummers" captured a plantation rich in chickens and other useful articles. When the men were busy twisting the necks off the chickens and gathering eggs, a troop of Wheeler's men came down on us like a whirlwind, and drove the boys to the shelter of the woods near by. Then hasty preparations were made for a fight that was sure to come for the possession of the place. "The lady of the house" came out and offered her help to whip the Yankees. The Confederate officer told her that was right. "If you want to help us, get up there on that fence and holler at them and dare them to come out for a fair fight." She got upon "the top rail" and shaking her fist, shouted, "Oh, you miserable Yankees. You have taken every chicken on the place." "What's that!" said the Confederate, "taken all the chickens? Then there's nothing left worth fighting for." And he called his men out of the fence corners and rode away, leaving the woman on top of the fence, so busy calling names and shaking fists she did not notice his absence until the "miserable Yankees" returned to gather up the odds and ends so hurriedly left.

But a few days out of Atlanta, in a sandy, poverty-stricken region, a very thinly populated district, miles away to the left of the route followed by that wing of the army, we found in a small log cabin two wee bits of girls, one about three, the other five years old, the only living objects about the place. In the cabin were a few rude housekeeping articles,—a bed in one corner that would not tempt a soldier out of a horse stable as a sleeping place, and a bake kettle, a few gourds and a home-made "piggin," were about all to forage on. The little ones, so nearly dead of starvation and neglect, could tell us nothing, only "Mamma gone, mamma gone." Clothed in nothing but thin cotton dresses, black with dirt and grease, no underclothing, their little bare legs and arms were so grimed with dirt that at first we thought them "darkies."

The little cotton dresses were but bags with a hole left for

arms and neck. They were as shy as young partridges, but food soon won their confidence. A search was made all about the premises for other living beings, but the little ones were absolutely alone, but for the birds that chirped about in the tree-tops near by. The command halted to feed and rest their animals, a fire was built on the hearth and the babies given a bath with warm water, and fed on soldiers' grub; their flaxen hair was combed, and well washed, and they were as pretty a capture as ever made by the "Bummers Bold."

Resuming our march we tried to give them away at the next cabin a few miles on our route, but that would not work—the woman had a house full of her own. She knew nothing about these two, and so half a dozen places were visited, but with war's desolation in the country, none could be found to care for these motherless girls. But before night the Bummers had a wardrobe for them worthy of the command, a piece here and there as the cabins were passed, were borrowed. Before the night camp was reached, a soldier who had babies of his own in Michigan removed the dirty cotton gowns, and clothed them with the plunder of the afternoon. They were "just too sweet for anything." They were mounted on a pack mule that day; at night they slept cuddled up in a soldier's arms. The rain dripped down through the pine trees drenching the blankets of the tentless soldiers, but the little ones were as comfortable as "bugs in a rug." These two sisters were turned over to the regiment the next day; by turns they were toted on the backs of the soldiers to Savannah. The authorities of the city were notified, but nobody had time for "the little white trash." A lieutenant, wounded and sick, was granted a furlough; he took them home to his State, where they reside to-day in happy homes, beautiful in their motherhood. Although diligent search was made after the war, the mystery was never solved. They are simply two of "Sherman's Bummers."

At one place in North Carolina the Bummers found the hiding place of 200 good mules and a lot of horses, but so situated that a reserve force to guard communications was needed. The information was detailed to General Carlin, who sent a regiment of infantry to assist. There were two streams to cross, the Haw River by a scow ferry, a deep and



rapid stream, and then some distance on the New River, by a foot bridge. Between the two streams was a good sized town full of "liquid supplies." Up the country between the two streams was Hampton's cavalry, beyond the New River a few miles were the coveted mules—a supply depot guarded by convalescents, about twenty-five miles from General Carlin's camp. The Bummers crossed the Haw on the scows, swimming their horses, left a small guard as a lookout in the town, passed on over the New River and surprised the supply camp, getting all of the stock away safely, but followed closely by the enemy.

Crossing the bridge it was burned, and we were comparatively safe from that quarter, but in the town we "met up with a circus."

The regiment, under command of a major, had safely crossed the Haw on the scow ferry, having nothing else just then to do, accepted the hospitalities of the people, and from major to ambulance driver were howling full of apple-jack. But the boys all claimed it was persimmon beer that threw down the chaplain. A regiment, 300 strong, drunk in a hostile town, a deep and rapid stream, a scow ferry, camp twenty-five miles beyond; Hampton's men coming down the neck, guided by the hospitable mayor of the town, who was quick to see a joke! But it was here the Bummer showed his loyalty to comrades in distress. The totally disabled were loaded into wagons, tied upon mules and horses, and in various ways taken to the ferry, where we, by constant passages and swimming animals succeeded in getting all across. Scattering shot from Hampton's troopers hurried the rear guard in the last hour of their trying duties. Once across the stream, the regiment was left to take care of itself. The captured animals were of the greatest value to the division trains. It is said that that regiment did not all get back to the division for three days. The major's saber dangled from the tent pole of the division commander for a time; then came the end of the war, and all errors of judgment were forgotten. A few days before this last occurrence, while hunting the pine barrens for "nubbins of corn," things got very interesting for the Bummers. Forage was very scarce and the enemy very plentiful. One of the men, a daring, dashing fellow, fell



behind the command. In coming up he missed the road and followed the road to the left, that led him suddenly into a company of Dibbrell's command. Too late to retreat, he charged single-handed among them, using his Colt's revolving rifle with deadly effect. The enemy gave him a volley, four bullets hitting him; then a trooper gave him a cut on the head with his saber, unhorsing him. They stopped long enough to take his outfit and left him for dead in the woods. That evening, while the command was grinding corn at a small wet day mill, a woman came in telling us of the occurrence. With a couple of men and a horse I followed the woman two or three miles through the woods to the place, and found the man not dead, but very near it. We placed him on the horse, and giving the woman a roll of money (Confederate) went back to the mill. That man was carried in an ambulance several days, and is living to-day, although badly crippled.

The day after this occurrence one of the lieutenants of the command was ambushed and killed; not being satisfied with filling him full of lead, they put a trail rope about his neck and pulled him up over the limb of a roadside tree, where we found him. We followed the trail and squared accounts that night. It was a most uncomfortable night, the rain coming down in a ceaseless pour. We had been out on the flanks all day in the worst sort of luck—not enough food in the country to feed a crow. Men and animals were tired out, and lost. We followed a black streak through the forest, a trail of mud, quicksand, and water. Where the road led, I neither knew nor cared, so long as it led to a place of shelter for the night, which to our tired animals it seemed we would never find. A faint light in the far distance finally led us out of the forest and to a group of cabins and the master's house. The cabins were deserted, except by one old bed-ridden negro; they had gone "to jine the army." The light was from the "great house"—a faint glimmer of a fire upon the hearth. The men soon found dry places for themselves and animals; one man was placed on the road to "watch for sounds," and I went to the great house thinking I might get a chance to sleep and dry my clothing before the fire. To my tap on the door came a faint response, "Come in." Opening the door I passed through a hallway into a large, well-fur-

nished room. Before the fire sat a woman, whose face in the dim glimmer of pine knots on the hearth was ghastly, a face of mingled fear and pain. I quickly doffed my water-soaked hat and great coat and said: "Madam, by your permission I will build up a fire. I am very wet and cold." The fire of pine knots quickly flashed up, lighting the room in seeming defiance of the rain and gloom outside. "Oh, sir, I see you are not one of our folks. You are a Federal soldier." "I am, madam, a captain of Sherman's army. I do not want to intrude, but with your permission we will sit here before the fire. My men are in the negro quarters for the night. Where are your people?" "Oh, sir, my husband is in Lee's army, but dead or alive I don't know. It is weeks since I heard from him, and the servants and field hands have all gone like a lot of crazy children. They gathered a few articles of food and clothing and have gone to Sherman's army, but, sir, I know you are a friend." Then she said some things in a delicate way, that young and green as I was, I could not help but understand. "Is there a neighbor near?" "Yes, two miles away. A good woman who would come to me if she knew."

Going out to the cabins where great fires were burning in the chimneys, the men drying themselves out, I found one of my men who had a wife and babies in Michigan. I quickly told him all and sent him into the house. Then I saddled my horse, found a side-saddle in the barn, and put that on another animal, then with one of the Bummers for company, started up the plantation road to find the neighbor. That was the longest two miles I ever traveled, and finally we were welcomed by a pack of howling, barking dogs, that snarled and snapped at us from side, front, and rear. With a piece of fence rail I drove them away and held a parley with the woman inside, who at first said it was "a dirty Yankee trick to entice a lone woman away to destruction."

Several arguments were used, mingled in with some cuss words on the part of the soldier with me, which persuaded her to come along. The return trip was made at a good pace, our fair prize scolding and crying by turns until we pulled up at the great house again. Lew had a roaring fire on the great open hearth. A pot of old government Java was steam-

ing on the coals. Lew and the new arrival held a council of war, and I put up my horse and lay down long after midnight, before a fire in one of the cabins to sleep, drenched to the skin, aching in every joint, wondering what would be the Bummer's lot the next day.

Going to the house next morning, Lew, the Bummer, sat before the fire with a bundle in his arms, singing in a lullaby sort of voice:

"I'm a raw recruit, in a brand new suit,  
Nine hundred dollars bounty;  
And I've come down from the tar-heel town,  
To fight for North Carolina."

Far sweeter than the notes of the song-birds was the sound that came from the recruit in response to the song of the grizzled old soldier, who, with tears in his manly eyes, was thinking of the wife and babies in far-away Michigan, whom he had not seen in nearly three long weary years of war.

Some one has said that "babies are the flowers of hope that grow upon the trellis of our hearts."

We christened that one with a canteen of apple jack, and named him Billy Sherman, and took for our reward the family carriage loaded with dead pigs, some corn and chickens, and other things necessary to the conduct of the army.

From the major general commanding the Department of Virginia at the close of the war I received the following account of the first soldiers of Sherman's army to reach Washington at the close of the war. The country about Washington was full of stragglers and thieves, men of both armies. One morning early two men put in an appearance on the main highway from Richmond. They were splendidly mounted on horses, well fagged out, dashing young fellows, armed to kill, bronzed, tanned, ragged.

The guard brought them to a halt. "Who are you?" "We are the advance of Sherman's army on the way to Washington and home."

They were taken to headquarters, where the general said: "How is it you are here while the army has not yet reached Richmond?"

"Well, you see, general, we have made it our business to keep in the front ; that's how it is." In spite of their protests they were taken to the guardhouse and kept until the army arrived two weeks later. They had started the day Johnston surrendered, six days before, passing to the west of Richmond to avoid complications. Their outfit was returned to them after their release, with an apology.

It is to be regretted that the names and regiments of these two men are not known. It was but a fair illustration of the enterprise of Sherman's Bummers.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE VOLUNTEER NAVY DURING THE CIVIL WAR\*

BY ACTING ENSIGN JOSEPH M. SIMMS, U. S. NAVY

I AM to relate something of Fort Fisher and my personal experience, and of the fall of the fort, as well as of the relation it bore to the final collapse of the Southern Confederacy.

There was at the northern entrance of the Cape Fear River a strong line of earthworks, 2580 yards in length—a land face of 682 yards and a sea face of 1898 yards—both faces bearing upon the sea.

Fort Fisher was considered the strongest fortress of the sort in the world, and was pronounced impregnable. The works were constructed under the supervision of General William N. C. Whiting, of North Carolina, who graduated from West Point in 1845, sixteen years before his State seceded from the Union.

On December 24 and 25, 1864, there were, according to Colonel Lamb's own statement, forty-four heavy guns brought into action.

Lieutenant Commander K. Randolph Breese, the admiral's fleet captain, had the command on shore, and Lieutenant Commander James Parker, the *Minnesota's* executive officer, led in the assault upon the fort, and I was at his side. From October 12, 1864, when Admiral Porter assumed command, up to the time we went to the coast to attack the fortifications at Cape Fear, for which the army and navy had been so long planning, there were calls for all sorts of boat expeditions where there was extra risk of life.

\* This paper was read before the District of Columbia Commandery of the Loyal Legion and has been given for this book through the kindness of its Recorder, Colonel John Tweedale, U. S. A.



Now comes the great change for our squadron—"hurry scurry," and the final move for the large fleet of ships. It was: "On to Fort Fisher."

A great number of men were transferred to us from the army of the James at this time, and both officers and enlisted men were kept pretty busy drilling at the great guns from early morning until night, and as the men became proficient in great gun drill, many of them were distributed among the vessels of the squadron which was soon to move.

On October 30, 1864, the monitor *Monadnock* arrived at Hampton Roads. This was the monitor which Admiral Porter had, in his report, after the first attack upon Fort Fisher, said "could go to any part of the world and fight."

According to a statement of the Secretary of the Navy to the President, there were 150 vessels ready for attack upon Fort Fisher on October 15, 1864.

At that time the greater number of ships were at or near Hampton Roads and off the North Carolina coast in the vicinity of Cape Fear.

Admiral Porter had placed his ships under divisional leaders. Our ship, the *Minnesota*, was to lead into action the second division and was to be the leading ship, to follow the monitors and ironclads.

It was now generally known that General Bragg, of the Confederate Army, had gone from Richmond, Va., to Wilmington, N. C., in anticipation of an attack in that quarter. At this time the Confederate torpedo arrangements on the James River were keeping our vessels there very busy; also there were elaborate plans on foot in that wholesale method of destroying life at the approaches to the Cape Fear fortifications.

The Confederates were now really forced to desperation, for they could build no more ships, as iron was not obtainable; all timber to be had was in their forests, and it must be hewn out from the trees.

Our capture of prizes, valuable ones at that, was progressing rapidly. We were in this way acquiring, almost daily, good, swift, Clyde-built vessels, while the Confederates and their friends across the Atlantic were losing their ships and money.

In fourteen months, under Acting Rear Admiral S. P. Lee, we had captured fifty-two ocean steamers; and really it would seem as if there was nothing left for those gallant men of the South to do but fight to the death, or at once abandon all hope of ever establishing a government to their own liking.

In November, 1864, a little over a month before the bombardment of Fort Fisher, our ships captured the 900-ton blockade-runner *Lady Sterling* of Wilmington; it was her first trip, bound out with nearly a thousand bales of cotton and three tons of tobacco. That vessel had carried into Wilmington a valuable cargo.

The *Lady Sterling* cost \$250,000, and her outward cargo of cotton and tobacco was worth about \$400,000 more.

This was only one of the many valuable English-built vessels with valuable cargoes that were being lost to the then weakened Confederate cause.

Preparations for operations on a large scale went steadily along, and by December 1st it was whispered among the officers at the Roads that the garrison at Fort Fisher was to be paralyzed by the explosion of a mammoth torpedo, or a ship loaded with powder, and that all of the guns of the fort would certainly be dismantled.

Although there were many of us who regarded that report as a yarn only, yet, as it turned out, much of it came to pass. There was, however, no garrison paralyzed, nor were anybody's guns dismantled by the explosion of, some say 285, some 300, and others 215 tons of powder in the steamer *Louisiana*.

On December 13th, at about 10 A. M., the powder ship *Louisiana* passed under our stern and out of the capes of Chesapeake Bay, in tow of the U. S. steamer *Sassacus*, bound for Cape Fear, to rattle Fort Fisher; and very soon we were all heading out for sea in the same direction. Such a gathering of armed ships had never before been seen.

As we proceeded along the coast it was evident that the greatest event as yet known to our navy was near at hand, and that the Confederates would likely soon lose their stronghold.

At 3:30 P. M. December 19th, the *Minnesota* anchored off Fort Fisher.

We were to watch for signals from the flagship, and when ordered to take position the *Minnesota* was to go ahead slowly and anchor about one mile from the fort.

December 23d, a blockade-runner got in past our fleet at high tide. One of our soldier-sailors remarked: "I'll bet that Mrs. Tyler is on that steamer returning from Nassau." He then chuckled, and said: "I was on the steamer when Mrs. Tyler took passage for Nassau out from Wilmington, and heard it then said that she would return before Christmas." So we really had as one of our crew to battle with Fort Fisher a man who had been engaged in running supplies to the enemy and who was on a vessel that ex-President Tyler's widow went out from Wilmington to Nassau on board of. This man had been captured running the blockade, and was sent North on our prize, and instead of doing as others did—go to Halifax and re-engage for a run—he joined our volunteer army for pay as a substitute.

December 24th, at 5:15 A. M., the *Minnesota*, 48 guns, got under way and stood toward Fort Fisher, and anchored in line of battle 2100 yards distant from the fort. Weather fine, sea smooth, with light southerly breeze. At 12 noon beat to quarters for action. Our noon meal washardtack and coffee which was passed up from the fireroom, all other fires being put out.

At about 1 P. M. the *New Ironsides* and monitors alone opened fire upon the enemy's works; we were now just one mile east half north of the northeast angle of Fort Fisher, with the "Mound" battery bearing southwest.

The batteries fired pretty lively at us; their third and fifth shots passed close over our deck, while our shells were being hurled into the fort rapidly. Other large vessels of the fleet were soon at it, and they all did some excellent work.

A fire broke out in the fort; this our masthead lookout attributed to our ship's shell; a shot from the enemy cut the spring on our cable; at about three o'clock the flag on the fort was shot away; the *Minnesota's* flying jib-stay, fore-royal and fore-topgallant-stays were all shot away. The enemy were now firing high.

The sailors at our guns, many of them, were stripped to their waists, and were warming up to the work when, at 6

P. M., we withdrew from action, leaving a buoy to mark anchorage six or seven miles northeast of the fort.

Into this day's fight the frigates *Colorado*, *Minnesota*, and *Wabash* carried the largest number of guns of any of the ships of the squadron. Total guns of their combined batteries numbered 146, being 52, 48, and 46 respectively.

When we consider that these were only three of the thirty-seven ships that were hurling shot and shell at the Confederate works, some idea can be formed as to what a hellish hot place Federal Point must have been during the firing of our guns.

Christmas eve this: and what for to-morrow, which is Sunday, and the anniversary of the One who came into the world to save all mankind; and on this day, in all probability, we will be using our best efforts to kill our brothers, as well as risking being launched into eternity.

"The bursting shell, the gateway rent asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
An ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade."

December 25th, Sunday and Christmas: At 9:30 A. M. the big ship was again under way. At 10:45 the *New Ironsides* began firing at Fort Fisher, then soon the monitors, all four of them, opened fire very rapidly. The momentary lull for our ship gave us the opportunity to witness the truly thundering, hellish rattle of a first-class bombardment by so many ships with big guns, and now I do not wonder at the partial deafness of so many of us who were there.

At about 11:15 A. M. the *Minnesota* was again at it, from a new position, three hundred yards nearer the fort than yesterday. We had opened fire with our forward guns, and when the anchor was down, with suitable scope of cable, the men were stripped to the waists for battle, then the flagship signaled "cease firing."

There was a slight grumble passed along the decks from gun to gun. The men were permitted to lie down at quarters; Commander Rhind came alongside and informed Commodore Lanman that he had laced a buoy 150 to 200 yards nearer the fort for us. Some of the crew, hearing that, wanted to cheer.

At 1 P. M. we were in the new position with a kedge anchor



out astern and port-bower anchor down, and began firing by divisions at the fort, "Mound," and batteries. The first shot from the enemy touched our main-stay, the next one struck the ship below the water-line, and we hauled out the spanker to steady the ship broadside to the enemy; just then a 30-pounder shell came in through our midship port on the spar-deck and went through one of the launches and the first cutter, lodging in the stern-sheets of the latter boat.

At 2 o'clock hot coffee was served to all hands. At 4 P. M. we brailed up the spanker, and then a shell from the fort exploded on our chain armor, starboard side. Although many Confederate shells burst immediately over the decks of the ship, scattering fragments to both sides, not one of them did us any harm.

Soon after 4 P. M. the Confederate flag was shot away the second time, and considering the fire of the monitors and all of the largest wooden vessels at that time, the gallant enemy held to their guns wonderfully well.

When the flag fell from the fort's northeast salient, the ships ceased firing until 4:45 P. M.; then we again opened fire more rapidly than we had before, and the roar of the cannon was something terrible. Every particle of flesh upon one's bones seemed to be slipping off, eyes stinging, and we were almost blinded by powder, smoke and refuse; the guns and our clothing were almost white from saltpeter.

Several men at my gun, the 11-inch pivot, bled at the nose; yet none of them flinched, but kept to their stations.

This day there were some pieces of shells imbedded in our ship's hull, but as these were all above the water-line, they were allowed to remain.

After sundown the stillness on board was almost as unbearable as had been the rapid firing and we preferred to keep at it with the guns.

So ended our Christmas of 1864, and we had hurled shot and shell enough at the Federal Point works to lay a cast-iron pavement the entire circuit of its beach.

In the two days we fired 20,775 pounds of powder from the 11-inch, 9-inch, 100-pounder, and 150-pounder guns on the *Minnesota* alone. All projectiles fired were loaded and fused shells, and the total number of them fired was 1982.



Now if you will for one moment give it thought, it can easily be realized, considering the number of ships that were in the battle, what an enormous amount of cast iron was hurled at the fortifications during the two days' bombardment.

In the two days the whole fleet fired 20,271 projectiles at the Confederate works, which fired at our ships 1390 projectiles.

Colonel Lamb's garrison on Christmas day was 1371 officers, soldiers, and sailors. There were only 63 of them killed and wounded; five of his gun-carriages were disabled, and two of his 7-inch Brook guns burst in firing.

As the *Minnesota's* position was, on the 25th, so close to the fort, our firing told more effectively, and we could plainly see that our shells were knocking the lines of the fort's ramparts into all manner of shapes, as well as the batteries along the sea face.

December 26th and 27th our magazines and shell-rooms were refilled from ordnance schooners, using five of the ship's boats for that purpose.

It was now quite evident that the army had failed to get possession of Fort Fisher, for on the 27th the troops that had been landed to battle with the Confederates were, the most of them, taken on board of the army transports, and at once started northward; the troops that were left upon the beach were soon afterward taken off by our ship's boats. As the sun was setting on the 28th, almost all the squadron, *all*, except the regular blockaders, were under way and standing to the northward to ride out a storm, off the bar, or in the "bight" near Beaufort, N. C.

The monitors and other light-draft vessels went into the harbor, while all of the larger ships for about 48 to 50 hours rode out one of the heaviest gales that was ever witnessed.

Colonel Lamb stated in his official report, made after we left Cape Fear: "I am unable to know what damage was done them (our ships), but I am certain the injury inflicted upon them far exceeds the injury their bombardment did us. Our Heavenly Father has protected my garrison this day, and I feel that He will sustain us in defending our homes from the invader."

During the heavy gale the *Junia* and several other ships had to slip and heave-to at sea throughout the storm, but they all came through it and got back to anchorage without other loss than a few anchors.

We spent two weeks off Beaufort, and were then, on January 12, 1865, made happy by the sound of "calls" of the boatswain and his mates, summoning all hands up anchor.

The whole fleet was now on the move, with General Alfred Terry and his transports loaded with troops.

At about 5 A. M., January 13th, we stood in toward the fort, and anchored in close line of battle, one ship's length ahead of the *Brooklyn*. At 8:30 A. M. commenced shelling the woods north of Fort Fisher, firing slowly. We were now 800 yards from the beach, with the frigate *Colorado* off our port quarter.

Eleven of our boats were gotten out, and there was a race with the boats from all of the ships for the army transports, in our effort to make the first landing with troops.

At about 9 A. M. the ships all ceased firing, and in about five and a half hours we had landed 8500 soldiers, some mules, field guns, intrenching tools, hard bread for six days, and some ammunition.

By 5:20 P. M. the *Minnesota* was in a new position, about 1600 yards from the fort, east by north of its northeast salient. We opened fire.

The sky was clear, air balmy, and as the sun went down, casting the shadows of the fort and batteries seaward, the somber hues in purple and dark grays softened and blended into the brilliant sun-tint upon the edges of the battle smoke; it was a sight once seen never to be forgotten.

Up to 6 P. M. this day, January 13th, the *Minnesota* and other ships put in effective shots. Ours were 11-inch, 9-inch, and 150-pounder shells. Then we retired about 7 P. M. from the fight, and anchored two or three miles off shore, while the *New Ironsides* and monitors held to their positions for next day's battle.

At about 4 A. M., on Sunday, January 15, 1865, all hands were called, "Up anchor." We stood inshore, and at 7:30 got out all boats, and sent them with picks and spades to the shore, for the use of intrenching parties.

Companies were made up, equipped and then dismissed with orders to "stand by for a call."

The whole crew were willing to go, and appeared anxious to finish the job. As it was, many of the firemen and coal passers went with us.

We were then called to quarters, and at 9:15 A. M. the *Minnesota* alone was signaled to proceed and take position. We were so close this time (within 1400 yards) to the fort that the enemy could be seen at work preparing to give us the best there was left in their battered works.

We were ordered to fire by divisions and dismount the guns on Fort Fisher. The ship now lay at a kedge anchor and a spring-line made fast to the *New Ironsides*, when a lively firing was opened upon the works from our 11-inch pivot, gun-deck batteries and the 150-pounder alternatively. After the fire from the gun-deck divisions, the enemy ceased firing.

At 10 A. M. orders were given, "Prepare to land." There were many small personal matters attended to hurriedly; letters, with last words added to them, were passed over for mailing; also there were sailors' trinkets and keepsakes left, to be forwarded by shipmates who were to remain on board, to kindred of those who might fall in battle.

As we were leaving the ship at eleven o'clock, officers and crew remaining on board gave us three cheers. The whole fleet appeared now to open fire upon the enemy's works; pieces of shell, tin straps and sabots of the shells from our vessels, together with shot and shell from shore batteries, came splashing and whistling among our boats.

All of the men who were transferred to our ship from the army were given Sharp's rifles, while the older members of the crew were armed with cutlasses and revolvers. We were all under Lieutenant Commander James Parker, the *Minnesota's* executive officer.

We landed about one and a half to two miles above the fort, then formed companies in line along the beach, when the whole were divided into three divisions, each division to be under the senior officer of the ship divisions, and the marines to be under their senior officer on shore. More than 2000 officers, marines, and sailors were landed.

Upon landing, I was at once detailed and told to select my

men for intrenching at the front. Before I could do that the whole company stepped to the front, and there were more than it was intended I should take. We intrenchers advanced, and succeeded in digging our rifle pit for our sharpshooters without the loss of a man killed.

Several received slight wounds, however, and we were under a galling fire from a hateful gun mounted upon a field carriage at the fort's sallyport, as well as musketry along the land face.

Together with musketry, canister, and grape fired by the enemy in front of us, and fragments of bursting shell fired by our ships at the rear and left of us, intrenching near the face of Fort Fisher was not a very pleasant job, and we who were thus engaged were not long in throwing up enough sand to protect temporarily the few marines who were covering us with their muskets.

Lieutenant Preston came running from the rear, and ordered me to advance obliquely to front and left and to dig a trench three feet deep. He then turned to my right and was giving orders to Assistant Engineer Holton when, suddenly, like chaff before a gale, they all vanished. Preston was killed, and I was afterward informed that an acting ensign named Smally finished Holton's rifle pit.

When I got to the next point for throwing up sand, it was so close to the palisades that we were out of the range of the enemy's great guns upon the ramparts; but the confounded "Napoleon" at the base and center of the land face gave us an occasional raking with grape-shot when not doing the same thing for other intrenchers.

Now we could see in front of us only one dark, frowning, forbidding line of the fort stretched out across Federal Point. About seventy-five to one hundred yards in front of the palisades, and among wires to torpedoes imbedded in the sand to blow us up, we soon had sand enough in front of us for protection against small-arm fire; but this was accomplished by the sacrifice of several brave men who were shot dead and many others wounded. It was fortunate for us that the battery connections to the torpedoes in the sand did not work; if they had we should have all been among the missing.

Marines, under Captain L. L. Dawson, of the *Colorado*, filled the last rifle pit I made, and very soon, as the naval force



came up along the beach, I saw Mr. Parker, at the head of the column. He hailed me: "Come on, Simms, fall in with your men; we're going to assault."

I wedged the few men into dead men's places, and, not knowing where the balance of the company were, I went to the head of the line on Mr. Parker's right. He said: "Go with your company," when some officer on Parker's left said: "Let him come along."

Between the point where I joined the assaulting party and the fort there was no halt before we reached the palisades, and when we were within about twenty yards of them we at the head of the column turned obliquely to the right, at a point 150 yards from the fort, and ran to the opening that the ships' shells had made, when suddenly the enemy gave us the full benefit of their convictions—that we were making the main assault; and this, I have since been informed, was the opinion of the commander of the fort at that time.

With the severe fire of the enemy's musketry it was utterly impossible for more than sixty to one hundred of us who were already at the front to advance. Our column was cut in two, and at least two-thirds of the sailors wavered under the withering showers of bullets the Confederates were sending among them.

At that time I judged there were 150 to 200 marines and sailors who stubbornly advanced and who were finally compelled to take shelter under the second angle of the palisades, which ran from along the land face of the fort to and around the northeast salient at the sea face and then to the beach.

Acting Master's Mate A. F. Aldrich, of the *Tuscarora*, with Thompson and myself of the *Minnesota*, and a sailor whom I took to be a petty officer, got through the opening in the palisades within fifty yards of the fort, when the sailor sprang into the air and fell shot through the breast.

Here we were checked. Fortunately for me that I was not so tall as Mr. Parker, for had I been, a Confederate bullet would have gone through my throat instead of the top and front of my cap.

I made for the next angle, followed closely by Aldrich. We had made but a few steps when I was shot. Aldrich forged a few steps farther and then sang out: "I'm shot." I tried to



step and my leg gave way and down I went. Aldrich got back under the palisades where others were. I got to my feet again, but soon fell. Then some one sung out: "They're retreating." I again got up and yelled "Cowards!" I had said this in the excitement of the moment, not seeing that the Confederates poured volleys of their hellish fire into the ranks of the staggering sailors and marines whom Breese and others were vainly endeavoring to rally for a second charge.

When upon my feet this time, Mr. Parker sang out to me: "Lie down, Simms, lie down! There are two holes in you!" I fell.

It would have been impossible for men made of tougher material than flesh to have withstood that firing, and for others to advance to where we now were; neither would the palisades afford shelter for more than were already under them.

It was the proper thing for them to retreat, for those who did get away did good work soon afterward in conjunction with the army, which by this time was fighting its way into the Confederate works from the Cape Fear River side.

The Confederates had completely broken us up, where the marines and sailors were thickest, also shattered the few of us who got to the front, forcing some down to the beach end of the stockade and a few closer up under the fort.

The admiral had ordered that the charge be made around the end of the palisade, which was at least 200 yards from the fort's sea face, and at the beach; but as there were some of us at the head of the assaulting column who were at the front when that order was read, we led on toward the weakest point in the fort, knowing nothing of any order to do otherwise than get there. Truly there were many lives saved by our rush for the opening in the palisades nearest to the fort, as well as at the most damaged spot along the ramparts.

The shrieks and groans, mingling with the fiendish rattling around us, together with the whistling bullets and the bursting shells over us, were enough to cause one to feel that he was in that place which General Sherman once described as answering to the name of war.

I was soon alone upon my bed in the sand, with the protruding Confederate naval battery upon my left and the lofty salient above me, while from between them came the fire of

musketry, giving good cause for my thinking that all was up with me this time. An occasional shell from some ship of ours struck uncomfortably near, some bursting and scattering their fragments in all directions, while a few landed that were smoking only.

As officers and enlisted men were shot and fell upon the beach all along the line, from the beginning to the center, the roaring surf afforded some of them "winding sheets," and those men were reckoned among the "missing."

As darkness of the night came the ships ceased firing over us; then with a sudden volley the enemy showered their hot lead at the small crowd of officers and sailors at the palisades. Very soon, rapid rattling musketry was heard upon the west side of the fort, where evidently our army was getting into close action with the enemy; so now we were "let alone" upon the sea front.

I cannot state from personal observation anything relating to the fight that was then, after dark, going on between our boys in blue and the brave ones in gray, beyond saying that from the continual rattle and roaring of guns there was hell to pay over their way.

It can easily be imagined what a desperate hand-to-hand battle it must have been, and from truthful statements from those army men who passed through the bloody scene under the light of the stars, it was something almost beyond description.

They finally carried me off the field. There were others near strewn upon the sand between us and the beach. Many were dead, and some were groaning and dying, while some few were crawling off, leaving blood-stained sand marking the spot where they fell and courses taken.

Lieutenants R. H. Lamson and J. R. Bartlett, Ensigns J. Hobans, and Robley Evans were there. The first three got well up to the front. Evans was wounded, and, according to official report, he fell near the end of the palisade near the beach.

Excepting the groans from the wounded and dying, and the murmuring, moaning sea along shore, or now and then a stray shot from one of our men in the sand hills, and its acknowledgment by one of the enemy who remained upon the

fort's parapet to take care of us while their main force was engaged with our army a thousand yards toward the river, it was comparatively quiet.

The wound that I received was an extremely bad and painful one; the bullet struck on the inside, just above the right knee, passing fourteen inches through the thigh; it struck the pelvic bone and escaped at the hip.

As the darkness closed in around us, our executive, Mr. Parker, came across the sand and gave me a stimulant; in doing so he came very near not having any left to give to anyone else; for it was so deliciously warming and strengthening, that, when I had shut my teeth down on the neck of the flask, I almost played turtle, by closing my eyes and forgetting to let go. I did let go, however, before the kind man's flask was emptied.

From the loss of blood I had become very weak, and prayed for death to come, but not from the death blow of one of our own ships. One good fellow, who twisted his neck-handkerchief about my hip, received a bullet and then crawled off toward others at the palisade. That poor fellow had rolled me into a hollow in the sand, and when he was shot he muttered something about his mother, and, "if I get through," etc.

I had seen our officers and men shot down at the water's edge during the advance upon the fort, at the immediate approach to the slope, also at the palisade, where it was impossible to aid them off the field before dark.

As already stated, I lay where I fell into the dark of the night, and as there was no other music but the murmuring, splashing sea upon the beach, mingling with the moans and groans of our wounded who were unable to get away, I joined in the choir and groaned to my heart's content from between 3 and 4 o'clock to 8 P. M. In this time all from my early childhood flashed through my brain.

In a letter to Major Hill, at Wilmington, Colonel Lamb expressed the wish for some 12x12-inch timber and 3-inch plank to enable him to mount four guns which Hill desired around the "Mound" battery. The colonel also wrote that he needed negroes, as he had not been able to repair earthworks, and, said he, "I am ready to repel Admiral Porter; but if you give me 500 negroes, and enough timber to mount guns, I will

make him leave some of his vessels behind." The colonel said he needed the 500 negroes to take the place of 200 worn-out ones he then had, who could do no work.

At about 8 P. M. Mr. Parker came with four sailors and took me to the beach. I was put into Lamson's gig and sent off to the *Minnesota*. Shortly after I was on board and swung in a cot in the ward room of the big ship there was great cheering on deck, blowing of whistles, and a lurid glare of rocket lights. Then I knew it all meant that Fort Fisher had fallen into our hands; so I joined in the cheering. Someone said that the fort surrendered at 10 P. M.

During the three days of the second bombardment of Fort Fisher the whole fleet expended 19,682 projectiles, making a total weight of 2,927,937 pounds of iron and powder hurled against the fort and batteries in both bombardments, in five days, December 24 and 25, 1864, and January 13, 14, and 15, 1865.

With the fall of Fort Fisher and its adjoining batteries, Fort Caswell was evacuated and blown up, Bald-Head and Fort Shaw were destroyed, Fort Campbell was abandoned, and 168 guns of heavy caliber were captured, all nearly within gunshot of Fort Fisher.

As this long night of intense suffering was about drawing to a close, and as day dawned, the prettiest daybreak I had ever witnessed, it was to me a most welcome sight, for I could see the beam of heaven's pure light gleaming in through the air-port abreast of me, in the big ship's side.

I now thanked God I was alive, while only eight hours before, I had offered a prayer longing for death, and at that time would gladly have welcomed it.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven."

And now that good old flag, the Stars and Stripes, is the only banner for all sections of our grand and glorious country.

"Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."



## LIBBY\*

BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. LEWIS, CO. I, 4TH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS

THE old soldiers of both sides who fought out the great war have been trying to forget as much as possible the hardships endured during the contest, and especially any ill treatment they may have been subjected to, whether avoidable or not, during the time any of them may have been prisoners of war. They have tried to remember the bright side of the situation; and that there *was* a bright side the account I am about to give, of a part of what I saw, heard, and felt during a long imprisonment, seven months of which was spent in the historical and notorious "Libby," most surely proves.

I was captain of Co. I, 4th Kentucky Cavalry Volunteers, and was captured near the close of the great battle of Chickamauga, and taken back to the rear, a prisoner of war, and, arriving at the headquarters of the provost guard in due time, was turned over to the officer in command, a lieutenant of the 52d Alabama, who was very considerate of my comfort while in his charge. He informed me that several more officers of my brigade had been captured, whom I would meet in Dalton or Atlanta. I did meet them a few days afterward in the latter place.

He and his guard took us as far as Dalton, where we shook hands and parted, and I never saw him again.

At Dalton I met about a dozen officers who were strangers to me, but it did not take long to get acquainted.

The next day we started for Atlanta, where we arrived in

\* Through the kindness of Colonel Tweedale, U. S. A., Recorder of the Commandery of the District of Columbia, Loyal Legion.



due time, and where I bunched with six others of my brigade, we remaining together throughout our imprisonment.

We spent the remainder of that afternoon and night in the corral, and next morning were placed on the cars (some sixty officers and six hundred enlisted men), and the start for Richmond was made, where we arrived about midnight of September 30, 1863.

Disembarking from the train, we were formed in column of fours, and after about a half hour's march through the sleeping town were halted, and just before us loomed up, grim, white, and silent in the bright moonlight, the Bastile of the Confederacy, the notorious Libby Prison.

Situated on the southeast corner of 21st and Cary Streets, the building, or rather the triple buildings, known as the Libby, presented a very strong appearance. Occupying a small square in itself, whitewashed from foundation to roof, a gaslight on each corner and a sentry on each side of its four sides, to escape from Libby was an achievement. But some did escape, both by passing the safeguards, and by digging under them. We entered the prison through a large door to the left of the office, which was next the corner.

The head of column was halted at the far end of the room, our detachment being very near the rear.

Just then a lieutenant of my regiment asked me what I was going to do with my money. "Keep it," said I. "But," he replied, "they will take it away from you if they find it." "Well," said I, "don't they take it from you if you give it to them? How much have you?" "Three one-hundred dollar bills, and a few ones and twos," was his answer. "There you are," said I. "Hide the large bills in your clothes and give them the small ones, and tell them that is all you have; *lie* to them—it is in a righteous cause." At the same time I was tearing a hole in the lining of my cavalry jacket under the arm and stuffing five twenties in for safe keeping. The lieutenant took my advice and saved his three hundred; the adjutant general of our brigade hid a hundred-dollar bill in a false pocket in his purse; the others of our party, seven in number, kept what *they* could, so that we retained among us about seven hundred dollars, which helped us immeasurably during the winter which followed.

After the hunt for greenbacks ended, and our names, rank and regiments were entered in a book by the adjutant of the prison, we were marched upstairs about 1 A. M. and turned loose in what was called the "Chickamauga" room, the middle room of the building, called so from its occupants having nearly all been captured on or near the field of Chickamauga.

Most of the occupants were asleep, but enough were awake to call out, "Fresh fish," and ask us a few old sleepy chestnuts as to our choice of rooms, and what we would like for breakfast. However, we were soon occupying places on the floor, and quiet soon reigned throughout the building. In the morning we were assigned to messes, for convenience in drawing rations. Our mess number was 20, I think, and the messes numbered forty each, but were subdivided to suit the fancies or convenience of the members of the larger mess. Our "brigade" remained together as one small mess, seven in all.

As the meat ration was very small, soup was made of it for dinner, and the meat kept out and made into hash the next morning; hence the cry of "Hash for No. 1," or some other number, was the first call we heard in the morning. However, the ration got smaller by degrees, and the "meat" part of it soon ceased altogether, and we wrote home for food; and when we began to receive these boxes, we lived a great deal better.

We also bought supplies through the prison inspector, one "Dick Turner," and my relatives in Richmond sent me a basketful every Friday or Saturday, which as a matter of course I shared with my mess. With all, we had to husband our resources, and I often dreamed of the "something good to eat."

We did our own cooking, but we were not bothered so much about the cooking as we were for something to cook. For breakfast we had hash,—if we had any meat at all,—bread, and coffee. For dinner we cooked meat if we had any, generally a boil or stew, with potatoes or rice, beans or cabbage, which latter was a great treat. Sometimes we would have codfish balls.

The few hundred dollars we had been able to smuggle into the prison were diminishing rapidly, and we had to practice very close economy, not knowing how long our imprisonment would last, but during December boxes from home came containing eatables, and we determined to have a Christmas. We

seven clubbed together and on Christmas day sent out for a turkey and a pair of chickens, which we had cooked, the turkey stuffed with oysters, and the chickens with old-fashioned dressing. We also had a milkpan full of mashed potatoes, with a pat of butter on top, and a couple of mince pies, all of which added to the corn bread, water, and salt, furnished by the authorities, made a very enjoyable dinner indeed.

Sometime about the beginning of the year of 1864 we noticed many signs of uneasiness, displayed in partly suppressed excitement among the officers and others about the prison, and there was, of course, the usual amount of speculation among us as to the cause thereof. We soon found out they were greatly excited about the movements of a force of our cavalry, which was reported out on a raid, and was getting alarmingly close to Richmond, which at that time contained but a few troops. This was the force, as we learned afterward, which, under Kilpatrick and Dahlgren, came so near taking Richmond at that time, in fact *had* taken it, had they known it; but, Dahlgren being killed, the troops composing his part of the command retreated without forming the junction with Kilpatrick, as had been agreed upon, and the latter withdrew his command from the other side of the city, which, of course, ended the danger.

There was a very small force in the city at that time, nothing but the local organization, a few regular soldiers, and the remnant of Pickett's old division, on duty as guards around the prisons. As it was, they got so close on one side of the city that we heard some of the firing.

We amused ourselves in various ways. One officer whose quarters were a short distance down the room from ours caught mice and made a cage for them out of an old tin can; then he took a smaller can and made a turn-around, such as squirrels are taught to revolve, and in a short time he had his captives doing that and many other tricks which were a great source of amusement and interest to us, as well as occupation for him.

We had a very good troupe of negro minstrels, of the veritable old-fashioned burnt-cork variety, made up exclusively of officers, there being no enlisted men kept in Libby at this time. There was some first-rate talent among them. Most of the

instruments were made from the boxes sent us with provisions from home, and from their shape, received the name of "music on the square." However, they possessed one or two good instruments, a violin and a "cello," and altogether they produced some remarkably good music.

There was one species of amusement, or employment, or punishment, just as each one chose to consider it, that occupied a short space of time once or twice a day, that every one practiced, performed, or suffered; and that was "skirmishing." I'll not tell you what it was, but will give you just a hint. Scattered around in every room in the prison, at any hour of the day, except at meal time, you would see officers of all grades with certain pieces of clothing in their hands, while they diligently scanned each garment, especially the seams, for — what? Well, they were not prospecting for gold, although what they found was the size of very coarse grains, and some of the fellows declared that they had C. S. A. branded on their backs. Besides being very cold work, it was very funny to see the dignified general and field officers engaged in that sort of warfare, but all had to come to it; the pests had no respect for rank or person. Bone carving was also a very popular employment, and some very respectable work was produced.

Along about the early part of January the prison authorities took it into their heads to put iron bars in the windows, and it was while this was being done that some of the boldest escapes were made, two or three of which I recall. Among the prisoners in the hospital were a captain and lieutenant, the latter a tailor, and he agreed to make the surgeon in charge of the prison hospital a uniform. So the surgeon brought the material as directed by the lieutenant, who made *two* coats, one for the Rebel surgeon, and one for the Union captain, who was about the same size. The one coat was delivered, and the surgeon paid liberally for it. In the meantime the captain had secured a gray jacket for the lieutenant (it did not matter about trousers—the guard all wore the Yankee blue) and one morning, after the surgeon had made his daily visit and departed, the two officers made ready, and a little while after the sentry in front of the hospital had been changed, the Union captain, dressed as a surgeon, C. S. A., followed by the lieutenant in his old gray jacket and old cloth hat, walked boldly



out of the front door of the hospital, proceeded down the street, and were soon out of sight, and they made their way safely to our lines.

Another bold escape was that of a captain in a western regiment who, in broad daylight, walked out through the office. I had noticed this officer for some time, and wondered why he allowed his hair and beard to grow so long and become so tangled, thinking that if he would get shaved and have his hair cut he would come out a very handsome man. He was about six feet high, a good figure, and had very dark hair and beard. But there was method in his madness. One day he received a large box of provisions and clothing, and a day or two afterward a gentleman about his size, with close-cropped hair, a handsome mustache and imperial, dressed in a well-fitting suit of black, with well-laundered linen, a silk hat on his head, and with gloves and a cane, entered the prison office from a room where a lot of our fellows were awaiting examination by the surgeon (it being sick call), and, looking around, innocently inquired if it was "General Winder's office." "No, sir," said the adjutant, "this is not General Winder's office," and pointing up the street, he gave him the proper directions and said, "Sentry, let this gentleman pass." That was the last heard of him, my old friend of the erstwhile long beard and tangled hair, until he too had reached our lines in safety, when he wrote back to friends in the prison, who were very anxious to learn the result of his bold adventure.

One of the neatest schemes was gotten up and put in practice by a couple of enlisted men, several hundred of whom were confined in a large building diagonally opposite the Libby.

One night a number of us heard a shot fired across the street, and the natural thought was, "another of our poor fellows gone." but we could learn nothing that night. In the morning one of the colored prisoners who was sent in daily to clean up generally, told us that some prisoners had made up a dummy which they let down by a rope, and which the sentry saw and shot at, and before he could reload, two prisoners slid down by him and escaped.

It has always been a matter of great regret that about half of the tunnel diggers were, after all their toil and hardships, recaptured and brought back to the prison, those of us who



took advantage of their toil having about the same proportion of luck. Colonel Rose, the "Chief," was himself retaken. I am very glad to say, however, that no one of the number was either killed or wounded in the pursuit. When the inspector appeared with his party each morning for roll call the occupants of the room proceeded to form in line down the middle in four ranks, when the inspector would count them. If the count tallied they would be dismissed, and the inspector and his party would proceed to another room. If the count failed to tally, they would be passed into another room through a narrow door, and counted in that way, and if there was a shortage after the whole had been counted they would all have to pass through the "needle's eye" and be checked off by name.

General John H. Morgan, the "great raider," as he was called, came to visit us that winter.

Morgan had just escaped from Columbus, Ohio, where he and a number of his officers had been confined as prisoners of war, and he had a natural curiosity to see a lot of "Union officers in a cage." About the first one he called on was Colonel Streight of Indiana, and he said, "Colonel, I am very sorry to see you *here*, but as you *are* here I am very glad to see *you*."

By long odds, the most welcome visitors to me were my sister and her three children. Her husband had some position in the Interior Department in Richmond, and he got her a permit to visit me with her little ones once a week. In addition to visiting me, my sister sent each week a basket, and sometimes *two* baskets of food, enough to last me alone for a week, as it was intended it should, but I had seven comrades in the mess, and we just had a "jolly good losh" every Sunday.

The regular guard around Libby was one of the best organizations of the kind I ever knew of; they performed their duties right up to the handle, in a soldierly manner, and they were entirely incorruptible. If these fellows had been on guard the night of February 14, 1864, when 110 of us escaped through the famous tunnel, they would have got on to our little scheme long before half of such number had got through. The men who happened to be on guard that night belonged to a brigade of troops that were passing through Richmond at the time, and were detailed for temporary duty around the

prison, in order to give the regular guard a much-needed rest. The sentinel on the side next the canal saw us, or the most of us, going out under the gateway, but he said he thought it was their fellows stealing Yankee boxes,—alluding to the boxes of provisions from our friends at home,—which were stored in a large building just across the vacant lot east of the prison.

One dark night near the middle of February, just after taps, while we were preparing to lie down, my blanket mate, Captain Rogers of my regiment, whispered to me, "I say, Lewis, the boys have a tunnel open and are getting out; shall we go?" This was the first intimation I had of anything of the kind, and that speaks volumes for the discretion of the men who dug the tunnel, that, while enduring almost incredible hardships, the fifteen men who did the work in forty-two nights were the only ones in nearly 1200 in the same building who knew, or even suspected, what was going on. "Yes," said I, "let's make the trial," and we secured some provisions and went downstairs to what was called the dining room and walked softly back to the vicinity of a fireplace, just under where we slept on the floor above.

It was very dark, and there seemed to be great confusion, and all at once a stampede occurred and almost everyone started on the run for the stairs at the other end of the room. Much to my surprise, no alarm of the guard ensued and I could presently hear our people coming back and evidently going through with the programme, whatever that might be. I placed myself among a little squad of four men just then crawling by me, and, squeezing in behind No. 2 of the party, I inserted my legs into the back of the fireplace and my foot finding a hole on a rope ladder, I soon reached the floor of the cellar. As I crossed the floor in search of the tunnel, I could see the legs of the sentry on Cary Street, who walked his beat in blissful unconsciousness of what the "Yankees" were doing almost under his feet. I was extremely fortunate in striking the tunnel, as I reached the wall on the other side of the cellar, which was forty-five feet wide, and trotted through it on hands and knees all right, except that at about the middle, as near as I could judge, of the street under which

the tunnel ran, I had to get very close to the bottom and scratch under what I suppose was a water main.

Emerging from the tunnel in a little brick woodshed inside the lot on the other side of the street, I found there was a bright moon shining, which, with the light from the corner lamps, shed a baleful light on the ground over which we had to pass. However, there was no other way, and we had to risk it; so our little party of five started Indian file, crossed the lot, passed under an arched gateway and emerged into Canal Street not a hundred feet from the sentry on that side of the prison. Turning down the street we walked a few blocks, and then turning to the left we went through the town directly away from the river, passing a number of sentinels in front of large buildings, which we took to be hospitals, but the only notice taken of us was to ask, "Going out foraging to-night, fellows?" to which we of course always answered in the affirmative. Nothing occurred to stop us and we soon reached the open country, which was much cut up with ditches and rifle pits and other earthworks.

Before daylight we hid in the edge of the swamp through which the Chickahominy River finds its way, where we were well screened by the bushes from the view of any chance passer.

After a long and dreary day, hungry and half frozen, we started at night to cross the dreaded swamp which was already the grave of thousands of our brave fellows and was destined to be the grave of thousands more. Struggling through thickets, torn by the briars, we finally found a tree which had been thrown across the river, and on this bridge we *cooned* over and spent the balance of the night working through the swamp toward solid ground on the other side. About daylight, being on dry ground in the timber, we found a depression in the soil which we thought suitable for the purpose, and proceeded to make a fire to thaw our almost frozen bodies and limbs and the liquids in our canteens, as well as the scant eatables in our pockets.

We soon had a small but comfortable blaze, and never did fire feel more grateful to a cold and hungry set of men.

After thawing out our bodies and provisions and eating the

small allowance of the latter to which necessity limited us, we were just about ready to resume our march, when we discovered a man with a double-barreled shotgun, staring intently at us from behind a tree about forty feet away.

He said nothing to us, and I assure you we did not stop to open conversation with him; nor did we stand upon the order of our going, but we went at once, in very quick time, and in the direction exactly opposite to where we saw him. After going at a fearful rate for a mile or more the pace began to tell on me, and I very soon had to halt for a minute or two to rest and get my wind, the others of the party generously stopping for me, although none of us could say how closely we were being pursued.

Starting on again we did not go very far until I had to tell my comrades that it was no use, I could not travel at anything like the pace necessary to get out of danger of the pursuit which we supposed, as a matter of course, would follow us. All stopped as though to stay with me and share my fate, but this I would not allow, and said to them: "There is no use of your sacrificing yourselves for me, and I will have as good chance to escape alone as in a crowd. Find me a place in the swamp where it is dry and open overhead to the sun and I may be strong enough to travel to-night." A place was found for me, and leading me to a spot in a nearby thicket, they made me as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, divided their scanty store of food with me and bade me a reluctant farewell. They were entire strangers to me prior to our escape, but we were comrades in arms, brother officers in the same cause, and I am very sure they never would have left me had I not insisted upon it.

It was not long before the sound of the footsteps of my comrades died away in the distance and I was left to endure one of the dreariest days of my existence. However, all things have an end, and as darkness began to fall I started on my weary way down the peninsula, toward Williamsburg, the nearest place then occupied by our forces, and more than sixty miles away. Hour after hour I struggled on, until in crossing a small stream I made some noise that attracted the attention of a sentry whose presence I was not aware of until after he



had quietly notified the sergeant of the guard, and I was surrounded, and, of course, had to surrender.

After answering a few questions as to my name, rank, etc., the sergeant in command of the squad, all of whom appeared very decent fellows, informed me that they belonged to "Holcomb's" legion of South Carolina Cavalry, with headquarters at Bottoms' bridge, whither they were taking me, and where in due time we arrived; and I was put into the guardhouse, where, near a comfortable fire in an open fireplace, whose grateful warmth was most welcome to me, I soon fell asleep on a pile of straw. When I awoke I found two others who had been brought in while I slept.

Near the middle of the forenoon a party, consisting of "Dick Turner," the inspector of the prison, a young man named Legan, and one other of the prison employees, rode up, and after a short halt told us to prepare to march back to Richmond, some eighteen or twenty miles. We started with heavy hearts, but had not gone far, when Turner said, "If you gentlemen will give your parole not to attempt to escape on the way, you may ride back to the city." Of course we gave our parole and each was given a horse to ride.

As we were passing through the "Rockets," a suburb of Richmond, Turner halted the party and said, "As it may be a long time before you have another opportunity, suppose we all go in here and take a drink?" We accepted the courtesy, and, dismounting, followed him into the "grocery" where we got, I think, about the vilest compound that I ever took in a social way, and for which he paid about a dollar a head. Remounting, it was not long before we arrived in front of the prison again, whose walls looked gloomier than ever before.

Halting in front of the hospital door, Turner said to me, "Captain, I will put you in here for a day or two," and calling for someone inside he put me in charge of the hospital attendants, who presently gave me some bread and tea, which was extremely welcome to me, and being in due time assigned a cot, I was soon in bed and in enjoyment of the sweetest sleep I had had for several months.

I was left in the hospital for a couple of days, when I was



taken out and put into a cell, one of three like places reaching partly across the front of the cellar under our room. That was about 1 o'clock P. M., and about five the same afternoon I was called out to make room for other unfortunates who had also been recaptured and now had to do *their* penance. I was sent upstairs with the other two and joined my old mess again and the old routine went on just as it had before the escape.

One day I received a box from home in which was a letter, and I was rather startled when I read the address, "Captain William Hatch, C. S. A." However, I enclosed the letter with a line or two of my own to Captain Hatch (then the Rebel assistant commissioner of exchange), explaining how I came in possession of it.

Some two or three weeks after I was called upon by a couple of gentlemen, and one of them, a broad-shouldered, fine-looking fellow in a civilian suit of gray, Bob Breckinridge, introduced me to his companion as Major John Viley of Lexington, Ky., who said: "We came here at the instance of Captain Hatch, and he wished us to say to you that he received your very courteous note of a couple of weeks ago enclosing a letter for him found in a box of yours, sent by your people in Kentucky, which letter was from a very dear cousin of his, my wife, Mrs. John Viley of Lexington. The captain was delighted to hear so directly from his cousin, and in appreciation of your courtesy he has commissioned us to say to you that he would send you home on the first boat leaving under a flag of truce."

It was forty days before another boat came, but my name was called at last, and rushing back to my end of the room, I began to pick up my few belongings. I gathered up my things and bidding good-by to my friends proceeded downstairs.

While signing the parole obligation, Turner noticed a valise in my hands, and said that if I would give my word that there were no letters in it from officers in the prison he would not search it; I assured him there were no letters in it except a number received by myself and Lieutenant Kelly, the owner of the valise, who had been sent home on the last boat, but he did not ask anything about a rubber blanket thrown so

carelessly over my arm and, of course, I did not mention the scores of letters from my fellow officers to friends at home contained in its folds.

As soon as the signing was completed we went out, and down the street to the boat which was to take us down the river. There were already on board some 300 of our enlisted men, and as soon as we marched on (there were about thirty of us) they cast off and we were steaming down James River, and reached City Point about noon, anchoring a little way from shore, while our truce boat, the *City of New York*, lay about two hundred feet from us. We stepped down into a boat and were soon alongside our own ship, and got aboard, where we met the last of the men in gray, a party of officers, coming off to their own boat. As we passed each other and raised our caps in mutual cold politeness, an immense flag, the Stars and Stripes, just being raised on our ship, waved for a moment over us all, the men in gray as well as the men in blue; a silent portent, could we have read it then, of these happier later days, when our glorious old flag waves over one common country and a united people.

## THE DEFENSE OF LITTLE WASHINGTON, N. C.

By J. B. LEWIS, U. S. VOLUNTEERS

I WISH my descriptive powers were better, for I would like to describe to you my feelings on being marched to the firing line as we met the men coming back, perhaps using their guns as a crutch, often with the blood running from various parts of their bodies, then would come the stretchers and the comrades helping some wounded fellow soldier, and the occasional dropping of a man around you. The bursting of a shell, the awful swish of the Whitworth cannon, and the excitement attending every movement, never failed to make me think of home and to wish I was there.

My command, under General Foster, was in the defense of Little Washington, N. C. As our force numbered but 600 men, we armed the negroes, which brought our total force to 1160. The attack on this place while we were there was made by a Confederate force which numbered 14,000 troops under skilled commanders, yet we held them at bay for seventeen days, when they departed. The records show that 200 shots per hour for quite a portion of the time were fired into our fortification. The excitement was intense. We were part of the time on short rations, and every man from the highest officer down was covered with vermin—graybacks. I do not recall the loss, which was not large, but every faculty was tensely strained every minute of the time, and we were glad to obtain sleep even in five-minute installments.

## WHAT IMPRESSED ME MOST

By J. K. P. HOLT, 19TH ARKANSAS INFANTRY, C. S. A.

THE incident that impressed me most during the war was, I think, connected with the battle of Elkhorn Tavern. Our regiment had marched up in the old field and formed in line of battle with General Green. About this time an ambulance was driven up in front of us, and I asked the driver—who had told us that there was immediate danger for us if we got into the main fight—what was in the ambulance. He replied, “The bodies of General McCulloch and General McIntosh. Both were killed this morning, and our whole army is in the greatest confusion and disorder.” Oh, how we felt! We had marched nearly three hundred miles to participate in that battle; now we stood our ground until our entire wagon train of 250 wagons had passed. We had the Federals whipped, but the killing of those two generals scared General Van Dorn off the field, with the result that all night and all the next day was a dreary retreat. Passing broken-down wagons and men utterly exhausted and worn out, we got back to near Fort Smith in about four days. How many times my heart ached as I fired volleys over my dead comrades that died near Fort Smith on that awful retreat.

## THE BATTLE OF PLYMOUTH, N. C.

BY J. D. CREED, 21ST NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY, C. S. A.

THE battle of Plymouth was fought on April 20, 1864. My regiment was resting at or near Winchester, Va., in the latter part of the winter, when we were ordered to the eastern part of North Carolina. We moved by way of Lynchburg on to Plymouth. Our force was not ready to attack the fortified town, so we waited until all was ready. The gunboat *Albemarle* was to attack the town with its strong fortifications. On the 20th we moved on the fort. Captain Whitlock, commander of our skirmish line, found a point where we could obtain some protection, so we followed him, and after repeated assaults we captured the outer works. Captain Blackburn, of Co. G, fell far in advance of the line. We lay on the field all that night and at sunrise the next morning we assaulted the main works, aided by the *Albemarle*. We took the fort, though it was ably defended. The commander of the fort was mortally wounded, but would not surrender, and when the next in command hoisted the white flag the commander cursed him terribly. The battle was a hard-fought one, both sides evincing the most undaunted courage, and many brave men of the Union and Confederate sides fell to rise no more. In a few days we moved back to Kingston, and from there back to Richmond, the actual seat of war. Our regiment participated in all the battles around Richmond and under the brave General Hope, the few of us who were living surrendered at Appomattox, and then wended our way back to our desolated homes, thankful that the war was at an end, and now thankful for peace in a reunited country.



## MEMORIES OF SERVICE AFLOAT FROM 1862 TO 1866

BY FRANCIS P. B. SANDS, ACTING MASTER, U. S. NAVY

LET me give you a sketch of blockade life, its labors, its vicissitudes and experiences; and, aboard of a blockader, bid adieu to the comforts of port and prepare for a little service, here taking up the narrative written thirty-eight years ago as the same was then worded.

We are sure that for a while we will fare well, for all of our month's pay in advance has been laid out in stores that will serve to remind us of our favorite hotels.

Our "nobby" store clothes are packed away in the lockers under our bunks, and our weather-worn watch coats slipped on as the "boy" summons us to quarters while leaving port.

A brief run brings us to our post off Cape Fear, and as we sight the fleet and steam in we are met by a vessel sent out to inquire into the character of the newcomer; which, when she makes out our "signal numbers," which fly at the masthead, rounds to and escorts us into our station anchorage.

From the sides of every vessel come visitors (while our captain is making his duty visit to the senior officer present), and our deck and wardroom are filled with officers inquiring eagerly for home news and exchanging bits of gossip about mutual acquaintances, treating us as princes, for the sight of a newcomer fresh from a Northern port proved ever a god-send.

We accept an invitation to accompany one of our visitors to his vessel near by. We are shown into the wardroom, where hospitality, in the shape of lukewarm condensed water and ship's biscuit, is dispensed with all a sailor's prodigality;

\*Through the courtesy of Colonel Tweedale, U. S. A., Recorder of Loyal Legion Commandery, District of Columbia.

but the expression of disgust that spreads over our faces draws from some sympathizer in a stateroom near us a bottle of treasured sherry, of which he deprives himself to do honor to our visit, and we partake.

We are shown the preparations made for the performance of our blockading duty. The rows of boarding pikes and cutlasses, and the arm chests show everything ready for instant use.

Our attention is called to the man slung aloft in a boat-swain's chair at the topmast head, who, with a glass in hand, is watching for any unusual movements of the enemy in the river and ready to report the sight of a sunlit sail or a curl of black smoke on the distant horizon.

As dusk comes on we observe that all the vessels get under way, and as the darkness increases, they each gradually move into their respective stations. Following their motions, we weigh anchor and steam slowly in, all the watch on deck, the guns ready for action, and watchful eyes noting everything around.

Darkness, profound, soon wraps all things from sight; a haze upon the water shutting out the shore line from us, although we are steadily nearing it. The master-at-arms reports all lights out except in the lanterns for signaling, and, of course, the binnacle light, which is well hooded.

The word is passed for silence fore and aft, and a hand in the chains from time to time in whispered tones announces the decreasing depth as we draw in toward the bar. The messenger boy quietly announces the half hours as they pass away; in the perfect silence that exists, through the night air comes the call of the sentry on the Rebel works, announcing the hour and that all is well.

As midnight comes, perchance the moon is well down and the tide well up toward the top of the flood, when suddenly a rocket is fired up the coast, its course telling the discovery of and the route pursued by the blockade-runner.

Sleep is over for all hands; the quick but quiet summons brings every man to his station at general quarters for action, armed and equipped; decks are cleared and guns cast loose; steam is run up and all of our night-glasses are turned in search of the stranger. Another rocket well out to sea, fol-

lowed by a gunshot, tells us that the "artful dodger" is headed off in his attempt to break through our line. For hours we stand at our guns waiting and watching—yet not another sound do we hear, and at last the order to secure is given and the watch below is given another snatch at forty winks of sleep.

We throw ourselves, all clothed as we are, upon our bunks to be startled up by the sound of a gun and the explosion of a shell near by, and hurried steps on the deck above.

We rush up to find that a stupid quartermaster in the flurry of the previous excitement had suffered a lantern to go out, and, our vessel having drifted with the current farther than we should have allowed her to do, the officer of the deck could not give prompt answer to the signal from our next neighbor, and a shell was thrown over us to bring us to.

The signal stations on the Rebel shore, deceived as *we* also were, show their different colored lights and make ready to receive their English visitor, who is supposed to be entering the inlet.

We explain our want of promptness in answering the signal, and steaming back to our station await the gray dawn which sends us off from the shore.

The station buoy is reached, and we find that one of the vessels on the outer line has not come in, thus letting us know that our visitor of the night is being pursued.

Thus were the months passed; scarcely a night going by, with favorable tide and moon, without an attempt being made to evade our vigilance from within or from without; sometimes the runners crept down along the coast, seeming to ride upon the very surf itself, so close in did they venture, and sometimes they made a bold dash through the lines of the fleet, trusting to superior speed and the darkness.

An off-shore line of blockaders was established, cruising at a distance from port equal to eight or ten hours' fast steaming, to head off the "runners"; and at the same time armed boats, with muffled oars, were stationed at intervals between the vessels and the beach, and one or two close in, on the bar, to signal the departure of such "runners" and to frustrate their efforts to escape, by sending up rockets to warn the ever-watchful vessels of the blockading squadron.

This boat duty was very hazardous, not only from the frequency of gales, more or less severe, which now and then caught the boats away from their ships, but often they had narrow escapes from being run down by the "runners" in the darkness and the fog.

I often went in on such scouts with my friend Silas W. Terry, afterward a rear admiral. We shared at midnight our hard-boiled eggs and sea biscuits, and kept ourselves awake spinning yarns, until we got in so close as to hear the voices of the Rebels on the beach at Fort Caswell.

Now and then the monotony of this duty was varied by an expedition, such as the descent upon the Rebel salt works at Masonboro Inlet, where 200 mules were stampeded, 50 wagons burned, and all the boilers and salt pans were blown up by shells prepared for the purpose, to the great alarm of the citizens of Wilmington, some eleven miles away, who imagined that an invading force was marching on the city; and while the "long roll" was beaten to summon the defenders of the place to arms, our crews quietly returned to the fleet, taking with them fifty or sixty conscripts, who were delighted to escape the Confederate rule, while we had the knowledge that the salt supply of the Confederacy, then so necessary to them, was materially diminished.

At another time, Cushing, with a couple of boats, slipped in past Fort Caswell, and landing at Smithville, was guided by faithful contrabands through the town to the headquarters of General Hébert, entering which they captured in bed the engineer on the general's staff; his adjutant general, clad only in his shirt, escaping through a window *in haste*, taking to the woods out of town in the belief that the troops had mutinied, and so he did not give any alarm to the regiment a square away, until it was too late to intercept the boats which withdrew in safety with their prize.

I was so fortunate as to be, for some months, upon a very fast steamer, a captured blockade-runner, converted into a gunboat (the U. S. S. *Gettysburg*), which was assigned to duty on the off-shore line of blockaders, the most exciting and interesting, while it was the least fatiguing and hazardous of blockade service.

I remember one particularly interesting chase in which



thorough seamanship and great speed enabled us to take a very valuable prize.

We were out cruising on the inner edge of the Gulf Stream off Cape Fear, and had been steaming at our slowest rate in a circle, now and then stopping to drift, retaining all the time about the same bearing from Cape Fear.

My watch saw the day dawn, just preceding which, I called down the lookout at the foretopmast head, and with a splendid pair of binocular glasses in hand, mounted the rigging myself and took my seat in the boatswain's chair. From that lofty perch, as the gray twilight, which precedes the coming of the day, made things visible around us, I carefully searched the whole horizon, ordering the helm to be put over half, so as to bring it all in succession before the object glasses. To the southward and eastward from the clearly defined line of the horizon rose up piles of clouds in broken cumuli, a series of irregular fancy shapes, scattered along in varying form, size, and degrees of density, which it would have delighted a Ruskin to describe.

While scanning them admiringly, a tiny cloud somewhat darker than those near to it struck me as worthy of closer attention, and giving the course to the quartermaster below we ran for it slowly. Closely studying it, at last I could discern a tapering spar on either side of the cloud, which increased so rapidly in density that I gave the glad cry of "black smoke," passing the word to the captain; calling all hands, and descending from my perch aloft, rang "four bells," and ordered the messenger boy to turn out the chief engineer. Soon I had all my watch at work breaking out from the hold the pine wood and rosin, which we had obtained in Beaufort for such occasions, for nothing could produce a hotter fire in a short time than this kind of fuel.

A seaman with keen eyesight had replaced me on the lookout, and as the sun rose above the horizon and shot his horizontal rays over the bosom of the sea, he announced that the vessel in sight was a blockade-runner pouring out such volumes of black smoke from her stacks as to indicate that she was being pursued by another vessel as yet invisible to us.

We ran for her under a full head of steam; the 30-pounder Parrott gun was cleared away for instant use, the pine wood



and rosin, at the word from the engineer of the watch, was sent below to the fireroom by the gangs on deck, and we went speeding through the smooth and tranquil waters at an excellent rate.

The chaser had perceived us some time before and was now running a course which brought us astern of her, and soon in sight of the other chaser, which we recognized as the *Florida*, Captain Pierce Crosby commanding, a steamer having a fair reputation for speed.

She was of course nearer to the chase than ourselves and we felt a thrill of delight as we drew nearer to her.

We had often before participated in day chases, generally sighting the stranger about midday, and in six cases out of seven, losing sight of her in the darkness of evening, or in some of the blinding rain squalls which during certain seasons so frequently sweep along the borders of the Gulf Stream. Here, however, we had more than six hours of daylight before us; our vessel was only three days from the dry-dock, where we had scraped her steel hull and painted it and covered it with melted tallow so that we slipped smoothly through the water. For four hours we sped along with constantly increasing swiftness; and when, upon the log being cast, the fifteen-knot rag slipped through my fingers, we passed the other chaser as though she were at anchor. The officer with the quadrant reported that the angle shown thereon, while observing the top masthead and the waterline, was steadily widening.

Our whaleboat was cleared away ready for lowering, for we felt sure of her.

A spurt for half an hour or so enabled the chaser to hold her own for a brief period; but a splash alongside of her now and then told us they were throwing the bales of cotton overboard to lighten her in hopes of escaping, but in doing so they altered her trim somewhat and we gained more rapidly. Then an experimental shot was fired from our Parrott at extreme elevation, and it was followed by a splash just in front of her bow, showing that we had exact range. Dahlgren, our executive, then aimed the gun and fired the second shot, but we could not see the result. As that gun was in my division I took the next shot myself, and in a few minutes we noticed that she was slowing down and getting by the head.

A boat was lowered from her as she stopped and her officers left her. Our whaleboat was soon speeding to her and as it passed the runner's cutter, someone sung out that the third shot had hit their waterline abreast the foremast.

The boat's crew boarded her, and running forward, one of the men tied the end of the halliard around his waist and swung himself over the side, a comrade holding the line well forward. He found the hole with his foot, ran his leg in up to his thigh, and sang out to start the donkey engine and pump, which the engineer did, and we could see her bow come up until the man's waist was above the water, when the men on board having cleared away within the hold, were ready with wads of loose cotton, which as the seaman's leg, on signal, was withdrawn, they wedged into the hole and sealed the leak closely.

We soon were on our way leading our prize,—the *Lillian*,—into Beaufort Harbor, where

"To the admiring crowd at Sutler Steele's

We told how handling of the prize goods feels."

This sketch will give a general idea of the character of service which was so zealously, faithfully, and successfully performed by the volunteer officers of the navy during that war, under the training and example of the officers of the regular navy.

## “LEST WE FORGET”

BY ACTING MASTER FRANCIS P. B. SANDS, U. S. N.

This article is another contributed by Colonel Tweedale, U. S. A., Recorder of the Commandery of Loyal Legion of the District of Columbia.—EDITOR.

DEAR old Joe Fyffe, who taught me seamanship on the *Minnesota*, was a faultlessly brave and gallant sailor and officer; daring in battle, skillful, resourceful, and untiring in every phase of service.

Well do I recall his saving the old *Minnesota* in a terrific northeast gale off Frying Pan Shoals, when, all of the other officers having proved unequal to the task, his splendid seamanship and the prompt obedience of the crew (who fairly worshiped him) to his orders, carried the old frigate into safety, and won for him restoration to the active list by special act of Congress.

He was a type of officer known only to the days of the frigates and sloops-of-war, with wooden sides and snowy canvas sails.

He had won the “Victoria Cross” for service in the Arctic Sea on the Harstene expedition seeking for Sir John Franklin; and he was one of the junior officers who carried the *Resolute* back to England as a present from our government.

He had cruised in every sea; he passed through every rank to that of rear admiral. On one occasion, when General Grant, with Admiral Lee, went up the James River to examine into the condition of the Rebel works near Fort Darling, and a point close in to the fort was reached, the admiral told Fyffe to send a man to the top of the protected wheel-house to report whether the rifle pits seen along the shore were occupied. Fyffe slipped out on deck and soon was standing in the exposed

position over the admiral's head and began to report what he saw.

"Come down," exclaimed the admiral, "I did not mean you to expose yourself." "I know that," replied Fyffe, "but I might have sent there a man with a family to support, to whom his death would have been a great loss, while I have none dependent upon me; besides I can better give you the exact information you desire," and he coolly continued his report.

At that moment, the word having evidently been passed along the rifle pits ashore, every Rebel in them arose, and instead of shooting him, as could easily have been done, stood presenting arms in salute, to express their admiration of the daring and courage of the gallant Fyffe.

He told me afterward that a creepy feeling came over him when he saw the heads of the riflemen arise, and that after returning the salute he was glad to get down and out of the danger.

He hated shams, cowardice, and hypocrisy, and despised the man who praised himself; he was loyal to the best ethics of his profession and to his brother officers. He fought his vessels well, and as skilfully as he sailed them, and his favorite phrase was, "I am a warrior and a gentleman, and my name is Fyffe."

One habit he had, a bad one I admit, since it made many kid-gloved and ladylike men think him uncourtly. It was that of using *great big* swear words in the place of commas, semicolons and periods, to punctuate his various narratives. He had a royal sense of good humor, and it was a never-ending delight to me to listen to him as he told of his many experiences ashore and afloat, for I understood him, and knew his high sense of honor, his true heart, and his lovable disposition.

I recall one instance when we sat in the wardroom of the old *Minnesota*, and he was spinning to me a yarn about his being challenged to fight a duel by the French consul general at Panama, which terminated in the flight of the Frenchman the next day when Fyffe's second (a quartermaster from his ship) handed to him, in the crowded reception room of the local club, a written acceptance to fight with any weapon from harpoon to howitzer.

Fyffe's laughter at the recollection was evidently heard through the open hatch above us by the crew, who were attending divine services, for I could hear the shuffling of their feet.

After the service, the chaplain, Salter, headed all the officers down into the wardroom, and halting in front of us as we sat there on the sofa, began: "Mr. Fyffe, I am surprised that you, the executive officer of this ship, who should set the men a good example always, should be thus a disturber of divine service by your oaths and boisterous laughter."

I can see Fyffe's flashing eyes as he rose in his full six feet one of height and exclaimed: "Stop just there, chaplain! Stop right there! You know that you *pray* a good deal, and that I *swear* a great deal, but *neither* of us means anything by it."

The shout that went up from all hands covered the retreat of the good old chaplain into his stateroom.

Yet in after days it was Fyffe, the tender-hearted, who sat by the old chaplain as he was dying and comforted him with words of gratitude for his faithful discharge of duty.

I think I may quote from a letter he sent to Deputy Auditor Moore about the prevailing disposition of certain people to have their doings paraded in the daily papers, a failing we see much indulged in in these days.

After enumerating instances which particularly annoyed him, he says, purporting to give his own obituary notice:

"Killed in battle on his birthday, Joseph P. Fyffe, sailor and soldier. He was a son-in-law of Rev. Granville Moody, the fighting parson. He was a *lay member* of the Methodist Episcopal Church—that is to say, he *lay low* and kept dark except at times, when he broke out against the amazing hypocrisy, duplicity, and wickedness of his Methodist brothers and sisters. He was a passable warrior; not much of a saint; spoke English when he was sober, and could at all times swear fluently in several languages. His charity began and ended at home, though in war times, when he was strong enough to take them, he was exceedingly generous with other people's things. He was much loved by his neighbors, who were always glad when he went to sea, and they heard the news of his death with Christian resignation.

"The *remains* wrote this obituary himself to save any Methodist the sin and trouble of writing and publishing in the *West-*



*ern Christian Advocate* any damned ridiculous lies about him and his virtues."

Fyffe sent copies of this obituary notice to his respected old father-in-law and to the journal he mentions, and they took the hint.

The purpose of telling this story will be well attained if other survivors of the war will record their more interesting recollections, which should be given—

*"Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"*

## THE FIGHT AT JONESBORO—A CAPTURE AND ESCAPE

BY FRANK S. ROBERTS, CO. C, 2D GEORGIA BATTALION  
SHARPSHOOTERS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE, C. S. A.

THE battle of Atlanta had been fought (on July 22, 1864) and the armies of General John B. Hood and General W. T. Sherman were facing each other in front of Atlanta, on the Peachtree Creek line. This continued for about a month, when General Sherman began to extend his right, making it necessary for General Hood to meet him. Accordingly our corps, Lieutenant General B. F. Cheatham's (General Cheatham had succeeded General Hardie in its command), was ordered to move on the road from Atlanta to Jonesboro to intercept him. Our division reached Jonesboro on August 31, 1864, where we were posted on the right. In the afternoon we were ordered over to the left to support one of our divisions, which had come in contact with the Union forces, but we did not get into the action. After lying there all night, we were ordered to occupy our old position, on the right, which we did without delay, and went to work at once to throw up such breastworks as we could, without tools, to protect ourselves in the attack that was impending. About three o'clock the Union batteries on our left began to give us shells which whistled and exploded over our line. Our division occupied the right of our line, my command, 2d Georgia Battalion Sharpshooters, being on the left of the division, and resting on the railroad cut (our line crossed the Central of Georgia railroad). In our front was a heavy thicket of black-jack oaks, from three to six inches in diameter. We did not have long to wait, after the shelling from the battery, before the Union line moved up in our front, advancing for the

attack. We poured a terrific fire into them, as was witnessed, after the battle, by the blackjacks that were literally cut down by Minié balls. In our immediate front the railroad turned to the right, so that the advancing line had to run down one side of the railroad cut, then up the other. The 69th Ohio Volunteers, I believe it was, came up in our front, and the center of the regiment, with their colors, struck this place. They came in gallant style, but alas for them, they could not withstand our fire, and after five or six men had fallen, with the colors, at this place, the regiment broke and ran, leaving the colors where they fell. My brother, C. P. Roberts, adjutant of the sharpshooters, seeing the colors left on the field, said, "Boys, I am going to have those colors." Suiting the action to the words, he leaped over our works and made a dash for them. Just as he was stooping to pick them up, another line of Union troops hove in sight, and he was made a prisoner.

We could see the line advancing after he left our ranks, but *he* could not, being in the cut, and they were on him before he knew it. Seeing he was an officer, he was taken to the general's headquarters, where he was treated with every consideration.

I never had any means of ascertaining their loss, but the first line that came against us must have suffered terribly. We were forced to fall back under the second attack, owing to the fact that the position on our left had been carried, thus giving the Union troops an enfilading fire upon us. We reformed our line in about a half an hour—it was then nearly dark—and upon the order being given to "charge," we went with a rush, and re-took our line, driving the Union troops in confusion.

After regaining our works, I went out with First Sergeant William Mulherin, of my company, First Sergeant Fayette Taylor, of Company A, and one other (I cannot recall his name), to where we had last seen Adjutant Roberts lying in the railroad cut (we thought him dead or badly wounded when we last saw him), with the intention of bringing his body into our lines. But he was not there. I learned about a week later that he had escaped injury, but was a prisoner. He was taken to Atlanta, and from there taken to Chatta-

nooga, Tenn., where he remained some days. On September 15th he left Chattanooga on a train, with a lot of other prisoners, bound for Camp Chase, Ohio. But he never reached there. Late in the afternoon of that same day (September 15th) the train stopped at Estelle Springs, Tenn., to fill the engine tender with water. Adjutant Roberts went to the tender, with others under a guard, to fill his canteen, and while standing between the tender and car, he jumped off, and made a dash for the woods, effecting his escape. Then began the problem of getting back into the Confederate lines, through a territory occupied and patrolled by Union cavalry, to say nothing of the bushwhackers that infested the county. After many adventures and narrow escapes from recapture, he regained our lines about the first of October.

Had my brother succeeded in bringing in those colors, it would have been a great achievement. He was a gallant soldier, brave almost to recklessness, having won promotion on two fields of battle, and being commended in orders, for "conspicuous gallantry" and for "valuable assistance" to his commanding officer at the battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863.

Adjutant Roberts died in Macon, Ga., May 19, 1909, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alexander Blair.

General Johnston was relieved of command of the army of the Tennessee about July 15, 1864, and General John B. Hood was given command of it. General Hardie was sent to Savannah, and General B. F. Cheatham succeeded to his corps, and after my brother's capture, I did not see him again until General Hood's army reached Corinth, Miss., in January, 1865, after the disastrous campaign into Tennessee.

## THE JOY OF VICTORY

BY EDWARD D. LITSEY, CO. I, 31ST REGIMENT INDIANA  
VOLUNTEERS

I LEFT home on the morning of September 2, 1861, bade farewell to an old father and mother at the front gate, and with tears coursing down furrowed cheeks, and a fervent "God bless you," and with a last kiss and hand clasp, they said, "Of one thing be sure, don't get shot in the back." I went to Terre Haute, where we were put in camp and mustered in. Thence to Evansville, where we camped on the banks of the Wabash, without tents or shelter of any kind. Our hair was cut short, we were supplied with duck-bill caps, and we were a sight to behold. We were enough to frighten the enemy without firing a gun. Our necks were blistered, and the skin of our noses peeled off, and with measles, whooping cough, smallpox, etc., we began to realize that soldiering was not very much like a Sunday school picnic. We next camped at Calhoun, Ky., and fell heir to about all diseases which fall to mankind. We went there with 101 men, and came away with less than 60. On the 16th we were sent farther up Green River, to South Carlton, where we built breastworks. Two weeks afterward we were on our way to Fort Donelson. We landed six miles below the fort and moved up opposite to it. Here we were ordered to stack arms, to build no fires, and to keep our accouterments on. That night it rained and sleeted and snowed, and we suffered exceedingly from the cold. On the following morning we marched by the right flank, toward the fort, over ground fought over the day before, and there were large numbers of dead on the ground. Our guide led us across a ravine, and up a ridge, at the top of which we found the enemy, both in our front and rear, and as this was rather new business for us, we silently apologized and walked out



across the ravine, and formed on the hill in the rear of our first line; then marched forward and ran into a masked battery. We lay down and let them fire over us a few times, and then routed them out and drove them into the fort. As night came on, the firing gradually ceased as if by consent, and we were marched back half a mile, where we made camp, again without shelter of any kind, having the cold wet ground for our beds.

The next morning, Sunday, we fell in line, prepared for a day of slaughter. We were thinking of the fallen heroes of the day before, and of sorrowing hearts at home; we were wondering how many of us would fall, when an aide came galloping down the line with the news that Buckner had surrendered. Oh the joy! the cheer! the gladness! Hats, caps, clothing flew in the air. Each one seemed to be trying to excel the other in manifestation of joy. The happiness of our hearts can never be described. We were marched into the fort and put on guard duty, and we found we had taken 14,000 prisoners and almost an incalculable amount of army supplies of every kind. We felt that the death knell of the Confederacy had been sounded.

We lost sixty-five in killed and wounded, and a goodly number died the following week from exposure to the cold and wet.

About one o'clock Monday morning, we were routed out, and ordered to pack knapsacks and march. For two miles we marched through stalk fields, in which we sank in the mud from four to ten inches; one half the men threw away their blankets and knapsacks; those who lay down from exhaustion had to be drawn out of the mud with great force, so deep were they in. Some lay down with their knapsacks as a pillow, and they had to be left, so imbedded were they in the mud.

While our losses in killed and wounded were very large, we lost far more from sickness.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF VICKSBURG, MAY 22, 1863\*

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL PETER C. HAINS, U. S. A.

It is a matter of history that in the spring of 1863 the Union cause passed through a period of deep depression. For two long years the struggle for the Union had gone on with little apparent progress, and the prospect was extremely dismal.

At this time Major General U. S. Grant, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, was operating in the vicinity of Vicksburg. He fully appreciated the condition of affairs, and with a spirit akin to that which actuated Washington when he crossed the Delaware and defeated the British at Trenton in 1776, resolved, in that firm and quiet manner so peculiarly his own, to strike a blow that could not fail to revive the drooping spirits of those battling for the life of the nation.

Vicksburg was the great stronghold of the Confederacy in the West. It closed the navigation of the Mississippi River to the people of the North, and protected a line of supply for our enemies with the inexhaustible resources of Texas. To capture this stronghold and open the Mississippi River to the sea had been the dream of our best and bravest generals. For months the energies of the Western Army had been directed to that end, but thus far without success.

In April, 1863, the Army of the Tennessee, consisting of three army corps—the Thirteenth, commanded by Major General John A. McClernard, the Fifteenth, by Major General W. Tecumseh Sherman, and the Seventeenth, by Major General James B. McPherson—cut loose from its base of supplies, and threw itself on the lines of communication of the enemy

\*Through the kindness of Colonel Tweedale, U. S. A., Recorder of the District of Columbia Commandery, Loyal Legion.

with the audacity and confidence so characteristic of its great commander. From a military point of view this movement has been much criticised, but its perfect success is unquestioned.

We crossed the Mississippi River on April 30, 1863, and pushed rapidly into the interior of the State of Mississippi. Within a period of eighteen days the Army of the Tennessee met and vanquished the foe on the fields of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, and Black River Bridge, so that, when we closed in on Vicksburg that army felt itself equal to any emergency. It is not strange our great commander should have participated in that feeling.

An attempt was made on May 19th to carry the enemy's lines, the strength of which had not yet been fully developed. The attempt failed. There was great loss of life, but no want of confidence. During the next two succeeding days the army was pushed up closer to the enemy's works, and a second but more determined effort made on May 22d. It resulted in a second repulse, with still greater loss. The carnage was fearful, but the heroism of the soldiers was magnificent. My purpose in this paper is to relate briefly a single incident connected with the battle—an illustration of the heroism that pervaded the rank and file of that army.

The morning of May 22d dawned bright and warm, and many a heart beat high with anticipation that a few hours later beat no more. It was well understood that another attempt would be made to carry the enemy's works by storm, and many know from experience that those are words very significant to the soldier. They mean more than the ordinary command of "Forward!" To advance against an enemy in the open field, with a chance of dealing blow for blow on fairly equal terms, is very different from attacking him behind a formidable line of fortifications. The latter is justified only when the numbers or *morale* of the attacking force is equal to the emergency. Without hesitation, the Army of the Tennessee bravely responded to the order, and recoiled only after it had expended its best blood in a futile effort, and proved that the foe, sheltered behind their works, were too strong to be dislodged in that way.

The Thirteenth Army Corps held the left of the line. It

consisted of the four magnificent divisions of Carr, Smith (A. J.), Hovey, and Osterhaus. In Carr's division there was a brigade commanded by Brigadier General M. K. Lawler—one of the most genial of men. His brigade was composed of as fine a body of troops as ever appeared under arms. Lawler was a thorough disciplinarian, though he had but little regard for military appearance. On the march, in warm weather, he generally appeared at the head of his brigade in his shirt-sleeves and a straw hat, his uniform coat being rolled up and strapped to the cantel of his saddle.

Lawler's brigade had proved its prowess when, on May 17th, it carried by storm a formidable line of earthworks covering the approaches to the bridge across the Big Black. On the 22d its position in line of battle brought it directly in front of one of the salients of the enemy's line of fortifications. These consisted generally of a system of strong redoubts occupying the most advanced and commanding positions, and connected together by what are generally known as "rifle pits." These rifle pits were in reality continuous light infantry parapets, with the ditch in rear, that mode of construction being often resorted to, either from the necessities of the site or lack of time.

The redoubts referred to were more formidable. They had the ditch in front, the parapets higher and thicker, and in some cases traverses to cover from an enfilading fire. The one in Lawler's front was located on a projecting ridge or spur, from which the surface of the ground sloped off in all directions. In front of it was a ravine swept by the fire from an adjacent part of the enemy's line. At a distance of 150 feet, more or less, from the salient of this redoubt was a terrace, or sudden depression on the surface of the ground, such as one often sees in a garden located on the slope of a hill. This terrace, which unfortunately was not more than 100 feet in length, was taken advantage of, as far as practicable, by a part of Lawler's command, and from this cover the most advanced troops charged upon the redoubt. The latter was three-sided, open in rear, and conformed to the surface of the ground. The two long sides projected out toward our line in a direction nearly perpendicular thereto, but drawn in somewhat to the rear, making the gorge narrow. The third



side, or face, more properly speaking, for it was the outer one, was slightly oblique to our front, so that the angle nearest to us was an acute one. Within the redoubt there were three traverses, nearly parallel to the outer face, and consequently nearly so to our line. They were designed solely for cover from our enfilading fire, but they actually divided the redoubt into three partially inclosed spaces, one behind the other, so that the detachment in each one was almost entirely isolated, the only means of communication being a narrow passage between the rear end of the traverse and the interior slope of the parapet. The detachment in one inclosure, being fully occupied in defending its own front, had no time to give assistance, even had it been known it was needed, in the adjacent one. This fact has an important bearing on the incident I am about to relate, which took place in the outer inclosure, a space which, I should think, did not exceed 18 by 24 feet in area.

Our artillery during the two days preceding the assault had been busy. It had dismounted or caused to be withdrawn nearly every gun of the enemy in our front. A battery of 30-pounder rifles did good service in this work. Its shot and shell had battered the salient angle of the redoubt, and plowed deep furrows in the parapet. But our shot had not injured the earthen scarp-wall, seven feet high, and the parapet, seven and a half more, to scale before the crest could be reached, while from behind the latter and from the rifle pits on each flank the enemy poured a withering storm of lead.

Some of the troops of Lawler's brigade got as far as the ditch and a few got into the enemy's works, only to be killed or captured. The ditch was soon filled with our men, who made futile efforts to scale the parapet, but they had no ladders, and the redoubt was well defended. They had climbed up on each other's shoulders, and tried to effect a lodgment in that way. It was in vain. Such a movement could not be made in sufficient force. The strength of the assaulting column was dissipated, and troops on other parts of the line were kept too busy to lend a helping hand. Whenever a few men reached the outer slope of the parapet, a few bullets



from the enemy in the adjacent rifle pits sent them rolling, lifeless, into the ditch.

To add to the carnage, the enemy threw lighted 12-pounder shells into the ditch, which burst among our men, scattering death in all directions. Thus the struggle went on until their numbers dwindled away to a mere handful, and these, when they saw that relief was hopeless, yielded to the inevitable, and tried to get back to our lines or laid down their arms.

Among the troops composing Lawler's brigade was the 22d Iowa Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Colonel W. M. Stone,\* and in one of the companies of that regiment was a young man, or rather boy, for he was only nineteen years of age, named Joseph E. Griffith. He was a sergeant, I think, in Company A. Sergeant Griffith was among the foremost in the gallant charge of his regiment on the redoubt in Lawler's front. Into the ditch he went with the men of his company; up on the backs of the men, over the parapet, and into the outer inclosure of the work. Others were with him, but quicker than I can tell you, all his comrades were killed, and he found himself alone, confronted by fifteen of the enemy (a lieutenant and fourteen men), while all around him the battle raged with hellish fury. Imagine that boy in such a place, in presence of fifteen of the foe, and he, apparently, deserted, or at least not followed by his comrades. Did it occur to him to surrender? To yield to overwhelming numbers? Far from it. His own piece had been discharged, and so had those of the foe in front of him. What was he to do under the circumstances? The question was quickly answered, for at his feet lay a small but loaded repeating rifle. I think it was a Peabody sporting rifle. At any rate it was a small-arm such as officers frequently carried into action, and doubtless had been dropped by an officer killed as they entered the redoubt. Throwing himself prostrate on the ground, Griffith grasped the rifle and aimed it at the officer in command, ordering him to lie down and make his men do likewise. There was no time for parley. The officer obeyed, and down they

\* The Editor was intimately acquainted with this brave Colonel. He was afterward Governor of Iowa and still later the Commissioner of the General Land Office in Washington, D. C.

all went on the ground. Then Griffith crept backward on his hands and knees in the furrows made by our artillery, keeping his rifle ready for instant service, till he reached the exterior slope of the parapet. Here he stopped, and ordered the officer to come out, creeping in the furrows as he had done.

One by one they crept out and dropped into the ditch, in which at that time there were plenty of our men. Griffith followed. His colonel then ordered him to take the prisoners to General McClernard's headquarters. From the ditch to the terrace was a short but dangerous run, and one prisoner was killed in running this gauntlet of the enemy's fire; consequently when Griffith reported at headquarters, a few moments later, he had *only* one lieutenant and thirteen privates as prisoners of war.

From the knoll on which we stood, I witnessed the gallant attack on the redoubt. I knew that we had been repulsed, though our men still filled the ditch. For a time, however, I could not understand how it was that prisoners were coming into our lines from it. When Sergeant Griffith had his prisoners drawn up in line, and explained to General McClernard the circumstances of their capture, substantially as I have narrated, I turned to the captive officer and asked, "Is it true that all you men surrendered to this boy in the manner he states?" For the first time, apparently, the officer realized the predicament he was in. He colored, and in an insolent tone replied, "What could we do? He got that loaded rifle, and ours had all been discharged."

Thus occurred what I regard one of the most remarkable cases of nerve and daring it was ever my fortune to witness.

I have only to add that when the circumstances were reported to General Grant, he appointed Griffith an acting first lieutenant, vice the first lieutenant of his company, who was killed in the battle. The appointment was confirmed by the Governor of his State, dating his commission May 22, 1863. He continued in the service till October, when he was appointed a cadet at the United States Military Academy, West Point, from which he was graduated number five in a class of sixty-three members, and appointed a second lieutenant of engineers.

Griffith was born in Wales, but came with his parents to this country when very young. They settled in Iowa, and he

was a resident of that State when he first responded to the call for troops to defend the Union. Cadet Griffith was a fine-looking fellow, compact, muscular, and active, full of fun, and a favorite with his comrades. Mentally he was bright, as his standing in his class shows. As an officer of engineers he served with credit on the survey of the northwestern lakes, and on the improvement of the Mississippi River. In 1870 he resigned from the army and went into business. He died in 1877.

## INCIDENT ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK IN WHICH WELL-KNOWN MEN TOOK PART

BY W. A. BARRY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

This is a copy of a published extract which I found in a newspaper. I wrote to the author, but received no reply.—EDITOR.

WE have before us quite an interesting picture in colors. It is a scene representing a group of Union soldiers encamped on the bank of the Rappahannock River, doing picket duty. The date is Christmas morning of 1862, just twelve days after the battle of Fredericksburg. On the opposite side of the river is another group of soldiers. They are also doing picket duty, but for the Confederate army.

As far as these two picket posts are concerned, an armistice has been declared. One of the Union soldiers has built a little boat, and made a sail for it with his pocket handkerchief. The little craft has been loaded with coffee and a piece of paper placed in the boat upon which is written:

"This is the Yanks' Christmas present to their enemies, the Johnnies."

The small craft is seen making its way under sail across the river. The Johnnies receive the boat, and in due time it is returned loaded with tobacco, and a paper accompanying it bearing the message:

"This is the Johnnies' Christmas greeting to their enemies, the Yanks."

One of the boys who is seen warming his hands at the fire is William Jones, who was superintendent of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, at Braddock, whose salary was \$50,000 a year. The boy sitting on the blanket with a tin of coffee in his hands is George M. Laughlin, late of the Jones

& Laughlin Steel Works. The boy standing up and waving his cap is Henry M. Curry, of the Carnegie Steel Company. These three boys worked their way up from the lowest to the highest position, and did more for the iron and steel industry than any other three men in the United States.

The boy standing up beside a comrade and pointing to an object on the other side of the river is George Baer, who has been, and is now, one of the most prominent men in the nation.



## THE NAVAL BATTLE IN MOBILE BAY

By E. R. HUTCHINS, ACTING ASSISTANT SURGEON, U. S. N.

I HAD served in the army as a private, a medical cadet and as assistant surgeon from May, 1861, until after Burnside's Fredericksburg fight, and becoming a little tired of it, I resigned, intending to return to my home in New Hampshire. Reaching Philadelphia, I learned that the navy was in need of medical officers, and so took the required examination and received my commission as acting assistant surgeon. After a year or more on the blockade—an exceedingly wearisome life—we were ordered North, and I was transferred to the *Port Royal*, then commanded by that hero of the *Cumberland*, whose ship went down, but with the old flag still flying.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours  
Has seldom left its place;  
And where it falls, the deck it strikes  
Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this; or sink or swim,  
Or live or nobly die,  
My last sight on earth may be  
To see that ensign fly."

Later. Commander Morris was detached, and Bancroft Gherardi became the commander of the *Port Royal*. The then Lieutenant Commander Gherardi afterward became rear admiral, but has since passed into the beyond.

We were attached to the West Gulf Squadron and for months lay off Mobile Bay. The officers and men, weary with the monotony of blockade life, were eagerly anxious for the long-promised fight. Two days before it occurred we were ordered to Pensacola for coal, but in the early dawn of August 5, 1864, we caught an indistinct view of the fleet as we returned. The morning was foggy, but as we drew nearer we were able to see that there was unusual activity among the vessels. Upon reaching the flagship, the *Hartford*, we

were ordered alongside the *Richmond* and lashed to her port side with chains. Then came the signal order, "Prepare for battle." The preparations were soon made. Now the anchors are weighed and the vessels are forming in line. As the *Hartford* passes us, with the intrepid Farragut on her deck, we give three rousing cheers, which are taken up by the entire fleet, and cheer after cheer rings in the morning air. The following is the order of the vessels as they are in line to enter the bay:

First, the *Brooklyn* with the *Octorara* on her port side; second, the *Hartford* with the *Metacomet*; third, the *Richmond* with the *Port Royal*; fourth, the *Lackawanna* with the *Seminole*; fifth, the *Monongahela* with the *Kennebec*; sixth, the *Ossipee* with the *Itasca*; seventh, the *Oncida* with the *Galena*.

Inside, and over the bar our ironclads, the *Tecumseh*, the *Manhattan*, and the *Chickasaw*, have taken their positions on the starboard side of the wooden ships, and are exposed to the fire of Fort Morgan, and to the first attack of the ironclad *Tennessee*, the boasted pride of the Confederate navy. On our right, two miles away, on Mobile Point is Fort Morgan, with her sixty guns. On our left, on Little Dauphin Island is Fort Gaines, with her thirty guns. West of this is Fort Powell, with ninety-eight guns. West of this, and out of reach of harm, are 1500 Union soldiers under General Gordon Granger.

The fog is lifting; it lacks fifteen minutes of six o'clock; the anchors are lifted and we are under way.

Simultaneously, as if by magic, "Old Glory" streams from every mast peak in the fleet. Oh, how the cheers ring out! Slowly and cautiously we are steaming into the jaws of danger. The *Tecumseh*, commanded by the gallant Craven, fires the first shot—a 15-inch shell. The fort is silent. The fleet steams proudly on, every flag flying in the sunlight, and with as brave men as ever fleet possessed. A few moments pass, and the first shot comes from the fort and falls short. The *Brooklyn* answers. At this instant, the Rebel fleet, led by the ram *Tennessee*, followed by the gunboats *Selma*, *Morgan*, and *Gaines*, steam slowly around the point and stop, as if waiting to meet us.

The *Tennessee* is commanded by Admiral Buchanan, a classmate of Admiral Farragut in the U. S. Naval Academy. When within 1200 yards of the fort the firing becomes general. The screech of the shot and shell is indescribable. Shells scream over our heads and through our rigging and plunge into the water. Those from our fleet fall on, and into, the fort by hundreds. The *Brooklyn* and the *Tecumseh* are still in the lead, closely followed by the *Hartford*. But, look! the *Brooklyn* has suddenly stopped, and just ahead of her a vast upheaval of water is seen, and the *Tecumseh*, with her commander and 110 men go down in the sea; a torpedo placed in the channel by the enemy has done its deadly work. The cry is heard, "The *Brooklyn* is backing!" and so she is, but Farragut, having climbed part way up the rigging, in a clear voice shouts, "Starboard!" and the *Hartford's* wheel officer, quickly obeying the order, speedily changes the helm and the *Hartford* passes the *Brooklyn* amid cheers from the fleet. A boat is lowered from the *Metacomet*, and a few are rescued from the *Tecumseh*, but the fleet moves on. Every starboard and bow gun of the large vessels are sending their missiles of destruction on the fort. It is one sheet of fire and one awful boom of cannon.

"How they leaped, the tongues of flame,  
From the cannon's fiery lips;  
How the broadsides, deck and frame,  
Shook the great ships."

Up to this time the Rebel fleet has been silent, but now it commences a steady and annoying fire. The huge black monster, the *Tennessee*, now dashes at the *Hartford*. Imagine those old sea-dogs, Farragut and Buchanan, the best the two navies had, two who, from early youth had been intimate friends, the one fighting for and beneath the flag of his country, the other fighting against it.

A rope is placed around Farragut so that, if shot, he may not fall on the deck, and up there in the rigging as calm as a June morning, he controls the battle.

When the Rebel monster fails to injure the *Hartford*, every heart is thankful to God. She now attempts to shove her ram into the *Brooklyn*, for she is now following the *Hartford*, but

here too she fails because of the splendid maneuvering of her commander, and then she makes the same attempt on the starboard sides of the other vessels, but, strange to say, fails in every trial, but her guns are doing deadly work. She pours broadside after broadside along the whole line. As she passes the *Oneida*, the last vessel in our line, she gives her a terrible broadside, and one of her shells penetrates her boiler and bursts, scalding many and shattering the arm of her commander, Mulvaney. And now we have entered the bay; we have passed the fort and the lashings which held the various vessels together are severed. The *Metacomet* is the first to cast off. She is the fastest boat in our fleet. The *Tennessee*, like a sullen giant, runs under the fort as if to rest. She is followed by the gunboats *Morgan* and *Gaines*. The *Selma* has been struck by a shot from the *Hartford* and is fighting in retreat up the bay toward Mobile. The *Metacomet* and our vessel pursue her, the former in her wake while we attempt to cross her bow. Both of us are constantly firing at the fleeing Rebel and are slowly gaining on her. She is doomed, and she sees it. A white flag goes up and she surrenders to the *Metacomet*. The admiral signals for me to go on board her and care for her wounded. I was soon alongside, went up the gangway and my eyes met a sight I shall never forget. I had seen hundreds of wounded and dead upon battlefields, and had heard their moans and pleadings. But here was a circumscribed place, a small vessel's deck, and it was literally covered with dying, dead and wounded. I recall a touching scene. A lad of sixteen was stretched on the deck, close to death's gate. Our flag had been hoisted on the captured vessel, and it was floating just above him. Looking up to it he said, with a sweet smile on his pale face, "I am happier now to die under that flag. I never liked the other, but I *had* to come." His suffering soon ceased, and he died under the flag that he loved the best. After caring for the imperatively needy, I joined my vessel just in time to see the *Tennessee* emerging from under the guns of the fort to renew the fight. Slowly and steadily she comes. She seems like a huge, living monster hungry for battle. She venomously pours out her shot and shell. The *Monongahela* rides down on her twice, but without results, though the force is terrific. The *Lacka-*

*wanna* follows with the same result. And now the *Hartford* strikes her with full steam on, but only to receive the deadly fire from her guns. The monitor *Chickasaw* keeps up a steady and furious fire on her stern, and the *Manhattan* hurls her 15-inch shot upon her with terrible precision. As the *Tennessee* is steered, so is the *Chickasaw*, following literally in her course, the heavy shot from her guns ceaselessly *pounding* her, carrying away her smokestack, breaking in her port shutters, and shattering her steering gear. No vessel could hold out against such conditions, and after an hour of such pounding, aided by solid shot and shell from the other vessels, she raises a white flag and the firing ceases, and Buchanan *surrenders* to Farragut.

"From the first of the iron shower  
Till we sent our parting shell,  
'Twas just one savage hour  
Of the war and the rage of hell."

One of the greatest naval battles of history had been fought, and the Union cause had triumphed.

But victories like this are not won without the dark, sad side.

The losses were as follows:

UNION SIDE.				
<i>Hartford</i>	killed	25,	wounded	28
<i>Brooklyn</i>	"	11,	"	43
<i>Lackawanna</i>	"	4,	"	38
<i>Oneida</i>	"	8,	"	30
<i>Monongahela</i> *	"	1,	"	6
<i>Metacomiet</i>	"	1,	"	2
<i>Ossipee</i>	"	1,	"	4
<i>Richmond</i>	"	0,	"	2
<i>Galena</i>	"	0,	"	1
<i>Octorara</i>	"	1,	"	10
<i>Kennebec</i>	"	1,	"	6
<i>Tecumseh</i>	"	93,	captured	4
Total, 145 killed, 170 wounded, 4 captured.				

\* This death is that of Lieutenant Pender, who died from his wounds.<sup>1</sup>



## CONFEDERATE LOSS.

<i>Tennessee</i>	killed	2,	wounded	9,	captured	190
<i>Selma</i>	"	8,	"	7,	"	90
<i>Gaines</i>	"	2,	"	3		
<i>Morgan</i>	"	0,	"	1		
Total, 12 killed, 20 wounded, 280 captured.						

Admiral Buchanan was seriously wounded in the leg. Our vessels all came to anchor now, and in the quiet hush of that summer night, with sorrowing yet thankful hearts, with appropriate exercises we buried the dead beneath the waters of the bay. The damage done to the *Hartford* from the *Selma*, which vessel raked her fore and aft and almost constantly, was much greater than that received from the *Tennessee*.

During the night Fort Powell was abandoned by the enemy, and in the early morning we ran up the dear old flag over its deserted walls. On Sunday divine services were held on each vessel, and the admiral's congratulatory order was read. In the meantime the troops on Dauphin Island were slowly investing Fort Gaines, and on the 10th it surrendered to the navy. When the news of this surrender reached us, every vessel's rigging was manned by the sailors, and nine cheers were given for the victory. The surrender was made to the navy from choice of the enemy, they having the opportunity of choice between the army and navy. This surrender gave us 37 officers and 886 men as prisoners. After the naval fight was over, we loaded all the wounded, including Admiral Buchanan and the others of the enemy, on the *Metacomet*, and under a flag of truce she was sent to Pensacola.

On the 9th the troops on shore moved eastward and a demand was made upon General Page, the Rebel commandant of Fort Morgan, for its surrender. He was familiarly known as "Bombast Page." He replied to this demand in his characteristic manner. He said, "No, I consider you all my prisoners." The monitors and one or two of the wooden vessels at once commenced firing on the fort. This was kept up at irregular intervals until the 22d, when a general bombardment began and the firing was almost incessant. That night a fire was seen in the fort, and on the 23d the "Bombast" surren-

dered. He was too proud to yield his sword as a true soldier would do, and it was afterward found in a well within the fort. The enemy had thrown 90,000 pounds of powder into the cisterns.

The Union victory was now complete. Old Glory was floating from Forts Morgan, Gaines, and Powell, and while the gunboats *Morgan* and *Gaines* had escaped up the bay, the boast of the Confederacy,—the *Tennessee*,—with the gunboat *Selma* alongside, lay at anchor near our fleet, and from them also our flag floated in victory.

## FIFTY YEARS NEXT NOVEMBER

By JOHN A. HUGHES, Co. C, 12TH ARKANSAS INFANTRY,  
C. S. A.

I WITNESSED a tragedy at Columbus, Ky., one week after the big fight at Belmont, Mo., across the river from the bluffs above, or north of, Columbus. This was about the only fight that Grant was defeated in during the war.

The old "Lady Polk," a pivot gun of large caliber, was used across the river during the fight, and was left loaded a whole week, and then General Leonidas Polk ordered it discharged. He was standing on the parapet at the breech giving directions at the target up toward Cairo. I was standing twenty feet away when the order to fire was given. I signaled and ran to save concussion. When the smoke cleared away all that was left of the gun crew was a battered mass of skin and bones, except General Polk, who was badly stunned, though otherwise unhurt. Ten men, formerly belonging to the U. S. Regulars, were killed.

## A CONUNDRUM OF THE DAYS OF '64\*

BY FRED W. MITCHELL, CAPTAIN CO. I, 12TH ILLINOIS  
CAVALRY

"Boots and saddles, boys—quickly and quietly; no sabers—only carbines and revolvers, and plenty of ammunition!"

The order came shortly after the bugle had sounded "lights out," and we knew from the major's stern tones that something especially strange had occurred—something unusual even for that exciting post and period.

It was the old story, only a little more harrowing in its details this time. A recent graduate of one of our New England colleges, chafing under his physician's restrictions which forbade his enlisting to *fight* for the flag, had lately moved into this La Fourche country in order that, while reaping for himself the benefits of a more salubrious climate, he and his youthful bride might, by helping the poor, ignorant freedmen in their struggle for more light and knowledge, identify themselves in some way with their country's glorious cause. Although they had been there but a few months, the young couple had already discovered that their Southern home was by no means reared amid a bed of roses.

Hopeful, however, that time would alleviate the bitterness with which they were received, they asked no favors, but quietly and conscientiously devoted all their energies to the work to which they had dedicated themselves.

We had heard rumors that a party of guerrillas had been committing depredations in the adjoining parishes, and had

\* This is another paper which was read a number of years ago before the Commandery of Loyal Legion in Washington, D. C., by Captain Mitchell and by him given to me for this book.—EDITOR.

threatened to "clean out all the damned abolition school-teachers this side of New Orleans"; but partly because rumors of all kinds were the order of the day, and partly from fancied security, no especial precautions had been taken.

That evening a party—we never learned how many, whence they came, or whither they went, except that they must have crossed the bayou, about four miles from that settlement—had surrounded the house where this couple lived, had entered their bedroom, had ordered the man to arise, and then, in the presence of his young bride, had, without shrift or mercy, murdered him in cold blood, riddling his body with bullets, and with horrid curses had told his poor young wife, as she threw herself across his bleeding body, that all the damned abolitionists would be served the same way if they came down from the North to teach *their* niggers that they were better than white men.

We rode the ten miles without slackening rein or sparing spur—but all too slowly; the cowardly assassins had vanished amid the swamps and bayous, and the little hamlet lay peaceful in the moonlight. Upon being awakened and questioned, the good, kind citizens would not admit that any such crime could possibly have been committed.

Lieutenant C., with twenty men, pushed directly down the cross-road to the large lake which lay about four miles north of the town, while the rest of us encamped, temporarily, in a field adjoining one of the residences, and at the beginning of this cross-road. The men took the bridles from the horses' mouths, and, sitting down along the fences, many of them probably dozed. In company with the major and my own lieutenant, each of whom soon fell asleep, I stretched myself out on the back porch of the house, and perhaps for ten or fifteen minutes let my thoughts wander at will.

Suddenly, clearly and distinctly, was heard the well-known sound of the movement of a large force of infantry—so close as to cause every nerve to tingle with shame at the thought that we were to be surprised, and perhaps beaten *because* surprised. Yet simultaneously came the reflection that if the men would only keep down, protected as they were by the fences, we would repel any reasonable number of the attacking party, and possibly surprise them in turn. As we were



armed with the Spencer repeating carbine, at that time almost unknown in that region, I felt less fear of the result. Reaching out my hand, without speaking, I woke the major and lieutenant, who evidently at once heard the same sound and doubtless shared my feelings, for the major quickly drew his revolver, and raised it as if to fire the moment the attack should be made. Remember, not a word had passed. He then whispered the order, "Captain, get the men in line, but tell them to keep down behind the fence." I crept down the yard, and as I passed around, said, "Form in line *to repel charge—keep down!*" It seemed as if all the men understood the situation at once. Already those on the farther side of the yard were creeping across, with carbines advanced, and I found those on the side near the lane ready and in evident expectation. One large, jolly Irishman, who had been with me in many a close fix, said, "I guess we'll catch hell this time, Captain!"

I tire you with these details simply to show you that this unexplained reminiscence could have been no hallucination.

The sound increased, and there seemed to be no further need of silence on our part. The major's voice rang out, "Over the two fences, boys, and form in the farther field!" I remember I vaulted the two fences—expecting to be shot in the act—and knelt down about twenty feet beyond the second one, and called to the men to form behind me. We formed and waited, the sound seemed to be dying away. Thus far, the movements had not been made in a very military manner, for the chief object had been to *face* the enemy and *repel their* attack. After a few moments of waiting, the major ordered me to take a half-dozen of my best men and pass rapidly across the field, saying that he would follow within supporting distance. In less than ten minutes the entire command was in line on its farther side, and the grass plainly showed that ours were the first footsteps that had crossed the field. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the stillness was now almost painful in its intensity, being broken only by the repressed breathing of the men as they blankly looked into each others' faces. There was no chaffing among them, as is usually the case when led on what they think a wild-goose chase. In conversation with many of them afterward, they all declared

that they distinctly heard the sound, and described it as the "swish-swash" of a large body of men marching rapidly through heavy grass and directly down upon us.

The most natural explanation of the phenomenon that we could then conjecture was that by some wonderful echo we had, in our excitement, mistaken the noise of the return of our small cavalry force for the marching of a considerable body of infantry, and I looked at my watch to note the time. It was just twenty minutes past eleven.

A small force was detailed to remain on the farther side of the field, with directions to send one or two still farther beyond. These latter reported, on their return, impenetrable swamps in that direction—impenetrable, at least, to men marching by columns.

At 1 A. M. Lieutenant C. returned with his squad. He reported that they had neither seen nor heard an enemy, though there were plenty of footprints along the lake shore. I at once asked him if he knew at what time he left the bayou. He answered, "We arrived there at eleven, waited and hunted around for half an hour, and left there about midnight." So, while we were skirmishing in the field, he was at least four miles away, at nearly a right angle to the direction from which the sound we had heard had come to us.

An old soldier seldom mistakes other sounds for those made by marching troops, yet in this instance there were a good threescore veterans whose accounts for the most part agreed.

When any of us have since met to talk over old times, we have asked each other, as we asked that night, and as I now ask you,

"What manner of noise was that?"

## INCIDENTS OF LEE'S LAST STRUGGLE—THE BATTLE OF SAILOR'S CREEK\*

By ARCHIBALD HOPKINS, LIEUTENANT COLONEL 37TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY

It has happened very rarely that anyone has been so placed, either as spectator or participant, as to be able to see and to describe a battle. Some minor engagements, perhaps, with small contending forces, may have come under observation in such a way as to enable the looker-on to say he saw it, but anything worthy to be called a battle must be of such proportions and generally upon such ground as to render this impossible, and descriptions of battles are made up, as a rule, from what many persons saw and from the results.

In writing something of the battle of Sailor's Creek, it is not my purpose to attempt a description of that conflict, but simply to give some account of the part the 37th Massachusetts Regiment took in it, and to recall some of the impressions and experiences of what was, though of short duration, to us a memorable struggle. On April 2d we had been in the front line of the assaulting column at Petersburg, which carried the heavily fortified works at Fort Fisher, and had captured two guns and a battle-flag. On the 3d, 4th and 5th our corps having been—so we were told at the time—attached to General Sheridan's command by his special request, was making forced marches, keeping up with the cavalry in that relentless pursuit inspired and led by him, and which no one can doubt was the secret of final success. The weather had grown very warm for the season, and after the first halt the ground for acres was covered with overcoats, extra blankets and clothing,

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and various little comforts with which even the oldest soldiers sometimes began a campaign, but which were gradually discarded, till only the barest necessities remained. On the 6th we had already covered nearly twenty miles, when about two o'clock, rapid artillery firing was heard in front, and an order to double-quick told us that there was work ahead. A hard three miles' run followed, the men dripping and panting under their loads, but determined to be in at the death; for everyone felt that the end was at hand.

At the first sound of the artillery in advance, they began, without orders, to fill the magazines of their Spencer rifles as they moved along. The Spencer, at that time, was by far the best weapon in use—not so heavy as the Springfield, and surpassing it in range and precision; firing seven shots to the Springfield's one, it made the regiments armed with it equal twice their number, not only from their increased destructive power, but from the added confidence it gave, and from the fear the enemy had of it. One of the prisoners who was taken on our front at Berryville in the Shenandoah Valley said to a comrade as they passed to the rear, looking askance at one of the smoking pieces as he spoke, "There's one o' them damned guns," and their theory was that we loaded up Sunday and fired all the week. The 37th was the only regiment in the corps that had them, and it got a good deal of extra duty in consequence.

As we came to the top of a long slope, there began an immediate easy descent, running down to the creek, a winding, sluggish stream; and then an ascent, rather sharper than the one we had passed, covered with a dense growth of young pines, and intersected with deep gullies, cut out of the clay by heavy rains. At the top of the first slope, in a field to the left of the road, near an old barn, was Sheridan, on his black horse, talking to Wright, and I saw him make a gesture, with his palm turned to the front, that said unmistakably that whatever opposed us on the hill opposite was to be pushed out of the way. As the men recognized him, a rattling cheer went down the line such as no other man could evoke from our corps; for he had given us the inspiration and enthusiasm of repeated victory in the Shenandoah, and every man felt and implicitly trusted his splendid leadership.



His cavalry had cut off the principal wagon train of Lee's army, and Stonewall Jackson's old corps, now commanded by Ewell, had been put in position to check our pursuit, and to save the train if possible. General Kershaw was on the right of their line, Custis Lee on the left, and the naval battalion, made up of picked men from the abandoned gunboats at Richmond, and clothed and equipped in the best English fashion, was in the rear of Lee's right, in reserve.

We began to move down the hill in column of wings, but deployed into line of battle, and threw out skirmishers before we reached the creek, which was barely fordable, being up to our armpits. After crossing, the line was reformed, and the regiment moved by the flank a short distance to the right, and then the order was brought us by Colonel Tom Colt, riding as jauntily and as coolly as on parade, to charge up the hill. The growth of young pines was so dense that it was impossible to see more than the length of the regimental line, or to tell whether our connection on the right or on the left was maintained. Just here Chaplain Morse, whose place was in the rear with the ambulance, appeared in front of the line, and it took a peremptory order to send him back; he was a Methodist minister, whom we had chosen from the ranks as our chaplain, and though always faithful in the duty to which he had been unexpectedly called, he could never forget that he had come out to fight. We were now moving steadily up the hill, and stray bullets began to fly too plentifully to be pleasant. As we pushed on, I saw Sergeant Cowles as he fell, shot through the body, wave his hand and cheer on the men with his last breath. Instinctively we felt that a few steps more would precipitate a bloody fight; but the line did not waver, nor was there any flinching or skulking, the soldierly discipline and steadiness which General Edwards had infused into the regiment while its colonel, standing it, as often before, in good stead.

In a moment, as we rose to the crest, a crashing volley from an enemy still invisible tore through the pines over our heads. The misdirected aim was most fortunate for us, for the men held their fire like the veterans they were, and before the enemy could reload, we were close upon them, with but few vacancies in our ranks. Then, at the word, every man poured



in seven shots from his Spencer, at easy speaking distance and with deadly effect. Large numbers fell, killed and wounded, many came in and gave themselves up, some escaped, and all semblance of organization or opposition melted away from our front, and disappeared. Flushed with success, we moved steadily to the front, a distance probably of 300 yards, when, the growth becoming less dense, it appeared that we had no support on either flank. Just at this juncture Custis Lee moved part of his command, comprising the naval battalion, through one of the deep gulches spoken of, around our right, and about half the length of the regiment in our rear. We discovered the movement just in time to face about, and in a moment it was hand to hand, and a brief struggle for the mastery ensued with musketry at arm's length, officers fighting with clubbed muskets and pistols, and the bayonet, and the cutlasses of the sailors coming into free use for the first time in our experience. Clouds of sulphurous smoke soon obscured everything not close at hand, and it was as these opened and shifted that I had glimpses of battle groups and scenes which will always remain in my memory. One, just a momentary glimpse seen and lost too soon to know the result, of a powerful officer in gray with clubbed musket raised to strike down Captain Chandley, who had a Spencer rifle himself, and was cocking it to fire. Another, of a flaming Rebel battle-flag planted in the ground a few feet away, the center of a desperate struggle. A blue-coated sergeant seized it with determined grasp, only to fall fatally wounded beneath its folds, when a plucky little fellow, whom I recognized through the smoke as Private Taggart, of Co. B, wrested it from its hold, and carried it safely to the rear. The battle was now at its height. Blue and gray mingled in a confused mass, swayed back and forth in the eddying smoke and fierce cries of "Down with 'em!" "Give 'em hell!" and the clashing of crossed bayonets could be heard rising above the sound of the musketry. The intense excitement swallowed up all sense of danger, and every man fought more than valorously—almost with savage fury. Meanwhile our Spencers had again given us the advantage, and the enemy's force, broken into confused groups, was driven back into the little ravine, through which they had come, in a huddled mass. We gathered at its mouth, and gave

them such a terrible raking fire that they soon began to show white handkerchiefs in token of surrender, and our firing ceased.

The adjutant, John S. Bradley, of Lee, a gallant soldier, always at the front, as the musketry lulled, demanded the sword of a Rebel officer near whom he was standing, when the officer, without a word, put his pistol to the adjutant's breast. He saw the movement just in time to knock the pistol aside, when they grappled, and rolled over each other down into the ravine, the officer discharging his pistol into the adjutant's shoulder as they went. A Rebel soldier also shot him through the thigh, and in an instant more his antagonist would have dispatched him with another pistol shot, when Private Eddy, of Co. B, who had been watching his chance, as Bradley's assailant came uppermost, shot him dead. He had hardly fired when a powerful "Grayback" thrust him through the body with a bayonet, the point coming out near the spine, and he was thrown down and pinned to the ground. His antagonist then tried to wrest his Spencer from him, but he clung to it desperately, and in spite of the terrible disadvantage of his position, succeeded in firing another shot, which was fatal to his brave and determined enemy. The Rebel fell upon him as he lay, but he thrust his body aside, pulled out the bayonet which transfixed him, and staggered to the rear, where he was cared for and finally recovered. After this, of course, we opened fire again, with deadly effect, and they gave up this time in earnest. General Custis Lee surrendered at the muzzle of Corporal David White's rifle, and we sent to the rear with him and his staff, nearly 300 prisoners, and a silk flag belonging to a crack Savannah battalion, besides the battle-flag already spoken of. Seventy dead were taken from the ravine, and the ambulance men said that they had never seen them piled up in such heaps anywhere. During the fight, a corporal who was noted for his quiet promptitude and unvarying good behavior, becoming a little separated from the main command, found himself confronted by a Rebel officer, whose surrender he demanded. The officer refused and the corporal fired, shooting him through the body. As he fell, the corporal bent over him and told him he was sorry he had to shoot him, and that he was a Christian, and if he wished it, he would pray

with him. The officer eagerly assented, and the corporal knelt by his side amid the drifting smoke and the shouts and groans of the combatants and offered a fervent prayer for the parting soul of his dying foeman, hostile no longer. When he had finished, they shook hands, and the officer gave the corporal his sword as a memento, and asked him to write to his wife and tell her what had befallen him. They then bade farewell; and the corporal, who had been made a target of by the Rebels under the impression that he was rifling the officer's body, picked up his Spencer and went on firing.

An Irish corporal, whose brother had been killed on the parapet in the assault on Petersburg a few days before, concealed himself in a thicket, and killed nine Rebels during the fight. When it was over, he said, "I don't know as it would help poor *Mike* any, but somehow *I* feel easier about the heart."

Some men were always having narrow escapes. We had a sergeant who was famous for them. I met him just after this fight, and said, "Well, Sergeant, have you had your usual scratch?" He pushed up his cap in reply, and I saw the blood trickling down his temple, which had been grazed by a bullet.

It was past three o'clock when we struck the enemy, and as the shadows fell, and the evening breeze rose and sighed a requiem through the swaying pines, all sounds of conflict had died away, and we made our bivouac close at hand. It was an exultant band that gathered with torn garments and blackened faces about our camp fires, recounting to one another in husky voices the varied incidents of the fight, and almost every man had some trophy of the field. But the hour of victory, as must always be the case for those who help to bring it on, was saddened by the loss of many of our bravest, most tried companions, who, could they have survived that day the last battle of the war, might have "come marching home" with the rest of us. It had been a glorious victory all along the line, resulting in a loss to Lee's crumbling and disrupted army of about 8000. Who can fail to admire the splendid manhood and courage of men who, after such a march as they had made, almost without food, with disaster upon them, and defeat inevitable, could make such a stand as they did at Sailor's Creek, or to rejoice that they with their children are

back again with us and ours under the old flag that waved triumphant on that bloody day? Three days later came Lee's surrender, and the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac were ended.

Mr. W. F. Cameron, a participant in this battle on the Southern side, subsequently Governor of Virginia, has lately written an account of the final campaign, from which I take the following extract referring to Sailor's Creek:

"But the main body of the army, consisting of Ewell's, Anderson's, and Gordon's commands, accompanied by Rooney Lee's division of cavalry, were annoyed from the early morning by flank attacks from Sheridan. In the early afternoon these attacks became so serious that Anderson was compelled to halt and go into line of battle, and this enabled Meade's Sixth corps to close up on Ewell's corps at Sailor's Creek, and the Confederates were thus brought to bay by assaults on three sides. Ewell was crushed—destroyed. Anderson's turn came next, and his thin lines were mashed up like an egg-shell's walls. The Federals took nearly 7000 prisoners, including Ewell and most of his general officers. Gordon pushed on, Humphreys contesting every inch of his progress, and finally shook off his pursuer, after losing his trains, some guns, and nearly 2000 prisoners. The affair at Sailor's Creek was really a finish to any further effective work by the Confederate army. Two corps were put *hors de combat*, and the third was so badly crippled as scarcely to equal a strong brigade of the opposing army. Many interesting incidents marked this fight. In certain parts of the field the combat was a hand-to-hand *melée*. An eye-witness tells that after Ewell's guard had been broken down, the Federals surrounded a small body of troops near the creek. Here they encountered the marine corps from Drewry's Bluff, and the sailors from the Confederate fleet, under the command of Admiral John R. Tucker. The gallant old sea-dog gave the command to 'prepare to repel boarders,' and my informant says it was a sight to see himself and men going through the motions of 'cut right' and 'cut left' with their cutlasses."

As stated by Governor Cameron, the battle of Sailor's Creek was the end of any effective resistance on the part of Lee's army. Nevertheless, the pursuit was vigorously pushed on



the 7th and 8th, and on the morning of the 9th, leading the advance of the Sixth corps with my regiment toward Appomattox, a staff officer brought me an order to halt, and we lay down beside the road to await events. There had been rumors of surrender, and when the news came that Lee had indeed given up, there followed a scene of wild rejoicing and exultation such as has been seldom witnessed.

Badly led, thwarted, outgeneraled, and flung back, the Army of the Potomac had for years with heroic courage and endurance struggled toward its goal, and it is not strange that when it realized that the last shot had been fired, that it would soon turn its face homeward, with the honors and trophies of victory, and that the Union for which it had fought was forever safe, it went wild with joy.

But one thing occurred to dampen our enthusiasm. We had all read and seen pictures of the formal surrender of captured armies, and we expected that Lee and his veterans would march out and lay down their arms as Cornwallis did at Yorktown. We thought it was due to our long and arduous service that we should see its results, and when we found we were to be faced about, and marched northward, without even a glimpse of our late enemies, there was much murmuring and discontent. But General Grant was much wiser and greater than all of us. He knew how we felt, but he knew also that we and the men of the South were thenceforth to be countrymen again, and his magnanimous soul refused to subject Lee and his army to any humiliation that could be avoided. It was an evidence of true greatness and we see now that he was right.\*

\* The Editor feels under deep obligations to Colonel Hopkins for the foregoing article. The tie that has bound us together as friends and classmates from long ago has been strengthened by this act of courtesy. The greater part of the article was published many years ago in *Harper's Weekly*.—EDITOR.



## A REMARKABLE PLEA TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI—A SOUTHERN WOMAN GLORIES IN REBELLION

BY MRS. M. J. YOUNG, HOUSTON, TEX.

My friend and comrade, Captain J. S. Clark, sends to me the following remarkable "proclamation" by a Southern woman. In his letter he says, "I was with my regiment in Houston, Tex., during the summer of 1865, after the war, having been sent there to assist in establishing the Provisional Government.

"Houston was a rich old town, never visited by either army, Rebel to the core, and did not know the South was conquered. Among other interesting characters there was a Mrs. M. J. Young, a widow, with one son, just a lad, but in the Confederate Army. She was loyal and devoted to the Southern cause. When she learned that the Confederates were weakening and heard talk of capitulation, she threw her whole soul into the cause. She gave me a copy of her last appeal to the soldiers of the Trans-Mississippi, General Kirby Smith, commander. He had it read before his army shortly before the final surrender. I enclose you the copy she gave me."—EDITOR.

"INFIRM of purpose, give me the daggers," is now the heart-thought of every woman in the land, when she sees those who have been styled our heroes, our defenders, growing weary of the contest and relaxing the arm that justice and truth and vengeance should nerve while there is a brain to think or a pulse to quiver. Shall we weary, whose land through its mighty extent, from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, from the mountains to the sea, bears upon its bosom a thousand battlefields, and yet not one uncrowned by victory? The ruins of whose Alamo still stand consecrated by the blood of men who could die, but knew not the word of surrender? Whose San Jacinto, last born of all, the triumph of the Republic, still looks with unsul-

lied honor up to God,—and whose silvery stream, in its journey to the open sea, kisses the brow of Galveston, the first-born of the victories of the State of Texas? Shail we who have such memories,—such a past,—now with a hundred thousand men, with a Smith, a Magruder, a Walker and a thousand other glorious leaders, of all ranks, talk of making terms, of growing weary—of reconstruction? Oh Earth, open and take us to thy dark bosom! Oh Heaven, fall and crush us into oblivion!

But why do I write this? I am mad, my countrymen. The pride for land and liberty has made me mad. The possibility of your honor being soiled, of the glorious fame of our grand State being shadowed, has frenzied me, and I have dared suppose a thing concerning you, that were I a man, your daggers' hilt should be made to drink my heart's blood for the insult. Upon my knees I implore again forgiveness. I have faith in you; confidence you will never, *never* submit to the Yankee yoke, the Yankee chain. The world for four years has stood entranced; every eye fixed upon the "blue starry cross" blazing and burning with ever-growing glory upon a hundred victorious plains; and from the pennant floating beneath the spear head, they have read the proud names of the men who were defending it,—“Hood's Texas Brigade.” These men, some of whom will go down to latest posterity embalmed in renown, others be known as the “nameless demigods,” but no less grand because unrecorded, have been battling, bleeding, and dying in Virginia, that the horrors of war, the desecration of the Yankee presence should never be allowed to enter the beautiful boundaries of their beloved State. Now they are returning, a little handful of wearied, battle-scarred, maimed men, but with hearts bold as lions and with scorn for cowards burning in their tyrant-hating eyes that will consume you as they gaze upon you if you are not also brave, and true, and determined and resistful.

They have excused you, they have brought no railing accusations against you for not coming to help defend Virginia, but they will curse you with the curse of outraged patriots if they find you faltering in defending your altars and firesides, your own land, your own mothers and sisters. The height upon which they stand—the mount of sacrifice, washed by the

blood of four-fifths of their gallant band, will elevate them into office of recording angels and judges, to note your deeds and to hurl upon you curses that shall burn through flesh and bone, and sear your very heart and brain. In Northern dungeons are thousands of our brave men shut out from the light of God's bright sun, with cheeks pale with confinement and the loss of the sweet balmy breezes of Heaven's free air—living upon food that the very cur dogs in our streets would refuse, yet with hearts as firmly riveted upon Liberty as the tyrant's chains are upon their limbs, with souls as unsubdued, with wills as unyielding, and revenge as unrelenting as the stones they tread.

Shall you, under the broad glare of the summer sun, with flowers blooming and birds caroling, in the very sight of your own cottage smoke, and in hearing of your children's glad prattle, be less true than they? It cannot be. Rise up in the strength and majesty of your cause, in your numbers, in your glorious countrymen whose deeds have made the name of Hood, Granbury, Ector, and others ring upon the ear like the sound of a battle trumpet, triumphant, proud, and thrilling; rise in your devotion to your homes, to your women, and no more "for foreign aid and arms to sigh," but remember that the conquest must be wrought by work and determination, and that "they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." What if you do go down to battle, and do not return, if your country and children are free?

"Is't death to fall for freedom's right,  
He's dead alone that lacks her light."

Let us fear no reverses, no toils, no privations; we have that which ennobles life and sanctifies death in a noble cause—

"Give that, and welcome War to brace  
Her drums, send Heaven's seeking space,  
The columns planted face to face,  
The charging cheer;  
Though death's pale horse leads on the chase  
Shall still be dear."

Turning from the soldier, let me say one word to the other hope of the Confederacy—the women—whom that poet and

philosopher, Mr. Carnes, has so happily demonstrated "the heart of the rebellion." Did you ever receive a prouder title, my sisters? Never—and I rise in pride and self-gratulation when I think how truly you deserve it. Our sex, thank God, have been true to every emergency. The songs of Miriam, Jael, and Deborah, come borne to us on soft breezes from the Past Land, mingling with tabret and harp, and the cymbal's fitful clash as they chant: "Sing ye unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel." Then, when Roman cross and Roman spear had seemingly triumphed over truth, justice, and mercy—when our Saviour hung dead upon the cross, and darkness worse than Egypt covered the earth, the Marys and Marthas were then unterrified by the dangers, unshaken in their faith, firm to believe and to hope. We are necessary for the full completion and development of truth. Men cannot work without us. We are, and have been, the soul of every achievement, of every blessing, of every grandeur that man has wrought. The knight of old, though fighting for the sepulchre of our Saviour, felt, when the name of his "lady-love" was embroidered with the motto on his banner, that he was "doubly armed," and never hewed down the foeman with heartier, lustier strokes than when murmuring the darling name of her who he knew was watching from her lone bower for news from Palestine. Let no fear of being unwomanly, unmaidenly, deter you from speaking and doing all that your hand findeth to do in this mighty, this death struggle now going on between Liberty and Tyranny. Oh! would the sun, the moon, and the stars could thunder out the sublime strains of the Marsellaise, and pour into the ear of every listening Confederate:

"O Liberty! can man resign thee?  
Once having felt thy glorious power."

It is on Margaret's lips and not her warrior nobles that Shakespeare places these words concerning reverses:

"Great, my lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail them,  
But cheerily seek how to redress them."

We have been called upon to give up our jewels, and votive offerings are coming up from every part of the land. All seem to have laid to heart the sacred command: "If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence to give that little."

Again are we reminded of the past and its significant union with the present. You have not forgotten how, when the short-sighted kings refused, that heroic Isabel, attracted by the glorious light of truth:

"Gives ear unto Columbus, looking grandly poor,  
Bending down her head these words she said:  
I'll pledge my jewels for the enterprise."

Yes, the jewels of one woman in 1492 gave America to the world—God grant that the jewels of many women shall in 1865 give freedom to America.

Women of Texas, we can urge our men, we can hold our soldiers up to the high standard, and do it in a way proper to our sex. Appeal to their manliness, their tenderness. He is the bravest man that loves most tenderly.

The old Greek poet knew that truth thoroughly, and most beautifully has he shown how the valor of Hector drew its inspiration from Andromache's deep, womanly heart—and that never were his nerves more strung to deeds of daring and duty, than "when removing the helm whose tossing crest no Grecian sword could touch," he kissed the boy presented to him by the tearful, smiling wife and mother.

The youth who died at Marathon yielded his life with a smile, remembering how his mother would receive him resting on his shield, knowing he had died true to her native land. Volumnia taught Coriolanus the stern, proud lesson that though he was dearer to her than life, that Rome was more beloved than he.

Let us determine to make a Thermopylæ of Texas, to win or die. We cannot submit, death were a thousand times, *ten* thousand times preferable. If our men falter we will take their places. Slaves! Great God, Slaves! Southern women smiled on by domineering, insulting Yankees! Southern men browbeaten and silent under their taunts! Oh, God! will our



men, will our women permit such a thought! Ah, no, the day is dark, the clouds black, but behind them the sun still shines. The tide of war seems to have ebbed up on the other side, but there is no necessity for such a thing here. Have you never stood upon the beach and seen the seventh wave rise and gather into its bosom all the broken wavelets, until piling high its waters, and waiting as if for a moment's thought, it dashes over, and runs high up the beach, sweeping all before it? Well, we can be that wave in the breakers, and gathering in our armies all the broken ones, finally burst forth with a sullen roar "over the river," and sweep from the face of the earth every Yankee soldier and garrison, from here to the mouth of the Potomac. Be not discouraged. God is our Father. Let us cry unto Him, and He will grant us victory and peace. The day may be long distant, and the way toilsome, bloody, and weary. But we will, with His aid, make Texas a "tower of victory," to which every freedom-loving soul shall turn as to a shrine, and from whose pinnacle the watch-fires of Liberty shall blaze like stars on eternity's ocean.

During, and after the war, it was often said that the bitterness of Southern women had much to do with the protracted and terrible struggle. It is doubtful if this was true to any great extent, and the foregoing is illustrative of but one of this most extreme class. It would be ungenerous at least, to consider her a *type* of Southern women. How flat some of her epigrammatic sentences fall as now, under one flag, we are at peace! Fortunate is it, that Texas is now one of the peaceful, progressive States of a united country.—EDITOR.

## SAW JEFFERSON DAVIS WHEN ARRESTED—NO FEMALE'S CLOTHING

BY JOHN A. SKINNER, PRIVATE, 4TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY

It was on the morning of May 6th, at Macon, Ga., where we had been lying a short while, when "strike tents" was sounded by the bugler. We packed up quickly. The order was given to fall into line, and we took our respective places in the line of march. We were under sealed orders and did not know the nature of our mission, but next day, in some way or other, the report got around among us that we were going to capture Jefferson Davis. We passed through Hawkinsville, and when we reached the ford of the Alabama River our horses were pretty well fagged out. Here we ran across the 1st Wisconsin.

Colonel Pritchard, of the 4th Michigan, was ranking officer. They picked out 128 of the best horses in the regiment. Colonel Pritchard instructed the major of the 1st Wisconsin to proceed to a certain place and go into park, and that he would go into park at another point, both forces to concentrate in the morning at Irwanville. Colonel Pritchard secured a guide and leaving the remainder of the 4th Michigan at the ford, our detachment of twenty-eight men set out on the march. We cut across through the woods and reached Irwanville between one and two o'clock in the morning.

There were four of us, including myself, under command of Sergeant Mace Brown of Co. I, in the advance of our detachment. We made a halt at Irwanville trying to ascertain the fact whether any wagon train had passed through that day. We knocked on a door and the family answered our summons, but we told them not to make any light. Sergeant Brown and myself entered the house, and while we stood talking to the

proprietor a little girl about fourteen years of age came down stairs, holding a lighted candle in her hand. She seemed to be greatly frightened. She would look at her father, then at us. Finally she spluttered out, "Papa, I'll be damned if them ain't Yanks!" Sergeant Brown warned the man that if any of the family left the house they would be shot. They seemed to be friendly, and told us that four or five wagons passed through the town that afternoon.

When we got back to the road we noticed the glare of a fire about three-quarters of a mile ahead of us. Sergeant Brown reported to Colonel Pritchard what he had heard.

There were twenty-five of us detailed and placed under command of Lieutenant Purington of Co. I. We were ordered to make a circuit around the campfire and be on the road that the campers would have to take. Orders were also given not to advance on the camp until daylight, or in case the party should break camp; and when Colonel Pritchard was to hear our firing he would charge with the other 105.

We had lain on the ground about three-quarters of an hour, when a detachment of mounted men came up on our rear. Lieutenant Purington shouted, "Halt! Who comes there?" The sergeant in command of the advance replied, "You're the men we're looking for."

"Dismount, one in advance," responded Purington. "Let me know who you are, Federal or Confederate. We're Federal troops." The sergeant of the troops in a loud voice said to one of his men, "You dismount and let them know who we are."

They were very close to us and to escape through a swamp seemed to be thought of. This was alive with alligators. Again the sergeant spoke, this time in a low voice, "Turn your horses and run," he said; and off they bolted. Lieutenant Purington now shouted, "Fire upon them!" and we sent a shower of lead after them with twenty-five Spencer rifles. Day was now beginning to dawn, but it was not yet clear enough for us to see who were the men we were firing on, and who had now turned and were firing on us. They were pouring bullets into us, volley for volley.

When Colonel Pritchard heard the firing he placed a guard over the camp and with the remainder of our force made a

charge, coming around to where we were engaged, and opening fire on our opponents immediately. Thus our detachment of twenty-five men found itself under a galling fire from two sides. We broke to spike alligators.

The morning grew brighter and we were not a little surprised to learn that the men with whom we were engaged in a pitched battle were a detachment of the 1st Wisconsin. Orders to cease firing were of course immediately given. There was a lapse of a few seconds, then the Wisconsin force poured another volley into Pritchard's men, killing one of our men and wounding another. The Wisconsin men then discovered their mistake and ceased firing.

We twenty-five men made our way back to the wagon train. There were five wagons and ambulances. There was one square-walled tent. Two men were lying on the ground on a straw "tick." Joseph Odron of Co. G and myself went up to them where they were lying. They had their heads covered. We ordered them to get up. The one on the left side raised the quilts and peeped out, then covered up his face again. I took hold of his pillow and raised his head, taking a belt with two revolvers from under the pillow. The man whose revolvers I removed proved to be John Reagan, Postmaster General of the Confederacy. The other was his assistant, and brother of Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

By this time our whole command had come up. Pritchard had left one man, Andrew Bee, a German, of Co. L, on guard at the tent.

At this juncture two young women, with what I thought was a little old woman, walking between them and carrying a small tin bucket in her hand, came out of the tent. The person who looked like a little old woman wore a waterproof cloak extending to the ground with a little black shawl over her head and tied under her chin. Bee asked them where they were going. One of the young ladies replied that they were taking their mother out to the branch to get some water. The guard told them that they could not go. Adjutant Dickinson was standing a short distance off and one of the young women said, "Lieutenant, can't the guard pass us out?" Dickinson called out, "Guard, pass the ladies out," and out they passed.

They had gotten about 100 yards away from the tent, when

Bee exclaimed, "By Jesus! that's no woman! that's Sheff Davis."

He ran in pursuit, and as he started a big dark-complexioned woman came out of the tent and ran after him. Bee got before the women and crossing his musket in front of them, ordered them to halt. At that instant the stout, dark woman caught up with him and cried out, "For God's sake, don't shoot the President."

The troops began to circle around the group. One of them opened the waterproof cloak, while another took the little shawl from his hand, and there stood Jefferson Davis in the uniform of a Confederate general. He was game to the core, and pointing to his breast, said, "Shoot me right there."

It has been said, and repeated time and again, that the Confederate President, at the time of his capture, even wore skirts and hoops. But I was right there, an eyewitness of the event, and am willing to swear to the fact that the only garments worn by Jefferson Davis that might be described as feminine, were the waterproof cloak and the little shawl over his head.



## THE SIEGE OF MOBILE—"THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS."

BY A. V. KENDRICK, U. S. VOLUNTEERS

WHILE Sherman was marching through Georgia, and Grant was tightening his grip on Lee at Richmond and Petersburg, General Canby was charged with the capture of Mobile and the annihilation of the Rebel general, Dick Taylor, and his army, in southern Alabama. To accomplish this, an army of 40,000 men concentrated at Mobile Point, at the entrance of Mobile Bay. This army was divided into two army corps, the Thirteenth and Sixteenth, commanded by Generals Gordon Granger and A. J. Smith. Mobile Point is a narrow peninsula extending down between the Gulf of Mexico on the east and Mobile Bay on the west. At its extreme point stands Fort Morgan, and on an island, just off the mouth of the bay, is Fort Gaines. These are the principal defenses of the bay and harbor, and here on August 5, 1864, Admiral Farragut, lashed to the mast of his flagship, *Hartford*, fought that ever-memorable battle with the combined forces of the enemy, and by its defeat opened the way for the capture of the city. This narrow strip of land was nothing but sand, and if any of Canby's men were lacking in "sand" they certainly would get it here—sand in your coffee, sand in your hardtack, sand in your eyes, sand everywhere.

On March 17th the advance on Mobile was begun. Our line of march lay up the peninsula along the eastern shore of the bay. Soon after leaving camp we entered a dense pine forest, and were in what the natives called the "wilderness."

After several days' marching through sand and swamp, with the vertical rays of a Southern sun beating down upon us, we camped in a turpentine orchard. While in this camp, some thoughtless fellow set fire to the trees, and for a time the entire camp was in danger of being burned.

Most of the distance through this wilderness is swamps, filled with alligators, and all along the roadside their ungainly carcasses were strewn. For miles the swamps were impassable for teams, and had to be bridged with corduroy. On Monday morning, March 27th, our column was halted and formed in line of battle; and the mysterious running to and fro of aides and orderlies gave us to understand that there was danger ahead. Soon the boom of artillery and the rattle of musketry were heard, and the siege of Mobile had begun. The outlying defenses of the city were Spanish Fort and Blakely, on the other side of the bay, opposite the city. Our line of attack extended from the bay below to the bay above the fort, and completely cut off the retreat of the enemy by land. The navy, under Admiral Thatcher, was expected to cut off all retreat by water.

Besides the usual means of defense, the enemy had planted torpedoes around the fort so close to each other that an assault on the fort would have been certain destruction. They had planted the roads leading to the landing full of them, and strung them across the bay, so that our men on land and water were in constant danger of being blown up. For thirteen days we besieged the enemy there. At the first, our line was exposed to the direct fire of the enemy, and they made it quite lively for us, but in a very short time we had a line of defenses, of breastworks and bombproofs, which gave us complete protection, and men would lie down and sleep as composedly as at home. The siege was characterized with a grandeur seldom if ever excelled. From hundreds of cannon along the line we poured forth a stream of fire, while the gunboats anchored in the bay landed their huge iron bolts plump in the enemy's works. Each evening at sundown our guns would open fire, and for an hour the storm of death would roll on. Our picket line was pushed so close up to the enemy's line as to make it extremely hazardous for him to work them. The enemy had many heavy guns, and among them a huge mortar, which threw a shell of several hundred pounds' weight. When fired the shell would rise high in the heavens, and as it made its revolution the side with the fuse attached could be plainly seen. It looked like some huge monster with a fiery red eye, flying through the heavens, and its movement gave it the

appearance of winking at us; when seen, the boys would cry out, "Look out, there she comes, winking at us." Its movement was so slow and well defined that we could easily dodge it.

On April 8th, at sundown, the firing began with more than usual vigor and kept up till late at night. The gunners had got the distance so well that almost every shell did terrible execution. A shell would burst in the fort and send timbers and dirt high in the air. To add to the awful grandeur of the sight this evening, the fallen trees and underbrush between the contending lines caught fire, and the whole sky looked to be aflame. About eleven o'clock, the 8th Iowa Infantry, pressing close up to the fort, found the enemy in the act of evacuating the fort by way of the bay. They leaped over the ramparts and planted their flag. Soon the whole line pressed forward and captured many prisoners. The gunboats being unable to cut off the retreat on account of the torpedoes planted in the bay, most of the enemy got off, and fell back to Blakely.

General Steele, who had marched from Pensacola, Fla., with a division of infantry and cavalry, through swamps thought to be impassable, was reinforced by a division of colored troops, and had been pounding away at the enemy, who was closely besieged, at Blakely. The next morning we were pushed forward as rapidly as possible to reinforce him. As we marched along, an orderly came riding from the rear, and as he passed each regiment he would say, "Richmond is taken." We had cheered so often over the fall of Richmond, we did not believe it. But this time it was true.

Just as our advance was coming into line the evening of the 9th, General Steele's men, without orders, so it is said, sprang out of their rifle-pits and stormed the enemy's works. Never during the entire war did men do more gallant work, and the colored troops were not a whit behind their white comrades. Besides the extremely strong fortifications around Blakely, of earthworks and a double row of torpedoes, the enemy had surrounded the works with a triple line of fallen trees, whose tops pointed outward, and each limb sharpened to a point.

After the place was taken, a colored soldier was standing with some white men looking at the line of defense over which his regiment had charged. One of the men asked him how on

earth he ever charged over such a place, when he said in reply, "Golly, massa, nebber knowed dat ar brushpile was dar."

The 76th Illinois Infantry immortalized themselves in the storming of Blakely, losing 117 killed. Our townsman, William Warden, who was orderly sergeant of Co. F of that regiment, was the third man to enter the fort. Both of the men who preceded him were killed, and Comrade Warden lost his left leg by a Minié ball, after entering the fort. When he fell he called to one of his comrades, and said, "We've got the fort, and I didn't fall till we captured it."

With Spanish Fort and Blakely in our hands, Mobile was doomed. We lay here till the 11th, when orders came for us to retrace our steps to Stark's Landing, some three miles below Spanish Fort, and take steamers for Mobile. We reached the landing at two o'clock the next morning, and as soon as it was day took shipping and started across the bay. Here we saw the grandest sight during our entire enlistment. Our corps, the Thirteenth, on transports, with the entire navy, started slowly across to the city, whose complete outline was visible. The gunboats, provided with machines for raising torpedoes, went in the advance. From every transport and gunboat floated numerous flags; the soldiers and sailors in blue completely covered the boats, while the gunboats, cleared for action, kept up a continuous signaling. Add to this, the curving outline of the shore fringed with forest trees peculiar to that sunny clime, and you have a picture of marvelous beauty. As we were nearing the shore, Admiral Thatcher, commanding the fleet, ran his flagship alongside of General Granger's headquarters-boat, and with great dignity said to Granger, "I propose to shell the shore." To this the general replied, "You'll shell a flag of truce, if you do," and so he would, for on looking closely an old negro was seen on shore waving a white handkerchief.

We landed below the city some five miles, and marched to it over the famous shell road. On arriving in the city the afternoon of April 12th, it was formally surrendered by the mayor, the general commanding the Confederate troops having retreated by way of the Mobile & Ohio railroad. The army was pushed forward the next day after the retreating foe, and at a



station called Whistler, some five miles out, overtook the rear guard of the Rebels, and fought what was claimed to be the last battle of the war.

On Sunday, April 23, as we were lying in camp on the river bank, a boat came to the landing, all covered with the emblems of mourning. From these sad emblems we inferred that something awful had happened, and from the boat's crew learned the sad news that President Lincoln had been assassinated. The news came like a thunderclap from a clear sky, and strong men wept like children. Deep and bitter were the curses, and had an enemy been at hand our men were so enraged that no quarter would have been shown.

But we had met our last armed foe, and were soon to be gladdened with the news of Dick Taylor's army throwing down their arms. On the 25th we moved up the river to McIntosh's bluff, and commenced the erection of a fort to command the river, and be named Fort Granger. While here, many colored people came down the river in every conceivable kind of a craft, and with rapturous delight, hailed us as their saviors from bondage. When we told them that Lincoln was killed, their grief had no bounds, but that same faith which had kept them through the long night of waiting did not fail them now, just as their hope was about to be realized, and they in answer said, "De good Lord will raise up another Massa Lincum." On the 28th we learned of the surrender of Dick Taylor's army, the last organized force of Rebels east of the Mississippi, but his fleet, numbering many transports, gunboats, and blockade-runners, was still up the river above us, and we were charged to look after it. May 7th the first boat of this fleet came in sight under a white flag, and we were told that the terms of surrender by which the army of Taylor had laid down their arms included the navy also. When this boat rounded to, a fine three-decker, we read on her side, "Jeff Davis." You can judge we did some tall cheering. In a day or two the whole fleet was there, and on one of them was found this motto, "Taylor never surrenders." But that motto, you see, was made before we bluecoats got there. To us, these boats and their crews had great interest. There, riding at anchor, were the gunboats with which Farragut had contended in Mobile Bay. And the same boats had thrown those mighty



shells at us at Spanish Fort and Blakely, whose rattling noise caused us so much fright, and gave rise to the saying among the boys, "They are throwing freight trains at us." There were the blockade runners, which had caused so much destruction to our commerce at sea. All the crew, from commodore down, were looked upon with that interest known only by those who had been brought face to face with them in deadly conflict. As soon as a sufficient amount of wood could be cut to run us down to Mobile, we took passage on the captured fleet, thankful to know that the long struggle was over, and our country one and inseparable.

## A SPRINTER IN A RAID AT CLOYD'S FARM, MAY 9, 1864

By S. C. FRANKLIN, WEST VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS, U. S. A.

My first scene of carnage and bloodshed was shocking for a boy in his teens. It was at Cloyd's Farm, May 9, 1864. I shall never forget it. We were camping at Saltville, guarding the salt works. On the evening of May 8th the long roll was beat, which meant stack tents and fall in line, and in a few minutes, the 45th Virginia Regiment was on its way to meet a raid led by that noted Indian fighter, General Crook, who was bent on tearing up the N. & W. R. R., and thus cutting off General Lee's supplies at Richmond. We met on Cloyd's farm, and our commander, General Jenkins, was killed and his command routed. In that raid was ex-President McKinley, and for gallantry on that field he won his major star, and the writer, a boy soldier, won the blue ribbon as the fastest runner that ever struck Southwest Virginia. On that field were soldiers from Virginia and the Blue Grass section of Kentucky, but the Broom Sedge boy of Surrey carried off the ribbon.

## ONE OF THE LAST BATTLES OF THE WAR

By H. G. MOFFETT, 1ST SERGEANT, COS. I AND D, 34TH IOWA  
INFANTRY

ON the morning of March 20, 1865, our Division of the Thirteenth Corps, General Frank Steel in command, broke camp at Pensacola, Fla., bound for the rear of Mobile, Ala., the object being, in conjunction with General Canby, to capture that almost last of the Rebel strongholds, and the only seaport of any consequence along our entire Atlantic and Gulf coast occupied by the Confederates. After a wearisome march through western Alabama, with rain and mud retarding our every step, on April 2d we reached the Rebel fortifications at Blakely, which were strongly held by the enemy.

After the usual skirmishing, feeling of the enemy, finding his strong as well as weak points, and throwing up entrenchments along his entire front, General Canby having the day previous captured the Spanish Fort down the bay, on the morning of April 9, 1865, on the same day that Grant and Lee had finished negotiations for the surrender to Grant of the Army of Northern Virginia, the surrender actually occurring, the war virtually ended, we were ordered to make ready for a general assault on the enemy at 5:30 P. M. From our constant feeling of the enemy for days we knew his position was a very strong one—fortified with abattis, palisades, *chevreaux de frise*, sunken torpedoes, and every imaginable obstruction, its front extending for three miles or more, and five thousand brave Confederates defending it, abundant cannon sweeping every practical approach, every thinking soldier with the experience of three years' warfare behind him knew what such an assault meant. It meant death and wounds to hundreds, and who were to be the victims,

myself or my comrade, the God of battles only knew. Only those who have gone through such a mental agony can realize what that day of waiting meant. Letters were written home telling of the expected assault, good-bys were sent, and many a boy not noted for excessive piety found down in his knapsack the little Bible mother gave him at the parting, years before, reading the same, gathering consolation from the precious Word, and offering a silent prayer for his safe deliverance in the coming hour of peril. When 5:30 came we were in the trenches ready, anxious for the fray. A storm of shot and shell swept over our heads, and I thought, "Can anyone live in such a tempest?" At the word "Forward," the whole command obeyed with a shout, to which the Rebels responded with all their guns. Not a fear now, not a waver in our lines. Over every obstacle we went, yelling like demons, not a man faltering, each determined to be to the fore. Personally, I ran a race with the colonel of the 83d Ohio as to who should first reach a fallen log which lay across a ravine. "I beat him to it," only a moment later tumbling over a stretched wire,—those seeing me, yelling that I was killed. For nearly one-half hour we struggled with obstructions that seemed insurmountable and under fire of shell and canister that threatened our annihilation, but on and on we went until the one-half mile was covered. We leaped up over the ditch, up the face of the defenses, and the fort and its garrison were ours,—but at what a sacrifice! It had cost us nearly 1000 brave men killed and wounded, and 500 Rebels lay stretched beside them. Many of the old veterans tell you they become immune to fear after having passed through such ordeals. As for myself, after having passed through several such, I admit I was just as much in fear of death or wounds in this, our last charge, as I was at the first, for life was just as dear to me then, and the desire to finish up the terrible strife in safety stronger than ever.

Shortly after this, our last engagement, came the news of the surrender of Lee, the end of the war, and all were rejoicing. Then, swiftly on the heels of this good news, came the heart-crushing word of the assassination of President Lincoln, then all our rejoicing was changed to deepest mourning and sorrow.

## THE LAST BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR

By J. S. CLARK, CAPTAIN 34TH IOWA INFANTRY

LIKE the Battle of New Orleans, fought and won by General Jackson after peace had been declared in 1815, the last battle of the Civil War was fought after the war was over, late in the afternoon of April 9, 1865.

Lee had surrendered to Grant some hours earlier on the same day.

General Canby began the operations leading to this last battle by landing troops at Pensacola, Fla., January 28, 1865. The writer was an officer in the 34th Iowa, which, with other regiments in the Thirteenth Army Corps, went into camp in a delightful grove of evergreens at Barrancas, across the bay from Fort Pickens.

On March 20th, all the assembled troops, about 10,000, under General Steele, marched out of the old historic town of Pensacola, taking a northwesterly route, in order to reach Mobile from the woods on the north.

For eleven days we marched in the rain through Florida swamps. In order to move the wagons and heavy guns over the water-soaked ground it was necessary to build corduroy roads almost all the way.

The delay caused by this heavy work soon put us on short rations. We were wet and hungry day and night. Our men gathered and ate the corn which had been left on the ground by the enemy, and which had been slobbered over by their horses.

April 1st found us opposite Blakely, at one time a town of 3000 people, now one of the fortified defenses of Mobile. Fort Blakely was in command of Confederate General J. R. Liddel. Its fortifications were circular in form, three miles long, and included nine well-built redoubts.



These were armed with forty pieces of artillery, and surrounded by ditches four feet deep. The heavy timber for 600 yards in front had been felled. Fifty yards out from the works was an abattis, and opposite some of the redoubts was a second line; then 300 yards out to the front, parallel with their works, was another line of abattis, and behind the latter detached rifle pits. These works were manned by 3500 soldiers.

April 2d was occupied by us in investing Fort Blakely, during which operation we lost sixty men killed and wounded.

The Thirteenth Army Corps, under command of General Granger, took position on our right. The Sixteenth Army Corps, under command of General A. J. Smith, was on the left. General Hawkins' division, composed of colored troops, was on the right center, General Garrard's division on the left center, and General Andrews' division occupied the center of the line. It is considered that ten men well protected by earthwork can successfully resist thirty or forty. Therefore, instead of throwing his troops against the enemy's fortifications, with great loss and possible repulse, General Steele determined to advance by gradual approaches with pick and shovel, with which we were well supplied. In fact, when the campaign of Mobile was begun, Canby in general orders provided that one pick, one ax and one spade should be carried by every twelve men. Our first entrenchment ditch was dug 1000 yards from the enemy's works.

For the general reader, a few words as to temporary entrenchments may be inserted here. They are usually called **rifle pits**, and are two or three feet deep, the dirt being thrown on the side toward the enemy. Sometimes on top of this dirt will be placed the trunk of a tree, about six inches in diameter.

By scraping away a little earth from under this trunk, the enemy could be seen without exposing the head of the observer.

These trenches were always dug at night, no talking above a whisper being permitted, and no noise but that which came from the pick and shovel. It took three nights' work to complete our first ditch, and by the eighth night we had finished the second and third line of entrenchments, the last

one being six feet wide, capable of holding troops in three ranks, and was only 600 yards from the Confederate works.

Our skirmishers in front of this wide ditch entrenched themselves within eighty yards of the enemy's outer line of pickets.

In the meantime, small forts for our artillery had been constructed along our first and second lines, and the guns of our light batteries placed in them.

The enemy was not quiet while these things were being done, and any exposure of our men drew his fire, both musketry and artillery, killing and wounding each day twenty to forty Union soldiers.

Spanish Fort, General R. L. Gibson in command, eight miles out, which had been invested March 27 by the Sixteenth Army Corps, surrendered to General A. J. Smith on the 8th. Some of the guns used in its siege were immediately sent to General Steele, who had them placed in position during the night of the 8th and the morning of the 9th. The hour of 5 P. M. of April 9th was fixed as the time for a general assault on the enemy's works.

At that hour the simultaneous firing of all the cannon on the line was to be the signal for the charge.

By an unforeseen delay, the signal was not given till 5:30. Our troops had all been formed in line of battle in the entrenchments nearest the enemy, with bayonets fixed. One regiment of each brigade was deployed as skirmishers along the front in the entrenchments. Breathlessly all awaited the signal to move forward. The silence was interrupted only by an occasional shot from a Confederate picket. The waiting and suspense were a severe test of courage.

Some tried to conceal their anxiety by an effort to appear reckless, careless and brave; they whispered jokes and witticisms, pretending that they enjoyed it all immensely. Others, more candid and serious, gave their comrades messages to be delivered to loved ones at home in case they fell. The faces of none indicated that they shrank from the approaching battle; while all dreaded it, they were impatient for the charge.

With the clash of the signal guns, our first line of skirmishers leaped from the trenches and with yells rushed for-

ward 150 yards, where the second line, with loud cheering, soon joined them, when all rushed forward together.

Now, every cannon the enemy had on his line, and every rifle poured forth their deadly missiles on our advancing men. Tempests of bullets, pieces of bursting shell, grape and canister, filled the air and whistled about our ears. We were met by deadly, unseen and unknown dangers in sunken torpedoes, which, when trod upon, exploded, stripping the flesh from the legs and wounding terribly those not killed outright. Fallen trees, abattis and wire stretched along near the ground impeded our progress and exposed us longer to the enemy's destructive fire.

No reply was made to their guns except by our artillery, which poured away over our heads with great effect. In twenty minutes we had surmounted all obstacles, climbed over the enemy's works and given him the bayonet.

As General Hawkins' colored troops went over the works, they shouted, "Remember Fort Pillow!" whereupon the Confederates in their front threw down their guns, ran down the line, and surrendered to General Andrews' white soldiers.

That was one of the most brilliant and spectacular charges of the Civil War. But it is little known and has had scant mention, by reason of the great events just then culminating in the collapse of the Rebellion and end of the great Civil War.

We were victorious, but 775 of our men, who one-half hour before had been joking and laughing with each other, had fallen.

In these twenty minutes our losses were greater than those in the four Revolutionary battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill, Trenton, and Bennington. Yet each one of these has been written into the eternal ages, their renown perpetuated in history, song and story, and their glory and fame made imperishable by tablets of bronze and obelisks of marble.

## A STORY OF THE MEXICAN BORDER. A STRANGE INCIDENT

BY S. H. HARPER, CAPTAIN 46TH U. S. COLORED TROOPS,  
FORMERLY STATE SENATOR, ALSO MAYOR OF  
OTTUMWA, IA.

The following story, while not pertaining to the Civil War, is so interesting, and now, for the first time made public, it is inserted. The author has been a friend of mine for many years, as well as a comrade, and his veracity is unquestionable.—EDITOR.

It will be remembered that during our Civil War, Napoleon III landed a French army in Mexico, conquered the country, changed the form of government to a monarchy, and placed Maximilian upon the throne.

This was done at a time when our hands were tied in suppressing the Rebellion, and we could do nothing more than to make a protest. But in the summer and fall of 1865 our government sent an army of 40,000 men to the Rio Grande under General Sheridan, and at the same time notified Napoleon III that the French army must be withdrawn from Mexico. This was done, leaving Maximilian with a small force of Austrians to maintain his throne. As soon as the French left the country the Mexicans, who favored a republic, rose in great numbers and began to harass the Austrians who were sustaining the empire.

The regiment in which the writer was a captain was stationed the first half of January, 1866, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, just opposite Bagdad, a considerable town on the Mexican side, which was garrisoned by a company of Austrian troops.

General Cortina was a Mexican guerrilla who commanded a force of from 200 to 500 men, mounted on mustangs, armed



with carbines, sabers, shot-guns, and lances, and who raided up and down the river from El Paso to the mouth, dodging from one side of the river to the other, as circumstances permitted.

One evening early in January, 1866, Cortina rode into the camp of my regiment with about 300 of his dusky warriors. Lieutenant Colonel Will Lyon, of Evansville, Ind., a dare-devil officer of the 46th U. S. Colored Troops, was in command of the post. He ordered a banquet prepared, and invited Cortina and his officers of the post to be present. He also provided well for Cortina's men. The banquet continued until about one o'clock in the morning, and wine and whisky flowed very freely.

Cortina suddenly announced that he would have to go. His men were formed and they started up the river on the Texas side. In about two hours we heard the booming of cannon and the sound of musketry on the Bagdad side of the river. It lasted but a few minutes and then all was still. Cortina had gone up the river a few miles, swam his horses and men across, and had come down and attacked the Austrian garrison, who, after firing their old cannon once or twice, took to their heels and escaped into the country.

In the meantime, about 200 of the U. S. troops, under non-commissioned officers, had collected a lot of scows, skiffs and other river craft, and at a given signal from Cortina's men, they pushed across the river and entered Bagdad about the same time that the Mexicans did. Then a pillage of the town commenced and did not end until every shop and store were rifled of their contents.

Bagdad was the port of entry for Matamoras and all of that section of the country, and was filled with stores of goods of all kinds. Cortina and his men carried off all that they could find vehicles to transport them in. The U. S. soldiers stole into camp about daylight with all of the plunder that they could carry across the river in their boats.

In the forenoon of the day following the raid, Colonel Lyon, in the most formal manner, ordered three companies of U. S. troops to cross the river and take possession of Bagdad for the protection of the people. The writer was one of the officers who accompanied the troops that occupied



the town. We found that every store had been plundered, over one hundred in number, and where the goods had not been carried away they had been scattered over the floors and sidewalks and trampled under foot. The proprietors, French, Israelites, Italians, and Germans were hovering around their places of business, anxious to know whether we would protect them against any further raids of the guerrilla Cortina; we assured them that we would hold the place until Maximilian sent a force to occupy it.

We ran up the American flag over the fort and the custom house, and gave them absolute protection. This encouraged the shopkeepers and merchants, who straightened up their stocks, and put the goods that were left back on the shelves and awaited developments.

In about a week an Austrian man-of-war appeared in the harbor, sent an officer ashore, and matters were explained by the U. S. officer in charge of the force occupying the city. A company of marines was landed, we quietly hauled down the flag and withdrew to the American side of the river. The Austrian officer in charge of the marines thanked us profusely for taking possession and maintaining order after Cortina's raid.

There were no casualties, no buildings were burned and no investigation was ever made of our invasion of Mexico.

*No investigation was made by Colonel Lyon of the action of the enlisted men of his command in aiding and abetting Cortina in the raid.*

About ten days after the events above described, our regiment was ordered home to be mustered out. *No cognizance was ever taken of this event, and the writer has never seen the story in print.*

## THE LOYAL WOMEN OF THE 'SIXTIES

BY THE EDITOR, E. R. HUTCHINS

I HAVE seen a good deal of fighting, a number of individual cases of heroism, and regiments, brigades, divisions and corps evincing such daring courage, such intrepid valor as almost appalled me, but bravery does not alone belong to those who faced the cannon's mouth, stood in front of the fierce bayonet charge, met the rushing cavalry undaunted, or resisted cold steel with living, pulsating flesh. Glory and honor to those brave souls, but to me the bravest of the brave in those thrilling days of the 'sixties, were the women who stayed at home.

Those who suffered "the blind, dumb pain that came, and did not go away." Those mothers who gave all they had,—one, two, four, yes, as many as eight sons to fight, and if need be, to die for their country. That mother who hugged her only boy to her bosom, gave him his little Bible, kissed him, and bade him go out for his flag and his country. Those mothers who prayed to the God of Battles so often, so tenderly to save their boys. Those mothers who reached to the top shelves of the pantry, and took down the best jellies and jams to send to their boys at the front. Those mothers who watched and prayed, who waited and waited, watched and prayed again and *waited* for the sound of the footfall that was never to be heard again crossing the threshold of home. Ah, those weary hearts! Most of them are up yonder now, waiting by the river for the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray of the long ago.

That wife who looked into the face of her darling baby, seeing her soldier husband in the dear one's eyes and mouth and pretty cheeks, and praying that God might let him live to come home again.

The sisters and sweethearts, who picked lint, rolled the bandages and made the delicacies for the sick boys in the hospitals.

"Ah! 'twas a time that tested women's souls—  
To stand and see the blue lines fade away,  
To crush the tears back, and to say brave words  
Despite the sickening dread that filled the heart;  
Then go back to the silent, lonely home  
To pray and wait in deep suspense for news."

These, more than the soldiers at the front, were the brave ones, and their courage and heroism far outshone our valor, even when death seemed staring us in the face.

God bless the loving, devoted women of the 'sixties!

## SOUTHERN NEWSPAPER EXTRACTS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

The following interesting accounts are from Richmond papers from a file of the same in the hands of Mrs. Gage, of Bradford, Mass, who has very kindly sent me these extracts, for which I am grateful.—EDITOR.

(From the *Richmond Whig*, April 6, 1865.)

For a month the Confederates have been evacuating the city with all the speed and means they had at command. Sunday morning last (2d inst.) General Lee telegraphed to Davis of the general attack upon his lines; that they had been pierced in many places, and unless they could be re-established Richmond must be given up that night. At 11 A. M. he telegraphed that he had been unsuccessful. Gold and silver appropriated from Louisiana banks was run down to Danville by train. Also specie from Richmond banks. Davis was to leave at 7 P. M. Breckinridge with the last of the army, Monday morning. Mayor and council met at 4 P. M. Sunday. General Smith then assured them that the Confederates had been victorious at Petersburg, but after dark, council learned from Secretary of War that the Confederate troops would be withdrawn at 3 A. M. and the city evacuated. Mayor then sent flag of truce to Union commander as follows:

"RICHMOND, Monday, April 3, 1865.—To the General commanding the United States Army in front of Richmond. General: The Army of the Confederate Government having abandoned the City of Richmond, I respectfully request that you will take possession of it with an organized force to preserve order and protect the women and children.

"Respectfully, etc.,

"JOSEPH MAYO,

"Mayor."

At 1 A. M. Monday, the Mayor learned that an order had been issued from Ewell's headquarters to fire the four principal tobacco warehouses. He dispatched a committee to remonstrate, and prevent the burning if possible. But Confederate authorities had held the batteries of Southern troops, who hated Virginia and Virginians, and wished the ruin of the city. Two divisions, Kershaw's and Custis Lee's, with several light batteries, were holding the lines about the city, but were withdrawn by brigades during the night. The first fire was of all papers, documents, etc., of First and Second Auditor's offices on 9th Street, early Sunday night. Then, before the order was given, some one set fire to a canal boat loaded with meat, which swung under Mayo's bridge, cutting off retreat of 6000 Confederates. The Confederate gunboat *Patrick* was fired, then the warehouses and lastly every house in their vicinity, from Tredegar Iron Works to the Navy Yard at Rocketts, about two miles in extent—laboratories, artillery shops, arsenals, paper mills, Petersburg depot, Danville depot, all commissary and quartermaster's buildings, factories, etc. Gray's cavalry was to be the last to leave Richmond and barely saved themselves.

Mayor Mayo met the Union military at the line of fortifications at Tree Hill, near junction of Osborne turnpike and Newmarket Road, and formally made surrender. General Shepley was made Military Governor by Major General Godfrey Weitzel, commanding the Army of the James, and at once issued orders and regulations, from his headquarters at the mansion formerly occupied by Jefferson Davis. The first Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, Brevet Brigadier General Ripley (9th Vermont) commanding, was first to enter Richmond, comprising 91st, 98th, and 139th New York Volunteers, 13th New Hampshire, 19th Wisconsin and 11th Connecticut, with the 206th Pennsylvania, and were assigned to provost duty.

(From *Richmond Whig*, April 10, 1865.)

Saturday afternoon was held the first review and parade of the U. S. troops here. A portion of the Twelfth Army Corps, 12,000 troops in line, by Brigadier General Charles Devens,



under General Weitzel, commander, in place of General E. O. C. Ord. All the hospitals of the city have been taken possession of, and are used alike for Union and Confederate soldiers. Confederate surgeons left in the city have been paroled to attend to the Confederate sick and wounded, 24,000 beds having been left by Confederate authorities.

(From *Richmond Times*, April 21, 1865.)

CITY POINT, April 3, 11 A. M.—Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: General Weitzel telegraphs as follows: We took Richmond at a quarter-past eight this morning. T. S. Bowers, Acting Adjutant General, General Weitzel to E. M. Stanton. We found 44 passengers and baggage cars, 106 freight cars, 1000 well prisoners, 5000 Rebel wounded, 5000 stand of arms and 500 pieces of artillery.

(From the *Richmond Whig*, April 18, 1865.)

This copy of Lee's order to evacuate Richmond was found on the body of Colonel Crutchfield, killed at Sailor's Creek, Thursday, 6th:

"PETERSBURG, 2d April, 1865.

"GENERAL EWELL: Move your command to south side of James River to-night, crossing on bridges at and below Richmond; take the road with your troops to Branch Church via Genito Bridge to Amelia Court House. The movement will commence at eight o'clock, the artillery moving out first quickly, infantry following, except pickets, who will be withdrawn at three o'clock. General Stevens will indicate route to you and furnish guides. The cavalry must follow, destroying bridges under the superintendence of the engineer officers. The artillery not needed for the troops will take the road prescribed for the wagons, or such other as may be most convenient.

"W. H. TAYLOR, Official,

"R. CLEARY, Assistant Adjutant General,

"COLONEL CRUTCHFIELD, commanding division."

(From the *Richmond Whig*, April 24, 1865.)

NATIONAL FLAG RAISED ON FORT SUMTER ON 14TH INST.

The National Ensign floated over all the Rebel forts in the harbor except Fort Sumter. After twelve o'clock General Gillmore arrived with General Anderson and daughter. General Anderson glanced around on the work of destruction, but could see nothing by which to recognize the Sumter he left four years ago in the mass of shapeless ruins. He glanced up the immense flagstaff, and when he stepped forth on the platform, the gallant old general wept, but after some moments proceeded:

"My Friends and Fellow Citizens and Brother Soldiers: By the considerate appointment of the Honorable Secretary of War, I am here to fulfill the cherished wish of my heart through four long years of bloody war, to restore to its place this dear flag, which floated here during peace, before the first act of this cruel Rebellion. I thank God I have lived to see this day, and to be here to perform this duty to my country. My heart is filled with gratitude to that God who has so signally blessed us, who has given us blessings beyond measure. May all the world proclaim, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace and good will to all men.'"

He then raised the halyards and with a firm, steady pull, aided by Sergeant Hart, unfurled the glorious old banner. It was an inspiring moment. Its crimson folds tattered, but not dishonored, were regenerated and baptized anew in the fires of liberty.

(From the *Richmond Whig*, May 10, 1865.)

When the Army of Northern Virginia was compelled to surrender by the powerful forces with which the strategy of General Grant had surrounded it, the vanquished officers and soldiers received signal proofs of kindness and courtesy from the successful army. No insulting triumph,—no words or deeds of vaunting,—the only warmth shown by the victors was in deeds of humanity and words of considerate and healing courtesy. When General Grant learned that the men who had

so often and so long resisted him were suffering for food, he instantly ordered that 16,000 rations should be distributed among them. His soldiers mingled with their former adversaries, supplying their wants and cheering them with words of peace.

(From the *Richmond Whig*, May 15, 1865.)

Official,—Headquarters Cavalry Corps, Military Division,—  
MACON, May 12, 1865.

MAJOR GENERAL HALLECK: I have the honor to report that at daylight on the 10th inst., Colonel Pritchard, commanding 4th Michigan Cavalry, captured Jeff Davis and family, with Reagon, Postmaster General, Colonel Harrison, Private Secretary, Colonel Johnson, aide-de-camp, Colonel Morris, Colonel Lubbock, Lieutenant Hathaway and others. Colonel Pritchard surprised their camp at Irwinville, in Irwin county, Ga., seventy-five miles southeast of this place. They will be here to-morrow night and will be forwarded under strong guard without delay. I will send further particulars at once.

J. H. WILSON,  
Brevet Major General.

(Second Dispatch.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14, 1865.

MAJOR GENERAL HALLECK: Jeff Davis was caught in the woods trying to escape in his wife's clothing.\* So Wilson reports.

EDWIN M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

\* In an article in preceding pages, written by one of the captors of Davis and a member of Pritchard's command, it will be seen that the "wife's clothing" part is wholly unwarranted, and indeed false.—EDITOR.

(From the *Richmond Whig*, May 17, 1865. Condensed from report of Wilson to Stanton.)

Lieutenant Colonel Harden, with 1st Wisconsin, met Colonel Pritchard with 150 picked men from 4th Michigan on Davis'

trail two miles from our camp. A fight ensued, the firing being Davis' first warning. The captors report that he hastily put on his wife's dress and started for the woods, followed by our men, who thought he was a woman, but running, suspected his sex at once. He was soon brought to bay. He brandished a bowie knife of elegant pattern and showed signs of battle, but yielded promptly to the persuasions of the Colt's revolver without the men firing. Mrs. Davis remarked to Colonel Harden that "the men had better not provoke the President or he might hurt some of 'em." The party were evidently making for the coast.

(Signed) J. H. WILSON,  
Brevet Major General.

## FRESH SOLDIERS

BY A PRIVATE IN CO. G., TRENHOLM'S SQUADRON

My early experience as a soldier illustrates how little inexperienced soldiers may at times be trusted.

In 1864 Colonel W. L. Trenholm commanded, on the coast of South Carolina, two companies of cavalry there known as Trenholm's Squadron. In April of that year this squadron was ordered to Richmond to form a part of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, to be commanded by Colonel A. C. Haskell, of Columbia. We arrived at Richmond early in May and went out on what was then called the "Military Road" to a camp about four miles northeast of the city.

When the regiment was organized Trenholm's Squadron composed Cos. A and G. I was a private in Co. G, and our third lieutenant was W. G. Hinson, who is now, and has been since the war, a Sea Island cotton planter on James Island, near Charleston. After we had been in camp about two days Sergeant Dunkin took a half-dozen of us to do picket duty at Mechanicsville, some five miles north of Richmond. We remained there three days, but killed no Yankees, saw none, heard none. However, on returning to camp we felt as if we were veterans.

After resting a day, ten of us were put under the command of Lieutenant Hinson for a reconnoissance. I was one of this dashing ten and we moved out on the Military road in proud, confident and martial style to the Mechanicsville pike. Thence north across the Chickahominy and up the long red hill to Mechanicsville, where our road crossed another running about east and west. From Mechanicsville we went northeast something like five miles, and nearing a residence we were hailed by three young ladies and their mother, and on riding up to



the gate we were given some fried chicken and biscuit. We stopped while eating, but remained on our horses, and the ladies entertained us royally in conversation, and evidently were very much elated to learn that we were from South Carolina, rejoicing at the opportunity of meeting and feeding some of South Carolina's chivalrous cavaliers. Some of the boys told them we were going out to hunt up the Yankees, and if possible they were still prouder of us. After a while we passed on and Virginia's beauties stood and gazed at South Carolina's gallant cavaliers as long as we were in sight. After going a mile perhaps we came to where there were dense forests on both sides of the road, and silence pervaded our ranks. I did not ask my comrades what they were thinking about, but I expect some were thinking of fried chicken, some of the beautiful young ladies. I reckon I was thinking of home. I wanted to resign. At all events, I am satisfied we were not thinking of Yankees. Thus we marched on when, as suddenly as a thought and without seeing or hearing anything, so far as I know to this day, the head of the column, as if by magic, reversed and started back so quickly and so fast that I was thrown in the rear; but being in a hurry myself, I kept my horse's head at the heels of the one in front of me. Thus was begun and consummated one of the most rapid retrograde movements made on either side during the whole war. When we passed the house where the young ladies were, they doubtless thought ten thousand man-eating Yankees would come on in a minute, and that South Carolina's cavaliers rode race-horses. My recollection is that I took time to feel a little sheepish when passing the house on what could appear to the ladies but a very sudden, swift, and earnest return movement. We did not take time to look and see if they were playing the part of grandstand spectators, but if they were it would have taken two of them to see us pass—one to say "here they come" and the other to say "there they go."

During this precipitous military maneuver none looked back, so far as I know. I did not. After simply flying for a half-mile or so past the house we checked up, but I did not know how or why. My horse was perfectly willing to move on—towards Mechanicsville. We rode out to the right of the road fifty or sixty yards, dismounted and lay down

on the ground for a few minutes, expecting, I reckon, to see the Yankees run by us. We were disappointed, however. We remounted and went back into the road, feeling glad that the Yankees did not get us, and rode at leisure and in silence to camp. I never did know what Lieutenant Hinson reported as to this remarkable reconnoissance, but I do know that the Richmond papers said nothing about it, nor was there any unusual stir in Lee's army about it.

This ludicrous flight was caused from want of experience, rather than a want of courage, for after our experience at the second Cold Harbor a few days later, we had not only to see the Yankees, but we had to be shot at before we ran, and often did not run then.

The 7th South Carolina Cavalry proved to be one of the best regiments in the service, and Lieutenant Hinson was one of its best and bravest officers; and he stood with General Gary and Colonel Haskell near the big chestnut tree at Appomattox when the finale came and the Stars and Bars were furled forever.

## CAMP LIFE AND PICKET DUTY ABOUT CULPEPER AND FREDERICKSBURG, VA., IN 1863

BY DR. WILLIAM B. CONWAY, CORPORAL CO. C, 4TH VIRGINIA  
REGIMENT, ATHENS, GA.

OUR troopers of Virginia had many advantages over those of other States. We were nearer our homes during the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. I had gone home to exchange horses, for I always kept two good ones on hand, and when one became disabled or broken down I would get permission from my captain and in twenty-four or forty-eight hours I would have made the exchange and be back to my command. My first mount was a fine sorrel mare, well bred and well suited for the cavalry service, except at times, when she became unmanageable, taking these periodical spells and persisting in going just in the opposite direction from the one I wanted to go, and you can well understand that that was not a pleasant experience for a cavalryman, especially when in close proximity to the enemy. I was having some trouble with her on one occasion when under fire. General Munford passed me in a gallop, and, checking up his horse, said: "Be quiet with her, corporal; treat her kindly and she will go." I soon traded her off. I had purchased her of Mr. James B. Newman, of Barboursville, Orange County, Va. He was a wealthy planter and raised a great many fine blooded horses, and, I think, furnished to General "Jeb" Stuart that beautiful stallion, "Skylark," that was lost on the Chambersburg raid. His negro man got drunk, lay down and went to sleep, when some one stole the horse.

I spent the night at Mr. Newman's with his son, Barbour, on the night of the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, Culpeper County, Va., and witnessed from the top of the veranda of

the house the pyrotechnic display of bursting shells from Stonewall Jackson's cannon, as Pope was rapidly driven back from his onward march to Richmond.

It was in the spring of 1863 that Fitz Lee's brigade was camped on the Wallack place near Culpeper Court House, Va. Our camp was in a beautiful piece of woods with clear streams on either side. When I left camp for home I found that the horse I had intended to ride back was not in a condition to be ridden, and hence my father suggested that I take one of the farm horses. I selected one I thought would suit me best. The next morning I started back for camp, when on arriving in the neighborhood of Madison Court House, and while riding quietly along the road, a wild turkey jumped from the fence down into the main road and stopped. I was within about fifty yards of him. I quickly reined in my horse, pulled my carbine from the boot on the saddle, pushed in a cartridge, raised it to my shoulder and fired. Had it been an eruption of Mt. Pelée this horse could not have been more frightened. He wheeled with me and tried to run, but I soon checked him up and rode back to where the turkey was lying in the road with a bullet hole through his head. In attempting to dismount from my horse my foot caught under the leather covering of the big cavalry stirrup. At that instant the turkey flopped his wings in its dying throes, frightening my horse and causing him to wheel suddenly with me. In the next instant he would have dragged me to death, but, fortunately, I kept my hold on the reins and my hand in his mane, and with a mighty effort sprang into the saddle again, saving myself from a horrible death.

A relative, Dr. Alfred Taliaferro, lived about a mile distant from our camp near Culpeper Court House. I took my turkey to Mrs. Taliaferro, who had it sweetly cooked and daintily served, and with corn bread she sent it to camp on the next day, that being Thanksgiving Day. You can imagine how we enjoyed it, with that keen appetite that belongs to a soldier.

In my company were two Mexican War veterans, Captain W. Morgan Strother and George L. Rivercomb. The latter enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, and was in a short time honorably discharged on account of wounds received in battle, but afterward enlisted under the banner of

Colonel John S. Mosby, and was made corporal of Co. E in that famous battalion.

The Carpenter family were very numerous in Madison County, and we had at one time as members of the company as many as ten or twelve. They made good soldiers, the majority of them being killed or wounded during the war. That reminds me that one of the most daring of the boys preferred to join Mosby and his dashing rangers. His name was T. A. Carpenter, of Co. F. In a fight in November, 1864, near Millwood, Va., between Mosby's command and the 14th Pennsylvania cavalry they met the adjutant of the 1st West Virginia Cavalry (Federal), who said: "Is that one of Mosby's men?" The Pennsylvanian said that it was: "You must not take any of them prisoners of war," said the adjutant, and drawing his revolver shot the prisoner dead. **A cold-blooded murder!**

A tale was told some time ago by Judge Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, in which he stated that in 1864 Sheridan, under orders, burned every barn from the valley above Staunton, Va., to a certain point below Winchester; a band of angry Rebels followed this raid, watching for a chance to pick up any stragglers. Among others who fell into their hands was a little Pennsylvania Dutchman who quietly turned to his captors and inquired:

"Vat you fellows going to do mit me?" The reply came short and sharp: "Hang you." "Veel," he said meekly, "vatever is der rule." His good-natured reply threw the Confederates into a roar of laughter, and saved his life.

I witnessed the execution of several Federals for barn burning in the valley during the fall of 1864. Our young people must not be taught to disregard facts concerning the Civil War as they are brought out by their own people. I do not wish to bring before the public the harrowing scenes of the war for the purpose of stirring up strife or hard feelings between the two sections. All we desire is justice and fair play. These are historical facts, and unless our people are taught these truths it is natural to suppose that they cannot know what a sacrifice was made by the great mass of Southern people during the gigantic struggle of the 'sixties. A great many leaders on the Confederate side were Christian



gentlemen, intelligent and steadfast in their faith; this country has not produced greater men. They were not traitors, as has been declared of President Davis, by the head of the great government.

We take the following from the *Confederate Veteran*: "A Miss Sue Allen, a school-teacher, of Louisville, Ky., tried to make a little Miss Laura Galt sing 'Marching Through Georgia,' but the little girl, true to her Southern teachings and instincts, not only refused to sing, but put her fingers into her ears and would not listen to the song. She states that her teacher refused to listen to the essays in which she gave the Confederates credit for bravery on land and sea."

No country can engage in war without having outrages perpetrated upon non-combatants, for the worst element of the human race often drifts into the armies of all nations, but when the government itself, or those in authority, sanction such outrages as were committed against our people in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, in Georgia, and elsewhere, we should pause and consider whether it was a civilized country in which we then lived—a God-fearing country.

Orders of Butler in New Orleans, Milroy, Pope, Hunter, Sheridan and Sherman and the unheard-of pillage, outrages, and numberless insults that were heaped upon old people and children by those men, were really illustrations indicating the savagery of war, producing the sternest retaliation. During the war at least sixty towns and villages were probably destroyed by fire in our Southland by Federal soldiers, besides hundreds of private houses. Sherman, in his official report, when referring to his "marching through Georgia," said: "I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at \$100,000,000, at least \$20,000,000 of which have inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simply waste and destruction." The Carolinas suffered equally as much; the amount of damage done to the Southern States can never be estimated.

The evidence against Sherman for burning Charleston, S. C., is conclusive. The desolation and destruction among our people in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, was from a direct order of General Grant to General Sheridan. Many letters written from home to Confederate soldiers were filled with

accounts of outrages, arson, rapine, and murder. The Virginia Military Institute was burned by Hunter.

It is true that Chambersburg was burned the next year (one instance), but this was done without the knowledge or consent of General Lee or President Davis. These things may not be palatable to the taste of many of our Northern friends, but are facts that we can not ignore in making history. When we first went into Maryland a Northern man wrote of our army in one of their papers as follows:

"They were a set of ragged gentlemen. They did not do me half as much damage as the Union troops did when they were camped on me, and if it were not for the name of the thing I would say I very greatly prefer to have the Rebels rather than our Union troops quartered on my premises."

One great drawback to the efficiency of the Confederate cavalry was the difficulty we found in obtaining horseshoes. Sometimes our horses would cast a shoe, go lame, and subject us to the mortification of falling in with those who formed Co. "Q." Every old calvaryman knows what is meant by Co. Q. Those, for instance, who, for any good reason (and oftentimes for no good reason at all), could not keep up with the company, fell back to the rear, banded themselves together and called the disorganized band the above name. But the most serious disadvantage which we encountered with the Yankees, more especially during the latter part of the war, was when they were paying enormous sums of money for foreigners who could not speak a word of English. We fought them generally when they had three to one; and oftentimes with a larger percentage in their favor. This was not only the case with our branch of the service, as the infantry and artillery suffered in like manner, no doubt.

While a part of my company was doing picket duty, I think it was in the summer of 1863, at the United States ford above Fredericksburg, Va., on the Rappahannock River, I had rather an unusual experience with a non-commissioned officer in the Union army. The river there is about 150 yards wide, and it was understood by mutual agreement that no firing would be allowed by either side while on picket. One day I strolled along up the river some hundreds yards from the post, and soon noticed that I was followed on the opposite

side of the river by this officer. We finally sat down on the river bank and were soon in a conversation together. I found him to be a clever fellow. He talked about his home folks and the circumstances which brought him into the army and so on, but would say but little about the war. It happened on several occasions that we would leave our posts and take this walk together. The last time we were together just before leaving the ford, he insisted that I should come across, bring him a plug of tobacco, and that he would give me in exchange a pound of nice coffee. A large rock in the middle of the stream answered as a resting place for me, and I soon swam to it, and from there to him, where I remained a short while talking to him. He finally told me that some of his men might come upon us and get us into trouble, so giving me the coffee, we shook hands and parted. Just as I was leaving him he said: "Remember, Corporal, if I meet you in battle I will not shoot you."

I made him the same promise and we parted. I do not know to what regiment he belonged, but he was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence.

That reminds me of a peach orchard near "Traveler's Rest," below Fredericksburg, just across the river, to which the boys would swim, but the river down that low was too wide for me to venture across. The canal between Fredericksburg and Marye's Hill was a favorite place for us to swim our horses and enjoy a bath on a hot summer afternoon.

The question was asked recently by a friend if there were not two cavalry parades near Culpeper Court House on June 8, 1863. "The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by H. B. McClelland, states that on May 22, 1863, General Stuart reviewed the three brigades of Hampton and the two Lees on the field between Brandy Station and Culpeper Court House; about 4000 men were present. Shortly after Jones' brigade arrived from the valley and Robertson's brigade from North Carolina and he appointed another review on June 5th, at which time General Robert E. Lee was expected, but did not come, and General Stuart was disappointed that he was not present; 8000 cavalry passed under the eye of their commander on that occasion. It was then made known that

General Lee would review the cavalry on June 8th and on the same field. It was accordingly done, when Stuart's whole corps passed in review before the great leader of the Army of Northern Virginia. I did not remember that there was more than one review about that time.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

By A. J. MEADOWS, CO. G, 4TH TENNESSEE INFANTRY

AN incident of the battle of Shiloh which merits a place in every history of the late war, I have never seen except in Vaughan's "History of the 14th Tennessee Infantry"—he calls it the magnificent charge and capture of McCallister's battery by the 14th Tennessee Infantry. We were in the second line of battle. Captain McCallister said in a letter to a friend in Memphis, "For three long hours my battery pounded shot and shell into the 'Rebel' ranks until I was heartsick resisting the repeated charges by the brigades, until the 4th Tennessee 'slipped up' on us through the 'black jack' and did their work quickly and nicely." I write from memory, but the above is the substance, if not his precise words.

Our regiment was out of the line about 9 A. M. On April 6, 1862, we marched into the right of Shiloh Church, halted on a ridge, when the head of our captain, John Sutherland, was taken off by a shell. Lieutenant Colonel O. F. Strahl was in command—Brigadier General Stewart was busy. He yelled out, "Colonel Strahl, can you take that battery? It is doing us much harm." Colonel Strahl replied, "I can try, sir." The regiment was moved to the left, so as to go up through the "black jack." It was the heaviest field battery I ever saw, all brass pieces, two of their guns set on a switch at Oakland the remainder of the war, too heavy for field work and too light for siege guns.

But to the story. When the regiment emerged from the thicket our guns were emptied. We reloaded as we advanced and fired the second time, and when within thirty steps of the battery—I stepped the distance on the thirty-eighth anniversary of the battle—Colonel Strahl, doubting the ability of



the regiment to take the battery with empty guns, cried, in a tone distinctly heard above the noise of battle, "Battalion halt! Lie down! Load!" Then allowing time to load, he gave the command not to be found in Hardie's Tactics, but we knew what he meant, "Charge the battery." We "charged the battery" and we took that battery from seven supporting regiments of infantry, as shown by the map of the battlefield. This was the most unequal and the most desperate conflict that I saw or heard of during the war, and I was "thar" from Belmont to Franklin. The point of interest in this story is the "New Tactics" the gallant Strahl used in making this charge.

## THE 1ST GEORGIA REGULARS AT MALVERN HILL

BY W. H. ANDREWS, 1ST SERGEANT, CO. M, 1ST REGIMENT,  
GEORGIA REGULARS.

DURING the siege of Richmond in '62, the battle of Savage Station was fought on June 29th. The Federals, being defeated, withdrew to Frasier's Farm, several miles distant. After the fight at Savage Station, Anderson's brigade returned to the vicinity of the Peach Orchard and camped for the night, the rain coming down in torrents. On the morning of the 30th, Anderson's brigade crossed the railroad, where we saw a large, trap cannon mounted on a flat car in front of a locomotive. We were halted for several hours, and during the time Jackson's forces were marching to our left. The Louisiana Tigers, 91 rank and file, with one commissioned officer, passed us with their little smoked and bullet-riddled flag. About ten o'clock, we marched to our right, keeping up the step at a lively gait, and between two and eight o'clock we could hear, in the direction we were going, the boom of distant cannon, and a little farther on the roar of musketry. Lee's forces had attacked the Federals at Frasier's Farm, about twelve miles from Richmond. We marched rapidly in the direction of the battlefield, and the nearer we got the more distinct was the roar of the battle. When night overtook us we were within three miles of the bloody field. We met two cavalymen with Major General McCall, U. S. A. walking between their horses, a prisoner of war, captured on the field. We did not arrive on the field until about three o'clock in the morning of July 1st, the most wearisome night tramp that I was engaged in during the war. Troops marched in fours and each man followed his file leader. The column would halt, we would drop down on the ground to rest, and almost by the time we were down, they would start in front; up we would get, go a step or two, halt, drop down again, and so on through the night. I was so worn out I would

have been willing to have been shot the next morning to have been allowed the privilege of going to sleep. The battle must have raged until ten o'clock, and then everything was as still as a graveyard, which it proved to be to thousands of poor soldier boys on the bloody field. Finally, when the command was given, "Halt! Front! Stack arms! Break ranks!" I dropped at full length on my back and was fast asleep by the time I struck the ground. Just as the sun showed his radiant face I awoke, and the sight that met my gaze was photographed on my memory, there to remain until my dying day. Just in front of me, and on less than one-fourth of an acre, I counted forty-two dead horses, lying in groups of six, with the harness on. I was hardened to the sight of dead men, but those poor, helpless horses touched a tender chord in my hardened heart. On turning my head so that I could see in my rear, I discovered that I had been using a dead man for a pillow. I cannot say that it bothered me in the least, as my feelings were considerably benumbed by what I had passed through within the last few days. The Gray and the Blue were scattered around, showing that we had stopped where the battle raged the evening and night before. The Confederates had captured twenty-nine pieces on that portion of the field, having to kill a portion of the horses to keep the enemy from carrying off the guns. The Federals, after the fight, had again retreated, this time to Malvern Hill, on the banks of the James River. A little after sunrise General Anderson called his brigade to attention, arms were taken, and we were ready for the events of the day. General Anderson rode in front of his line, remarking as he did so, "Boys, we will whip them out to-day and be done with it." He then gave the command "Forward," and we marched in line of battle to the front. We passed out of the field, then through a piece of woods to another field, and halted. We saw, about 200 yards in our front, an officer riding to our left. The Rebel yell which followed was deafening, the officer doffed his cap, spurred his horse, and was quickly out of sight. It excited my curiosity to know what officer could call forth such wild cheering when we had orders to keep perfectly quiet. I was told it was General T. J. Jackson, the hero of the valley. General Thomas Jonathan Jackson proved himself

to be the greatest military genius produced by the Civil War. His campaign in the valley before his arrival at Mechanicsville stamped him as one of the greatest generals of modern times. The Federal Government sent three different commands, each one outnumbering his own, under Generals Fremont, Shields, and Banks, to rout Stonewall. Almost any other general would have retreated or commenced apologizing, not so with Marse Tom. As they were marching on different roads and not in supporting distance of each other, Jackson advanced and routed the first, then the second, and third—a Bull Run stampede to get out of Virginia. The Federals never knew where he was only by the sound of his guns. When he struck the right flank of McClellan's army it was supposed that he was still in the valley.

We were then ordered by the right flank and moved rapidly in the direction of the James River, and after going about two miles, were ordered by the right about and returned in the direction whence we came, with flankers on both sides of the line of march. When within one and one-half miles of Malvern Hill, we filed to our right down a small bank. The brigade was marching left in front and General Anderson gave the command to change front to left, by filing into line. The 8th filed in, then the 1st, 7th and 9th, and while the 11th was passing the 1st, a 6-pound rifle shell from Malvern Hill passed through both regiments, knocking out three men. One had his thigh cut in two, another disembowled, and the shell entered the left shoulder and passed out at the right hip of the third one, then struck a twelve-inch tree, exploded, and tore it down. Quite a rumpus for a small shell to cut up, or rather down!

About three o'clock the battle opened, and in order better to understand the battle that was fought at Malvern Hill, I will to the best of my recollection describe the field. Dr. Malvern's residence and farm was on the north bank of the James River. His home was built on a bluff at least 100 feet from the water, and his farm extending about and below it on the river bank, and at least one mile in front to heavy timbered woods, which were much lower than the house, while the clearing was badly broken and interspersed with ravines. Near the house, report said, the enemy had in position seventy



pieces of cannon, which could rake any portion of the field in full view of the enemy's guns, which opened a terrible cannonade, while the brigade moved steadily to the front, and as some of the boys put it, "Hell broke loose in Old Virginia." The guns on the hill could be plainly seen as they belched forth death and destruction, the shells, some of them, whirling over our heads, while others burst in the ranks. It was a scene never to be forgotten by the brave boys who were under that terrible fire. The screeching and bursting of these demons of destruction, as they came whirling through the air, with the groans of the wounded and dying, were enough to blanch the stoutest heart with fear. In addition, the gunboats in the river were throwing a large number of 8-inch shells on the field. Before reaching the hill our officers must have thought that the assault was a little more than flesh and blood could stand, and ordered a retreat.

Sergeant Baldwin, color bearer of the regulars, refused to turn back at the point of an officer's sword. Sergeant W. J. Garrett, my chum and boon companion, continued to advance until near enough to pick off the gunners, when a sharpshooter put him out of business by shooting him through the thigh. It takes more nerve to retreat under fire than it does to advance, and the bravest of soldiers will become demoralized. They do not like the idea of being shot in the back, for fear they will be accused of being wounded while running out of the fight, and all soldiers prefer to fall facing the enemy.

The hill was assaulted by different lines of battle, during the evening, all to be hurled back to the woods. Our batteries would dash into the field to be cut to pieces and retire, unable to withstand the terrible storm of iron from the guns on the hill. Just below the hill a creek emptied into the river, on the bank of which was a piece of woods in which most of the fighting was done by Jackson's men. The battle raged in all its fury until 9 or 10 P. M. when the Confederates retired from the field and camped for the night. The Little Corporal had fought General Lee to a standstill, having everything pretty much his own way, and Malvern Hill was another Gettysburg, and will go down in history as one of the bloodiest battles of the war, the loss on both sides being heavy. After the battle the Little Corporal retreated down the James.



During the 2d and 3d of July General Lee remained on the field, burying the dead, and on the 4th went in search of his friends, finding them at Harrison's Landing, thirty miles below Richmond, bottled up in the bend of the river, with their gunboats around them, a position that could not be spoiled. While on picket duty in front of the bend I had a good look at General Stonewall Jackson, who was riding along the picket fence by himself. There was nothing about him that would indicate a dashing soldier. His uniform was badly spoiled, and he was mounted on a very poor horse; besides, he was the most ungainly horseman to be an officer of rank that I saw during the war. His stirrup leathers must have been six inches short, drawing his knees near the pommel of the saddle, with his toes turned in behind the horse's foreshoulder. He was a medium-sized man, something under six feet, and weighing between 140 and 160 pounds. While at the bend I heard more cheering than at any time during the war. I was told that President Lincoln was reviewing the army. The seven days' fighting around Richmond was done by raw troops, and we might say raw officers, as there had been but very little fighting up to that time and nothing to compare to any one of the seven days. General Lee gained not only fame, but the love and confidence of his soldiers, which he not only retained but increased up to the surrender at Appomattox. General G. B. McClellan proved to be one of the best generals that had the honor to command the Army of the Potomac. His retreat under the fire of the Confederates was a feat few generals could have performed. He moved his army through White Ash Swamp on a single road, without the loss of a wagon. Had he been allowed to carry out his own convictions in regard to the war, things might have terminated very differently from what they did. He proposed to advance on Richmond from the south side of the James, as General Grant did at the end of the war, but President Lincoln was afraid to have the Army of the Potomac move from between the two capitol, for fear there might be a swapping of queens. He was a humane man, and conducted the war on humane principles, and the Boys in Gray who faced his guns will respect his memory until the last one has passed away. On July 9th the army under Lee left the bend and returned to

Richmond, and Anderson's brigade went into camp on the Darbytown road, where the brigade, with Magruder's command, was assigned to General Longstreet's corps. During the siege of Richmond General Lee weighed his generals, and several were found wanting and lost their jobs. On July 24th Anderson's brigade was sent to New Market Heights, where the regiments took turns doing picket duty at Malvern Hill. On August 5th McClellan recaptured Malvern Hill, there being only a small Confederate force to defend it. While Longstreet's corps was marching rapidly for the hill we halted and dropped down by the roadside to rest. While resting, a troop of horsemen passed, going to the front. Riding at the head of the troop were General Lee and President Davis, the Secretary of War, and General Longstreet, then several major generals with their cavalry escorts bringing up the rear. There was not so much as a whisper among the soldiers. Everyone seemed intent on hearing what they were talking about. Every eye was on General Lee, and well they might be, for he had the grandest and most commanding appearance of anyone that I have ever seen, and was the most graceful rider I ever saw mounted on a horse. He must have been something over six feet in height, weighing between 160 and 170 pounds, with an erect, military figure. He wore a plain gray uniform with military boots, and a black felt hat. The lapels and collar of his coat were turned down, showing his white shirt and black necktie. He wore a heavy, closely trimmed beard and mustache, and his eyes were black and as piercing as those of an eagle. He was mounted on "Traveler," his famous battle horse, which shared with his famous rider the love and admiration of the soldiers. He was a very dark, iron gray, tall and well proportioned, with a beautiful head and neck, stepping as though he disdained the ground he walked on. He lived to follow the general to his grave, and not long afterward he died in great agony with the lockjaw, caused by sticking a nail in his foot. After his death a taxidermist rigged him up, and to-day he can be seen at Lexington, Va., as natural as life. It was reported that the enemy had left Malvern Hill, and the corps returned to camp.

## THE CONFEDERATE SURGEON

BY G. H. TICHENOR, SURGEON, C. S. A.

THE Confederate surgeon was permitted to view from every standpoint the bloody carnage going on from day to day during the four years' fighting of the most terrible battles ever fought by any nation. Empty-handed as he was, it did not deter him for a moment from braving every danger, seeking the wounded on the field of battle, in the hospitals doing all he could to alleviate the suffering of the men who fell in battle; often crying aloud a benediction for the souls of the soldiers that lay around still in death; ever searching for the wounded in order to render all the aid possible.

Again we see him bending over the dying to hear the last message to a dear mother, father, sister, or loved one that fondly awaits his return.

No one but an army surgeon can realize the ordeal they pass through in order to hearken to the cry for relief from the wounded, often perplexed for the want of medicine and instruments to perform life-saving operations, yet we can but marvel at the great work performed by the Confederate surgeon. Medicines and medical appliances were contraband and prohibited from entering the Southern States. Confederate surgeons were compelled to depend largely on domestic remedies as substitutes for staple drugs that were soon exhausted. This fact, no doubt, gave a basis for some of the prescriptions of the present day. The noble women of the South contributed their knowledge of the medical virtue of boneset tea, willow bark, briar root, May apple root, sage tea, yellow jasmine, and many other remedies. Happily, it is all over now. It is now hard to find one whose heart is so dead to human impulses that it fails to throb, or whose eye fails to

kindle as the flag of our *united* country spreads its folds to the breeze, eloquent with America's achievements—that flag that our ancestors followed in their march to freedom—and yet, while yielding our love and admiration to it as the emblem of our country and its greatness, there still remains a corner down in our hearts where is cherished as some precious memento of loved ones dead, our old Confederate flag. The Stars and Bars, hallowed by sacred memories, while no longer the flag of a country, yet eloquently tell of the heroism and glory of the Confederate surgeon and the brave soldiers of the Confederacy, the men who went forth to do battle for our beloved Southland. The memories of the days of the 'sixties, the war time, the battle days, the days in the long rows in hospitals, and the groans of the wounded on battle-fields, all these memories come like ghosts from the grass-shrouded graves, and they follow our footsteps on life's winding ways, and they continually murmur about us as murmur the waves that sigh on the shore.

## SOME EXPERIENCES IN THE NAVY

BY A. L. GROW, ENGINEER

TIRED of a city life, and eager to see something of the world, I left my Michigan home in 1857, went to New York and enlisted in the navy, and in a few days sailed for China. After three years' service in that country and Japan, I returned to New York, re-enlisted, and again went to Japan in the U. S. S. *Niagara*, which took the Japan Embassy to that country. Returning in April, 1861, we found that civil war had broken out. Thirteen of the *Niagara's* officers resigned. I remained on the ship, which in a few days sailed for the blockade off Charleston, S. C. One day the Confederates thought to capture a fine ship, and as the *Niagara* had no outward appearance of being a man-of-war (being clipper built), and showing no guns, two steamers came out from Charleston, crowded with soldiers and civilians, and separated near us, with the idea of one coming on the port side and the other on the starboard. The *Niagara* was bow on to the coming steamers, so she gave a few turns of the engine, that she might get steerage-way, let go all ports, and ran out all the guns,—twelve 11-inch ones. It was certainly amusing to see those steamers get back into harbor. One of them could not turn, so made for, and got into, Stono Inlet, eight miles down the coast. The *Niagara* was relieved by the *Huntsville*, and we went to Pensacola, but stopped at Havana and took in coal. From Pensacola we went to Mobile, Southwest Pass, and Galveston, establishing blockades at each place. We were engaged at Pensacola in the attack on Forts McRey and Barracas, when Fort Pickens fired upon the Navy Yard at Warrington. The *Niagara* was at all ports between Key West and Galveston during the summer of 1861. In February,



1862, we were at Key West as the flagship. At that time the mails came as far as Havana by the California steamers, and some vessel would usually go over there when mail time came.

About this time the *Summersett*, a ferry boat that had run between New York and Jersey City, was turned into a gun-boat, armed, and sent to the gulf station. As no other vessel was handy, she was sent to Havana for the mail. On her return, as she came by Moro Castle, black smoke was seen to the eastward. This was a pretty sure sign of a blockade-runner. She ran down and, on getting within hailing distance of the vessel, hailed her. "Ship ahoy! Hello! What ship is that?" said the *Summersett's* captain. "The *Bermuda*, from Nassau to Mobile," was the reply. "But there is a blockade on at Mobile." "Yes, but we can best the bloody Yankees, don't you know?" was the response from the *Bermuda*. "Well, heave to," came from the *Summersett*. "But I am in a hurry, don't you know?" "Heave to, or I will fire!" So they stopped. A boat from the *Summersett* was lowered, and an officer sent on board the *Bermuda*. Reaching the deck, he accosted an officer, saying, "Are you the captain of this ship?" "I am," said the officer. "Well, you are a prize to the U. S. S. *Summersett*," was the reply. Now the captain's English blood grew hot, and he said, "I would not mind so much being captured by a man-of-war, but the idea of being taken in by a bloody crab!" She proved to be a good prize.

In March we were at Ship Island, getting ready for the attack on New Orleans, but Farragut came and took the West Gulf squadron and the *Niagara* became the flagship of the East Gulf, with headquarters at Key West. Having served my time, in June I went home, but the next month I was back in the navy and on board the U. S. S. *Montgomery*. We were ordered to the gulf in September, and on the way there we called at Havana to deliver dispatches. We lay off the port, not entering. When we got ready to leave we saw black smoke to the northwest, and ran for it, to learn that it was the *General Rusk*, a blockade-runner from Galveston. We tried to "take her in" but she was beached, and as our boats were approaching her, they set her on fire. We then left for Pensacola, and were on the blockade, mostly off Mobile, the remainder of the year. In December we were selected, with

two other ships, to go in and cut out the Confederate *Florida*, which lay under the guns of Fort Morgan. She had run in past the blockaders by flying French colors some time before this. She was afterward captured at Bahia, Brazil, and brought to the United States, and "accidentally" sunk in Hampton Roads.

This attempt to cut out the *Florida* was to take place on the night of January 5, 1863. We had all been drilled as volunteers and were armed with a pike, pistol, and cutlass. The pistol had been altered from a flint-lock to a cap, and had the appearance of having been used at Ticonderoga. On January 2d a ship came in, bringing the mail, and in that mail came orders for the *Montgomery* to return North, and it was reported that her captain,—Charles Hunter,—was to be tried by court martial for the destruction of the *General Rusk* at Havana in October. It was also stated that it was done at the instigation of "Her Catholic Majesty," the Queen of Spain. This broke up the attempt to cut out the *Florida*, and before another ship was gotten ready, she escaped and got to sea.

The *Montgomery* arrived in New York about the middle of January, and we were transferred to the receiving ship *Ohio*.

Captain Hunter was tried and dismissed (?), but as soon as our cause grew brighter, he was restored and promoted. Afterward he was lost on the *Villa de Paris*. He was a thoroughly efficient officer and a good man.

About the last of February I was "drafted," and was sent to the monitor *Nantucket*, then about to go South. After getting on board I learned *why* I was "drafted." At that time it was very difficult to get men of experience for the engine-rooms. My experience had all been about these rooms. All of the twenty-four men in the fireroom were young men from the Western States, and with no idea of their duties. I was the only shipped man that had been at sea before, and four out of the six engineers were new hands.

The *Nantucket* sailed for, and arrived off the coast of Charleston about the middle of March, and at once went on duty as a blockader. About the first of April all of the iron-clads—eight in all—assembled off Fort Sumter for the pur-

pose of making a demonstration against that fort and Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island. This was under Admiral DuPont. On the morning of April 7th we took our stations, led by Captain John Rodgers in the *Weehawken*, followed by the *Patapsco*, Captain Stephens. The *Nantucket* was the fifth in line, Captain D. McN. Fairfax. There were 432 guns trained on us, to our 16. There was another,—the Whitney Battery,—but she “lasted very quick.” Sunk next morning. We were under a dreadfully hot fire for forty minutes. No damage of much consequence was done. The men were killed through their own carelessness. The *Nantucket* received three shots between the portholes, which dented in the side of the turret so that one of the port shutters would not open, thereby making one of the guns useless for a time. I saw that was the trouble, and was able to have things again in order very soon, for just as soon as we came to anchor out of range I repaired the matter.

The iron-clads were held at Port Royal and North Edisto until about the first of July, when they assembled off Charleston again, under Admiral Dahlgren, as “the army was about to take Charleston.” On the morning of July 5th the *Nantucket*, with the *Pawnee*, went in over the bar at Stono Inlet, at the south end of Morris Island, and opened fire into the woods at that place, and when all was ready, the sailors under command of Lieutenant Commander F. M. Bunce made a landing, and cleared the way for the army under Gillmore. This started the siege of Charleston. The iron-clads were kept busy all summer. On July 19th, when in action, a shot struck the deck of the *Nantucket*,—a glancing shot,—and knocked a hole through, over the engine room. A piece of the deck—about nine pounds in weight—came down and struck me on the right shoulder blade, and then went down, injuring me in the body. In October we were ordered to Warsaw Sound, Georgia, to watch for an iron-clad reported building at Savannah. The *Atlanta* had been captured there by the *Weehawken* previously. In January we were ordered back to Charleston, where we remained until Charleston was captured.

On July 25th I was promoted to be an engineer, and I remained on the *Nantucket* until May 24, 1864, when I was ordered to the U. S. S. *Massachusetts*, and on August 1st to

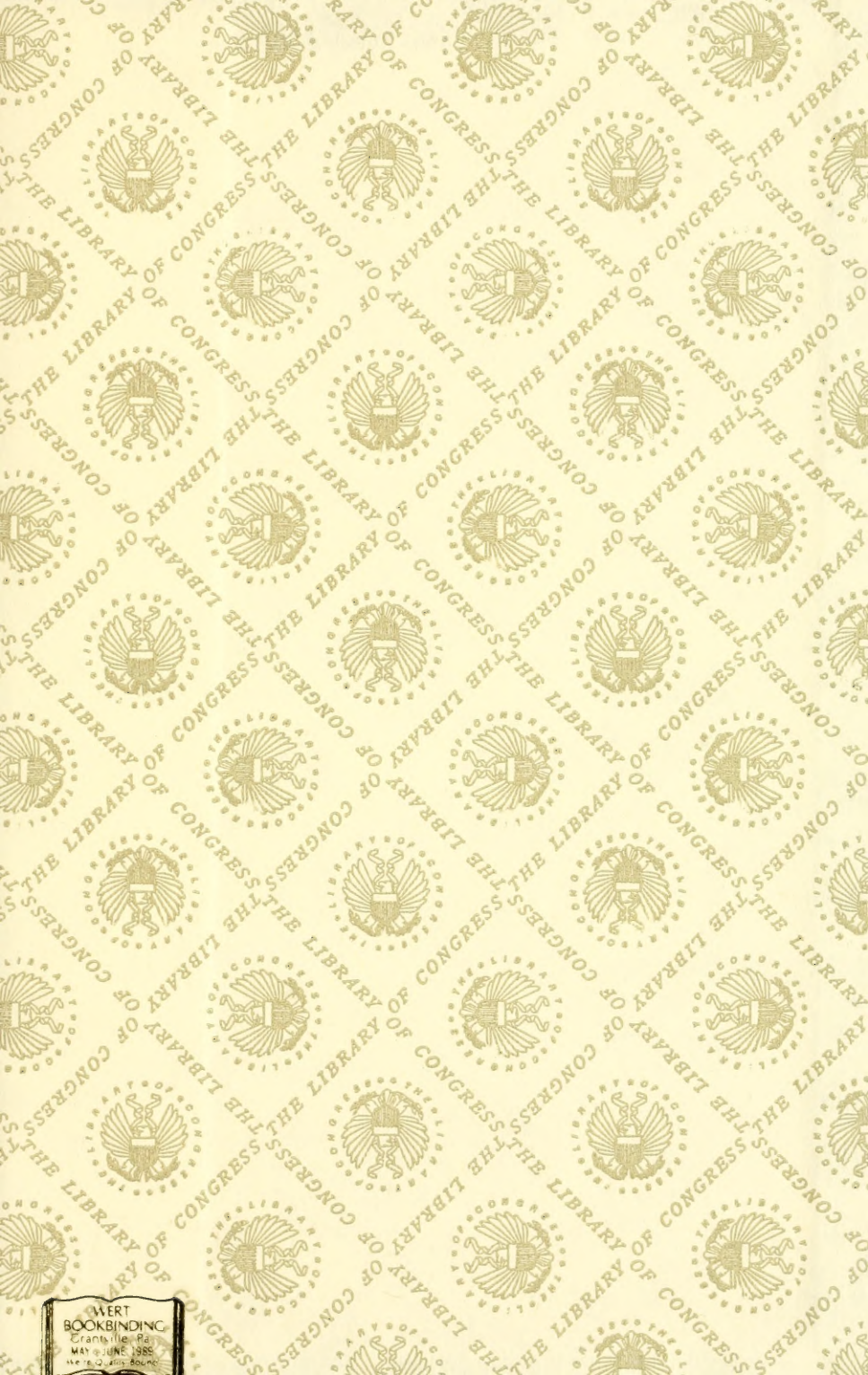
the *Larkspur* at Port Royal. In July, 1865, I resigned, but the next month was "restored."

While this is a little outside the war history, perhaps the incident will be of interest. In September I was ordered to the *Monadnock*, that was to make the trip from Philadelphia to San Francisco. The voyage was made with this monitor. Arrived in San Francisco in June, 1866, and was nearly lost off Point Conception. We were fifty two hours under water. I remained in service till October, 1868, having been to the Hawaiian Islands in the *Vanderbilt*, and to Alaska in the *Saginaw*.









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